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OF

Politics, Science, Art and Literature.

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VOL. XVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1901 TO APRIL, 1902, INCLUSIVE.

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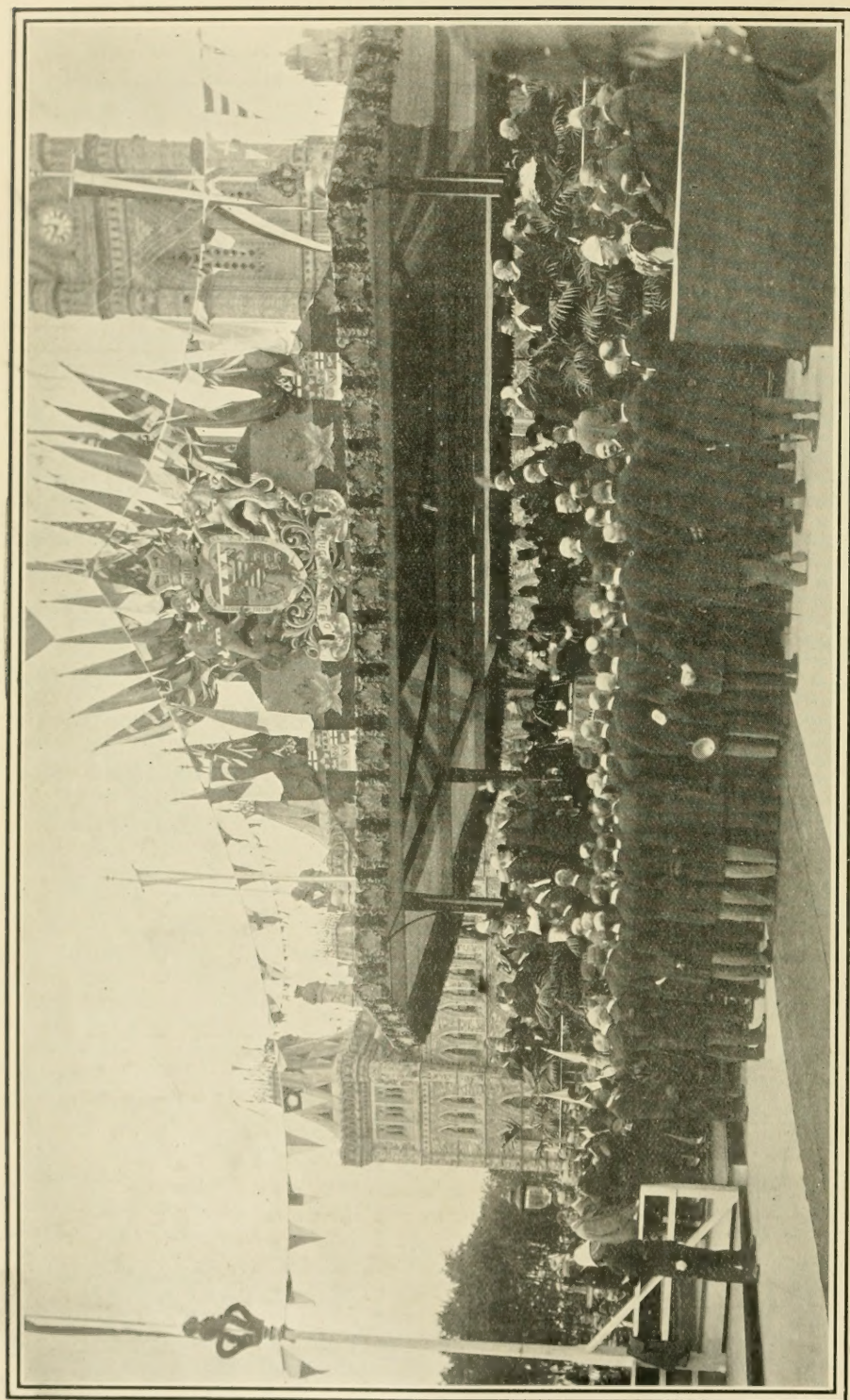
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### THE DUKE ON PARLIAMENT HILL

THIS PAVILION WAS ERECTED ON THE WALK LEADING UP TO THE ENTRANCE TO THE MAIN BUILDING WHICH MAY BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.  
THE DUKE IS REPLYING TO THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME

PHOTOGRAPH BY PITTAWAY, OTTAWA

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVIII

NOVEMBER, 1901

No. 1

## THE DUKE: A PASSING GLIMPSE

*By Joseph T. Clark.*

AN utter stranger standing anywhere on the rock at Quebec on the morning of the sixteenth of September and observing the great multitudes of people in holiday attire, the regiments of soldiers passing this way and that, the city and the ships in the harbour decorated with flags, might have enquired the meaning of it all. If he were told that a Man was about to land from the great white ship which lay below, guarded up river and down by black-hulled men of war, the utter stranger might have asked: "And what has the Man done to make such a stir in the land, and to attract such a fleet on the sea?" The reply would require to have been not a recital of personal deeds, but an explanation of institutions of which the Man about to land stood in the light of a living embodiment. But Quebec on that morning was no place for a stranger and his questionings, for no one could find time to tell him that the Man was to receive a great welcome in

honour of a constitutional sovereign, an open parliament, a free press, a virile literature, just judges, brave soldiers, skilful seamen, prosperous merchants and lands rich with grain.

But when the visitor left the big white ship and reached the shore under the eyes of a hundred thousand spectators, with cannon booming from a dozen vessels of war and from the forts on the great rock above—when he entered a carriage and, preceded and followed by dragoons, passed for miles through the people along a lane fenced by red-coated soldiers, one



PHOTO BY PITTAWAY, OTTAWA

THE MAYOR OF OTTAWA, SIR WILFRID LAURIER AND THE CABINET  
GO TO MEET THE DUKE. SCENE ON PARLIAMENT HILL



might think that this was enough to turn the head of any human being.

Just what His Royal Highness the Duke of York thinks of the world he lives in it would be impossible to guess, but that he, like others, is impressed by his own experiences of it cannot be doubted. He is making the tour of an Empire which controls twenty-one out of every hundred square miles of the earth's surface. He has everywhere been shown a vast consideration, with

heir to a great throne in these modern days, what is it? Not a world to rule as it once was considered to be by heirs-apparent, but something more complex and difficult, a world to manage, to humour, to tactfully deal with. The applause that would turn the head of a commoner or excite a demagogue to the last act of folly, may only impress an heir-apparent as a perquisite of his calling.

The Duke of York is thirty-six years



COPYRIGHT PHOTO BY PITTAWAY, OTTAWA

OTTAWA—AFTER UNVEILING THIS STATUE TO THE MEMORY OF QUEEN VICTORIA, THE DUKE PRESENTED MEDALS TO THE SOLDIERS WHO SERVED IN SOUTH AFRICA

nowhere a hint being given that this cordiality results from or is conditional upon anything whatever different from the old theory of the divine right of kings. What the Duke of York thinks of all this it is impossible to say, because the world has varying aspect to persons with varying missions. To the preacher it is a world to save, to the artist a scene to paint, to the actor an audience, to the speculator a market, to the soldier a campaign, but to the

of age, of medium height, with a short pointed, sandy beard, and prominent blue eyes. He appears to live much in the open air. When he speaks, his voice proves to be strong and clear, his enunciation unusually distinct, and his accent a perfect compromise between the hard domestic and soft imported English with which Canadians are familiar. That he possesses a great deal of tact is known, and it comes naturally to his father's son. When

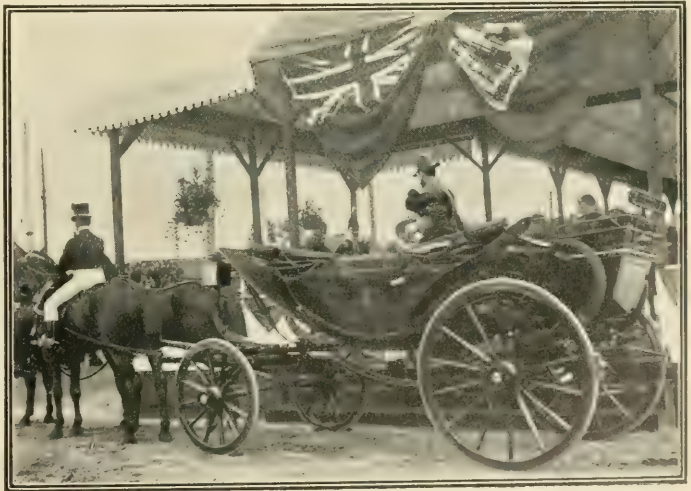
the full story of the Canadian tour is written, facts in support of this will be furnished; but it may be mentioned that in Montreal, when at the last moment the Governor-General intimated to Mayor Prefontaine that it was not desired that he should read the civic address in two languages, and when the Mayor promptly began reading it in French, the Duke gave no sign that this was not wholly and entirely what he wished. Indeed, there was a twinkle in his eye which suggested that he rather enjoyed the situation. He finds much in life to amuse him, and once on the trip, when listening to the speech of the foreman of the lumber shanty at Ottawa, he abandoned himself to thorough laughter. He shoots, fishes, plays cricket, rides well, and is, in fact, a healthy, vigorous man of his years. On the *Ophir* they tell of him that he took on himself the duty of making regular tours of inspection, minutely examining the ship from end to end. He is understood to be a sound sailor, and on the sea he acquired that heartiness of manner in his relations with his friends which sailors get owing to their long absence. Perhaps this phase of his character had little chance of re-



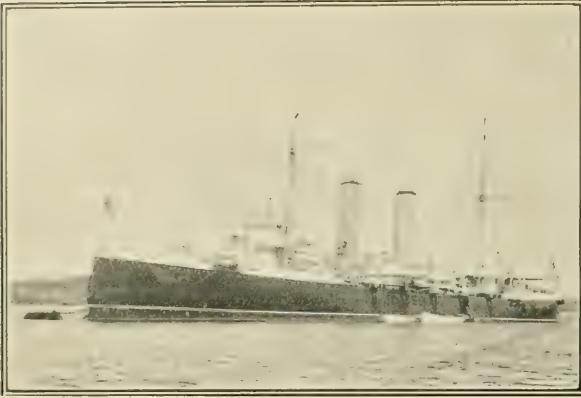
PRESENTING A MEDAL TO TROOPER MULLOY, WHO LOST BOTH EYES BY A BULLET—PHOTO BY PITTAWAY, OTTAWA

vealing itself in the formalities of his Canadian tour. But it looks through at intervals.

Canadians have had scant opportunities for forming opinions as to what kind of man the Duke of York really is, because he brought with him a sufficient household and a society circle of his own. On all public occasions the pre-arranged routine was followed, the



THE ROYAL CARRIAGE AND ITS ROYAL OCCUPANTS. THE DUKE IS PREPARING TO ALIGHT. THIS CARRIAGE WAS BROUGHT FROM ENGLAND FOR USE DURING THIS TOUR



H.M.S. INDEFATIGABLE

Duke exercising no authority, but relying implicitly upon his officials. His authority being deputed, he divested himself of even the appearance of possessing it, and one was impressed with the feeling that here was a Prince trained deeply in the principles of constitutional monarchy, and not born to challenge Fortune, but to please and win her.

It has been said that for many years before ascending the throne the present King exercised a considerable influence in the affairs of Europe through the medium of the royal courts—an influence personally applied and more direct than that which the ordinary agents of diplomacy could exercise. Just how important this service was one cannot say, because there is always a tendency to flatter princes; but if the Prince of Wales rendered valuable aid to the statesmen of Europe by extolling the principles of constitutional sovereignty to royal personages, and if his worldly wisdom and tact were of especial service to Great Britain at times, his son, the Duke of York, should, as a social ambassador, exercise no less an influence.

When King Edward visited Canada in 1860 he was a youth of nineteen, under guardianship of the Duke of Newcastle. The Duke of York is aged thirty-six, is accompanied by the Duchess of York, and has four children in England. There was very little political significance in the royal visit of 1860, while in the visit of the present year there is supposed to be much. In one case a youth travelled largely for pleasure; in the other a man of matured knowledge vis-

ited all parts of the country with, perhaps, the definite object of confirming, or making as permanent as possible, the Imperialistic sentiment created by the South African war. Instead of finding here, as his royal father did, "two provinces yoked together in an uneasy union," to use his own expression, the Duke of York found a smooth-working confederation, embracing half a continent. He has seen Canada. He has seen Australia setting forth on her career as a Commonwealth. He has seen South Africa yet wearing bandages over the war-wounds she has received and perplexed as to the future. Although he has seen these three great colonies under conditions far from normal, he must carry home with him a fairly good understanding of that world in which he is so prominently placed, and of that Empire which includes so many countries and peoples, the one differing in climate no more than the other does in character.

One can but suppose that a wise King, making such a journey, would on his return home implore his Ministry to take ship and follow the same mind-expanding course.



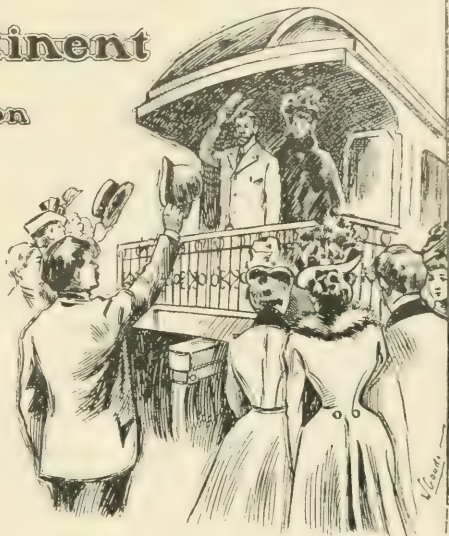
# Touring a Continent

By Norman Patterson

DEVOTION to a monarch is not a sign of degeneracy. When William McKinley, President of the United States, was treacherously shot down in the height of his rule over the Republic to the south, he was mourned by millions of people who were devoted to him and to what he represented. Canadians have exhibited a similar devotion to the Duke of York as the son of their Sovereign, and the grandson of the late beloved Queen. Neither of these two peoples are degenerating. They are industriously as progressive and politically and intellectually as healthy as any other two peoples in the world. The old feudal allegiance still lives, and is divided among political leaders, intellectual giants and monarchs of various grades. A Royal Family may have a greater hold on the affections of the people generally than a president of a republic, a political leader or an intellectual genius. The Royal Family is constant and enduring; the others are individuals whose glory seldom descends upon their offspring.

It is as a representative of the Royal Family of Britain that the Duke of York has been welcomed during his trip to Canada. It is his third visit to this country, but Canadians have no compelling reason to worship him as an individual. He is welcomed as the representative. At Quebec, they said to him :

"Its inhabitants deem it their proudest privilege to be again, as in 1860, the first on Canadian soil to respectfully greet the heir-apparent to the throne, and to renew to the beloved son and representative of their



Sovereign the assurance of their fervent devotion to his crown and person."

The Duke is welcomed in these words as a member of the Royal Family, as the heir-apparent, as the representative of the British Sovereign. At Montreal the address began :

"With a full appreciation of the graciousness implied by your visit to this portion of your royal father's dominions at this time, we, the mayor, aldermen and citizens of Montreal,



H.M.S. CRESCENT—FLAGSHIP OF NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON

respectfully beg leave to extend to your Royal Highness, and to your gracious and much-loved consort, a loyal, hearty and loving welcome to our fair city."

And the Duke himself takes this view of his reception. In his reply at Montreal he adroitly referred to some remarks made in 1860 by his grandfather, the Prince Consort, at the time when the Prince of Wales was visiting Canada, and Prince Alfred was in Cape Town. He quoted as follows:—

generations of the Royal Family that he represents, and showed quite cleverly that its policy was the same to-day as it was forty years ago, and that it was as much a Royal Family and as much a bond of union as it was when the nineteenth century had but half elapsed. The Duke is shrewd and diplomatic.

There is no doubt also that when this visit is over the Royal Family will have a stronger hold than before on



OPHIR

PHOTO BY LIVERNOIS, QUEBEC

THE LANDING OF THE ROYAL PARTY AT QUEBEC

"What vast considerations, as regards our own country, are brought to our minds in this simple fact; what present greatness; what past history; what future hopes, and how important and beneficent is the part given to the royal family of England to act in the development of these distant and rising countries, who recognize in the British crown and their allegiance to it, their supreme bond of union with the mother country and with each other!"

By his apt quotation the Duke carried his hearers back through three

the minds and affections of the Canadian people. They stood on the magnificent parade at Quebec and looked down upon the Duke's floating palace gracing the most majestic river in the world; they cheered him as he landed at the wharf; they uncovered their heads as he passed through their historic streets; they welcomed him graciously in their legislative chamber; they dined with him, and the next day





THE ROYAL PARTY AT QUEBEC. THIS ARCH WAS ERECTED NEAR THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS



THE ROYAL PARTY LEAVING THE PLACE VIGER STATION, MONTREAL, AFTER ARRIVAL OF ROYAL TRAIN FROM QUEBEC, SEPTEMBER 18TH—PHOTO BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL



PHOTO BY NOTMAN, HALIFAX

H.M.S. QUAIL—TORPEDO DESTROYER

they paraded in wind and rain for his inspection.

When the royal train drew into the Place Viger station at Montreal, there were more cheers and a salute of twenty-one guns, while the bells of old Notre Dame gave the Royal Pair a welcome such as might have been given a European Prince in a cathedral town in the old world. While the Duke dined with Lord Strathcona and his guests, the city sparkled with twenty thousand electric lights which outlined arches and buildings and streets—a night picture such as had never before been seen in Canada.

But Quebec and Montreal were only the Alpha of the welcome extended by Canadians. On the morning of September 20th the Royal Party travelled by fast train from Montreal to the capital city of Canada, where was gathered a crowd such as Ottawa never saw before. The little city of 60,000 people had doubled in population in a night. The route from station to Parliament buildings was over a mile long, but the people lined it all. Clearer weather than in Quebec and Montreal made the decorations seem more pleasing and more generous in their welcome. The neat pavilion in the green quadrangle encircled by the handsomest public buildings in the Dominion, contained the leading men in Canadian political and professional

life when the Duke was formally welcomed to Parliament Hill. A great day closed with an official dinner in the Hall that has seen Canada's most stately functions—and there were present a Duke and an Earl; a Premier, a Chief Justice, an Archbishop, a Commodore, and a Major-General; G.C.M.G.'s, K.C.M.G.'s, C.M.G.'s, a Colonel and ordinary Lieutenant-Colonels and A.D.C.'s; some very ordinary M.P.'s and Mr.'s, and nearly two score of beautiful and brilliant Ca-

nadian women.

On the following day the Duke presented insignia of the King's favour to several notable gentlemen, unveiled a monument to the memory of the Little Widow of Windsor, presented medals to Canada's sons who had fought so gallantly on kopje and veldt, attended a lacrosse match, and with the assistance of his bright-eyed, queenly consort, received at a select garden-party.

And all these events have their social significance and their political effect. That is why the Duke's visit must aid in making the Royal Family something more than a mere piece of imagination in the minds of the people. Those who have lifted their infants to see the carriage drive past, those who have doffed the hat, those who have cheered, those who have shaken royalty by the hand, those who have broken bread at the Royal table, those who have kneeled at the Royal feet, all these must spread the veneration engendered by a condescension which was as gracious as it was kingly.

The Duke's royal tour was intended by the Queen to be simply a visit to Australia to open the first session of the Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth. This is plainly set forth in a Colonial Office announcement of 17th Sept. last. Afterwards the other colonies expressed a wish that the





PHOTO BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL

MONTREAL—ARCH ERECTED BY THE HARBOUR COMMISSIONERS

Duke extend his visit to their shores, and after the death of the Queen, this was agreed to by the King in the following announcement made in the speech from the Throne on February 14th:—

“The establishment of the Australian Commonwealth was proclaimed at Sydney on January 1 with many manifestations of popular enthusiasm and rejoicing.

“My deeply beloved and lamented mother had assented to the visit of the Duke of Cornwall and York to open the first Parliament of the New Commonwealth in her name.

“A separation from my son, especially at such a moment, cannot be otherwise than deeply painful; but I still desire to give effect to her late Majesty’s wishes; and as an evidence of her interest, as well as of my own, in all that concerns the welfare of my subjects beyond the sea, I have decided that the visit to Australia shall not be abandoned, and shall be extended to New Zealand and to the Dominion of Canada.”

It was an auspicious year for the visit of a Royal Prince to Canada. The South African war and the

death of the Queen awakened many new ideas and conceptions concerning Canada and the Empire. After a sweep of thought in any direction comes the inevitable reaction—like the dull years in the economic cycle. The reaction against the part Canada played in the Empire’s struggle in South Africa will be postponed if it be not entirely frost-killed by the Royal visit. Further, the new King on his Throne has received afresh, through his royal son, the homage and fealty first expressed to him in 1860. In the third place, the year was auspicious because it was a particularly prosperous one. For six years Canada’s trade has been advancing by leaps and bounds, and if population did not increase apace, it made the general average increase of wealth greater than it might have been.

This prosperity is most noticeable in the North-West, where a bounteous harvest has intensified favourable eco-



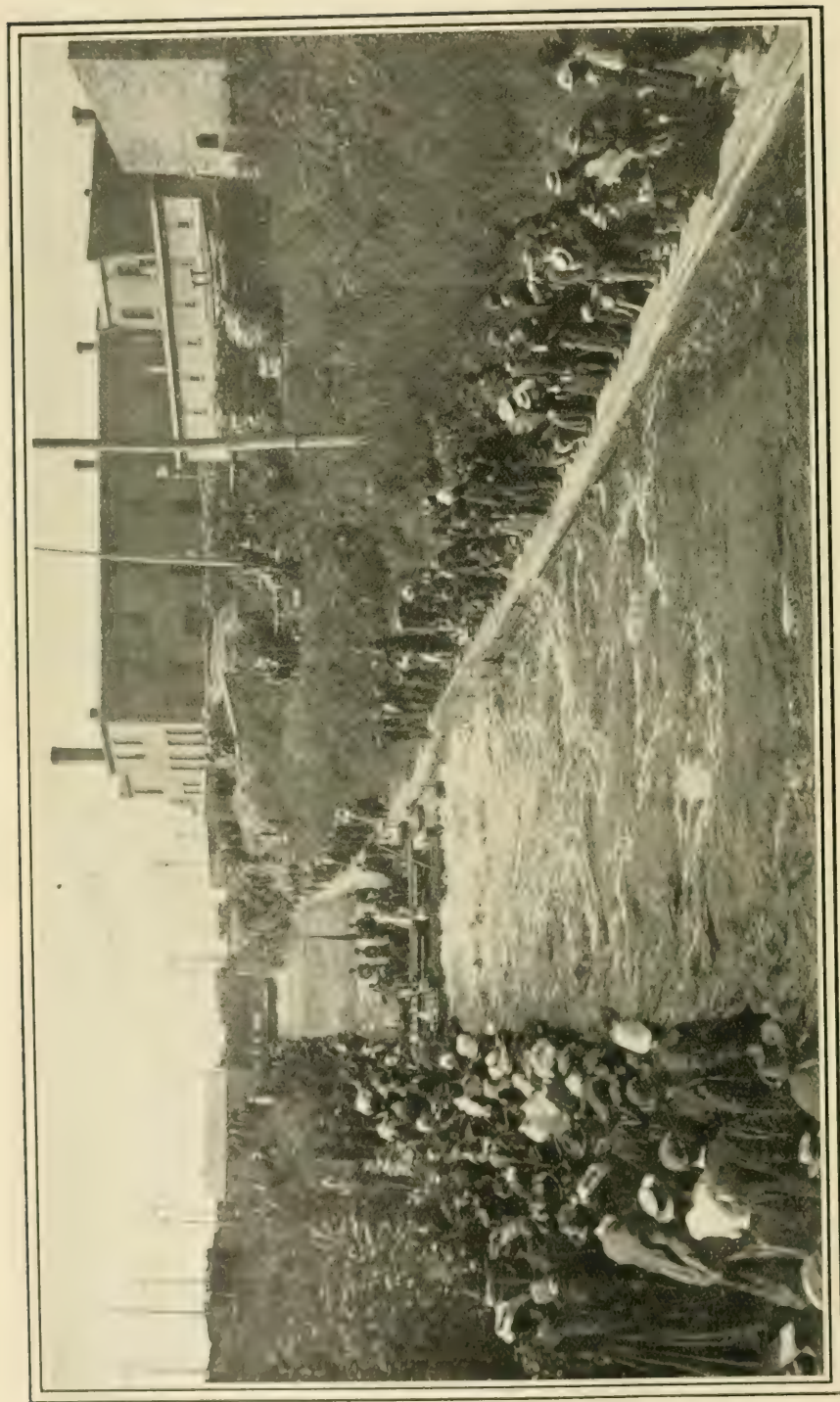


PHOTO BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL

#### THE ROYAL PARTY SHOOTING THE TIMBER SLIDE

At Ottawa, the Royal Party went through a timber slide on a square-timber crib, twenty feet by thirty. The slide is a shallow channel built between high walls of crib work with a drop like a stair, here and there

nomic conditions. The Duke recognized the auspiciousness of his visit from this point of view in his reply to the citizens' address at Winnipeg :

"During the long and memorable journey to the extreme eastern and thence to the western limit of our vast Empire, we have seen everywhere many and varied proofs of steady but certain progress, material and political, but I doubt whether in the whole course of that experience a more striking example is to be found than in the comparison of the Fort Garry of our childhood with the Winnipeg of to-day. Then, as you say, 'a village hamlet in a solitude,' broken only by the presence of 'the passing hunter and fur-trader.' To-day the busy centre of what has become the great granary of the Empire, the

well known that the statesman who appeals to an electorate when the purses are lean is taking a chance from which many have resolutely turned. The enthusiastic receptions at Winnipeg and at all the points from old Fort Garry to the foot-hills of the Rockies, were evidence of a loyalty warmed by prosperity, happiness and content.

The granary of the Empire has come into being since Sir Garnet Wolseley led his little band by water and portage to set up the Royal Standard at the junction of the Red and the Assiniboine. This granary is now being seen



PHOTO BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL

AFTER SHOOTING THE SLIDES, THE ROYAL PARTY PROCEEDED BY CANOES TO ROCKLIFFE, WHERE THEY WITNESSED AN EXHIBITION OF LOG-ROLLING AND A WAR-CANOE RACE. THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE PARTY ARRIVING AT ROCKLIFFE

political centre of an active and enterprising population in the full enjoyment of the privileges and institutions of British citizenship.

"I rejoice that we come amongst you at a time when we can join in the congratulation of your fellow-subjects in a year of unprecedented prosperity, which you are enjoying, and we pray that years to come may show no diminution of the prosperity or of that energy and determination which characterized the pioneers and settlers of the Province."

No politician could have realized more fully than the Duke seemed to realize, the importance of "a year of unprecedented prosperity," and it is

for the first time by Royal eyes. What dreams it would awaken in the minds of an Alexander, a Napoleon, a Bismarck, or a Garibaldi? And what dreams it must have awakened in the mind of him who already sits in the dense shadow of his father's throne?

From this food-producing dream he was no doubt awakened to view the Foothills and the Rockies, with Calgary resting in the bowl of the last strip of prairie. The thousands of miles of narrow steel roadway lead the





LADY LAURIER

DUKE

DUCHESS

LORD MINTO

LADY MINTO

THE ROYAL PARTY AMONG CANADA'S PINES

westward traveller to the grandeur of America's greatest mountain range, and the coming within the influence of those delicately tinted rock-bound heights, must carry even a Royal Prince from the practical to the sublime. There is no sublimity in the world equal with the sublimity of the Rocky Mountains—and from ten thousand crags and peaks floats, in imagination, the British meteor flag. But puny as is the flag in the presence of such sublimity, so is the Royal Prince in the majestic presence of the Creator of rivers and glaciers, valleys and mountains. Such must have

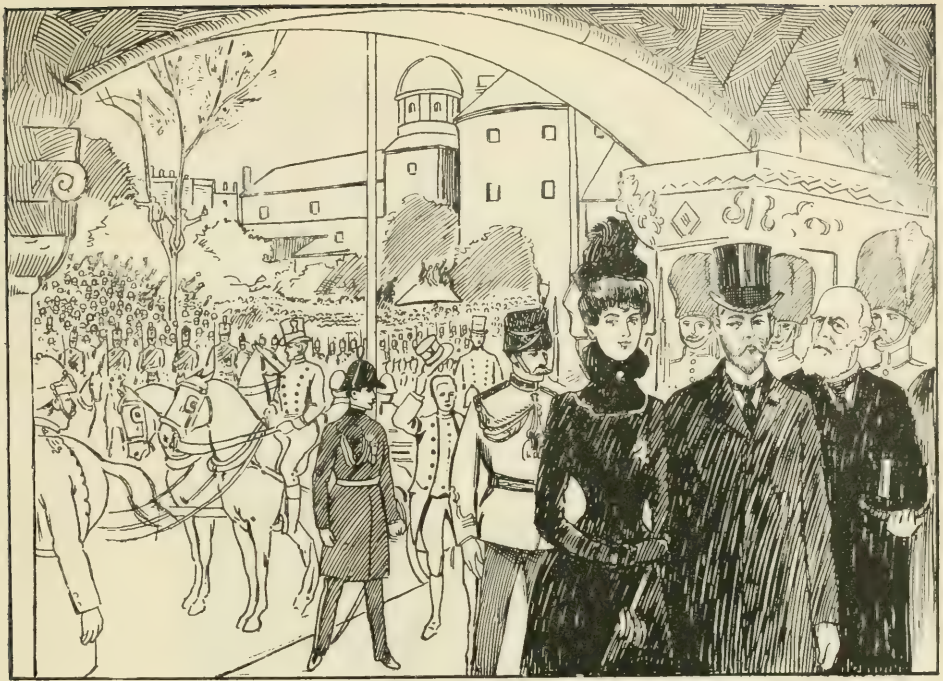
been the thought of the Royal party as the train passed through the magnificent barrier on British Columbia's eastern boundary.

When, on September 30th, the Royal Party reached Vancouver, they found themselves in the heart of a new province and in the presence of Britain's "handyman," whose ship is found on every ocean. A guard of honour composed of blue-jackets was flanked by a crowd of pioneers who have in fifteen years built up a city of thirty thousand inhabitants. And there was evidence, too, that the West had met the East, for one of the numerous arches had been erected by the Chinese inhabitants of Vancouver and another by the Japanese; besides there were the suggestive phrases blazoned

in electric lights: "Ocean to Ocean" and "Welcome to the Pacific Coast."

The *Empress of India* was the steamer which had the honour of first bearing the heir of Britain's throne on the Pacific Ocean. When the Duke of York was Midshipman Prince George of Wales, he crossed the Pacific on the *Bacchante*, but then there was little thought that he would some day be an heir-apparent. But that stately ship bore her royal guests proudly and majestically, and showed her heels to the five warships which formed her escort. And the most English of all





THE DUKE ENTERING WINDSOR STATION, MONTREAL

Canadian cities echoed the cheers which were first raised on the rocky heights of Cape Diamond. Nor was Victoria's echo a faint one, for the reception there was as genuine and hearty as the Duke received in Canada. This was fitting, as here the tour of the Empire practically ended. From that point the Duke started on his return trip. The recognition of the new oneness of the Empire was completed. The greatest of all Royal tours had all but ended.

In a few days the Dominion of Canada will settle down again to her problem of working out her destiny on the northern half of this continent. She has entertained her Royal guests as befitted a strong and sturdy nation. She has exhibited her best and noblest citizens, her busiest and wealthiest cities, her magnificent waterways and her extensive prairies. She has shown her future sovereign the possibilities of this portion of his Empire—a new nation worshipping at his throne because it has given her self-government, freedom and practical independence.

Canada has proven that Burke was wrong when he stated that oceans divided and did not connect, that colonies may be loyal to a throne and sovereign even when freed from the guiding hand of a colonial office which thought that stern control alone bound the colonies to the motherland.

The Duke has seen a country made great by her own citizens. Lord Durham, Lord Sydenham and Lord Elgin assisted in establishing home-rule in Canada, but Mackenzie, Papineau, Baldwin, Brown, Howe, Cartier, Macdonald, Tupper and Laurier are names connected indissolubly with her political development. Then there are the Cunards and the Allans, the Molsons and the McGills, the Strathconas and the Van Hornes—the crowned and uncrowned kings of commerce, who have done so much to lead the way in industrial progress. When the Duke returns to London he will not forget the pine-forests of the Ottawa, the wheat-lands of the prairies, or the mineralized mountains of the west.



REV. LOUIS NAZAIRE BEGIN, ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC

## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

### NO. XXIX—THE ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC.

A LIFE of study made the most Rev. Louis Nazeaire Begin, a great educationist and teacher of students and of future teachers. The writer made his acquaintance while he was the head of a department in Laval University, but it was as the principal of Laval Normal School that the full scope of his remarkable powers as an instructor of youth found adequate expression. He was a disciplinarian of the class which admitted of no liberties, but his nature was kindly, his disposition was genial, and his sense of humour gave a zest to his conversation which was always very charming. From the teacher's desk he rose to

the highest position which the church of his faith and his fathers affords, that of Archbishop of Quebec. He has retained his modesty and grace of manner, and to old students and young priests just entering upon their career, he is ever cordial and gracious. His smile is a benediction.

His Grace is the son of the late Charles Begin, a well-to-do farmer, who died in the autumn of 1887, at the advanced age of 91. His mother was Miss Luce Paradis. The subject of our sketch was born at Levis, Quebec, on the 10th of January, 1840. At an early age he showed such a strong disposition for learning that his par-



ents determined to have him educated for a profession, the church being preferred. Indeed, that was his own predilection. He was sent first to the Levis Model School, then to the College of St. Michel, Bellechasse, which has turned out a good many distinguished scholars, who made names for themselves in after life, thence to the Little Seminary of Quebec, and finally to Laval University, the scene of several years of his future labours. He was a close student, and applied himself to his studies with rare diligence and assiduity. The chief prizes came to him as a matter of course. In 1862, he was the first winner of the Prince of Wales' gold medal. Having completed his arts course, he embarked in the study of theology, commencing the course at the Grand Seminary at Quebec. From that hall of learning he proceeded to Rome, where he spent five years in perfecting himself for a professorship in the newly-established faculty of theology in Laval. He studied, while in the Eternal City, dogmatic and moral theology, sacred scriptures, church history, sacred oratory, the canon law, and such languages as German, Hebrew, Arabic, Sanskrit, Syriac and Chaldean. He gained, after strict examinations, several high honours and distinctions, including all the minor and major orders in Rome, and was ordained a priest in the Major Basilica of Latran, in June, 1865. The degree of Doctor of Theology followed the next year. At the close of the Roman festival in celebration of the centenary of the death of St. Peter, and the canonization of the Saints in 1867, Dr. Begin went to Innsbruck, in Austrian Tyrol. During the five years of his sojourn in Italy, he spent his summers in travel in France, Prussia, Switzerland and Belgium. He next visited Palestine. It had always been from boyhood his wish to see the Holy Land, and to sojourn in a country made sacred to him by his love of holy writ and the divine word. The tour occupied nearly half a year, in which time he successfully passed through the most picturesque and historic coun-

tries embraced in his route. Returning to the Tyrol, he resumed his course at the Catholic University, his professors being those men of eminence and learning, Profs. Wenig, Jungmann, Hurter, Kobler and Nilles. In 1868, he left the college, and sailed for Quebec via Liverpool.

Having a taste for archæology, Dr. Begin secured a number of valuable specimens in the Holy Land, and in Egypt he purchased several mummies in excellent condition, all of which are to-day on view in the museum of Laval University. During his absence abroad the university had founded its Faculty of Divinity, and the chair of Dogmatic Theology was offered him, which he accepted. Soon afterwards the department of Ecclesiastical History was added to his duties. He held these positions sixteen years. In 1884, during the exciting controversy, in which certain rights of Laval University were threatened, he accompanied Archbishop (afterwards Cardinal) Taschereau to Rome to lay the matter before the Holy See. In addition to that question, there was another which related to the division of the Diocese of Three Rivers, which also caused considerable perturbation. On his return to the Dominion, the Roman Catholic Council of Public Instruction appointed him Principal of Laval Normal School, and his parchment was signed by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province January 22, 1885. He was very successful in bringing to a high standard of excellence the school, which at that time occupied a commanding position on Dufferin Terrace, overlooking the majestic St. Lawrence and the hills beyond. On that site the Chateau Frontenac now stands. In October, 1888, Dr. Begin relinquished the Principalship to assume the onerous duties of Bishop of Chicoutimi, to which See he had been appointed. He was consecrated at the Basilica, Quebec, His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau officiating, assisted by their Lordships Bishops Laflèche and Langevin. In his new sphere of labour, Bishop Begin was greatly loved and esteemed. The



new cathedral, then in course of construction, he completed, making it one of the finest and most modern sacred edifices in the Province of Quebec. He added a wing to the Seminary, and enlarged the episcopal residence. Many other improvements are directly traceable to his hand.

The health of Cardinal Taschereau began to fail during the winter of 1891, and it was felt that he must be provided with a coadjutor, to relieve him of a portion of his work, which is very heavy in such a large archdiocese as that of Quebec. To that position Mgr. Begin was appointed on the 22nd of December of that year, and on embarking on his new duties, he was created Archbishop of Cyrene (*Infidelium in partibus*). Three years later he became charged with the administration of the Archdiocese, and on the death of Cardinal Taschereau, which occurred on the 12th of April, 1898, His Grace was elevated to the Archbishopric of Quebec, which office he now holds.

Archbishop Begin is an author of repute, his works being principally ecclesiastical and educational. A partial list of them may be found in the bibliography of the members of the Royal Society, compiled by Sir John George Bourinot, K.C.M.G., the erudite editor of the translations of that Society. When the Royal Society was founded in 1882 by the Marquis of

Lorne, then Governor-General of Canada, now the Duke of Argyll, Dr. Begin was selected as one of the first twenty fellows of the French Literature Section of that body. He has proved a very useful member, despite his manifold engagements, as one of the heads of his Church and the Department of Public Instruction. He has been the recipient of many honours from universities and societies, and is a prominent member of the Academy of the Arcades of Rome.

His principal writings are "La Primauté et l'Infaillibilité des Souverains Pontifes," in 1873; "La Sainte Ecriture et la Règle de la foi," 1874, which enjoyed the honour of an English translation, which was published in London, England. In the same year he wrote "Eloge de Saint Thomas d'Aquin," a work of much value and beauty of phrase, and in the following year his "Culte Catholique" appeared. His principal text-book was published while he was conducting the Normal School. It is still used, and bears the title of "Aide-Mémoire or Chronologie de l'histoire du Canada." The object of this work is indicated by its name, and it has run through several editions, with the prospect of many more to follow. The Archbishop is an eloquent and graceful speaker, and his sermons are characterized by simplicity and earnestness.

George Stewart.

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### THE GREATER TASK.

FOR each stray traveller of time  
There lies beyond some land,  
Some dim and undiscovered path,  
Across the wilds of sand.

And still there lies that greater task  
While life's wheel rushes fast,  
'Mid all earth's golden treasure fields  
To search his own out last.

Inglis Morse.

# In the Secret Service

By Robert Buckley

## EPISODE I.—OUTWITTING A DIPLOMATIC THIEF.

I NEED not tell you how I came to know my friend Anthony Hallam, of the Secret Service, nor need I at present relate the remarkable circumstances which led him to honour me with his confidence. That may come later, but for the present I will content myself with a personal description of him as he appeared last evening. I say advisedly "as he appeared last evening," for goodness only knows what he is like at the present moment; the chances are that if I met him in the street I should not recognize him in the least. Well, then, last evening he appeared to be a tall, active, humorous, and refined gentlemanly man of fifty or thereabouts, whose prevailing passion was navy-cut tobacco smoked in a cherrywood pipe, and whose hobby was practical gardening of the cabbage and celery type. His conversation for the most part related to this topic, with an undercurrent of sadness concerning the severity of the weather, and its probable effect on vegetation. In the easy-going man who lolled in my easiest chair, with his slippers on the fender, the casual looker-in would never have dreamed he saw one of the keenest spies in Europe; one acquainted with nearly every foreign capital; an extensive traveller in remote regions; an infallible judge of men's motives, and one, moreover, deeply versed in the tortuous methods of diplomacy, and the repository of secrets, which, if widely known, might change the map of Europe. Add to this that he is a phenomenal linguist, and that he has since 1874 occupied an import-

ant post in connection with the Secret Service Department instituted in that year, and you have at least an elementary portrait of him, mental and physical, as he appeared to me last evening. We had discussed his favourite topic for some time when conversation turned on the war, and the extraordinary cunning of the Boer character.

"And yet the Boers can be outwitted," he said, smiling as though at some pleasant recollection; while he blew a long column of smoke towards the ceiling.

"I should like to hear the story," I said, "that is, if it can be told without indiscretion."

"Well, since the war is now in progress, there can be no objection to publicity in this particular instance. You are perhaps aware that for some time England had been overrun with Boer agents?"

"Spies, I suppose?"

"Spies or agents, call them what you will. A very able and absolutely unscrupulous body, lavishly supplied with money, and sticking at nothing to discover the movements and intentions of the British Government."

"I should have thought their task hopeless and impossible."

"Many things which seem impossible at first sight are feasible enough when ably, resolutely, and systematically undertaken with unlimited money behind the operations. However, I will relate one of my simple adventures, and leave you to form your own judgment. But first let me fill my pipe and take a long pull at the nectar."

You would hardly believe it, but Hallam spends his evenings with a large cup of cold tea at his elbow. No intoxicants ever pass his lips except in special cases of emergency.

Having indulged in his favourite luxury, he once more lay back in the chair, and commenced:—

"I was trimming the hedge round my arbour when a breathless messenger disturbed me with a request that I would report myself at the Foreign Office without a moment's delay. This was about mid-day in the first week of August, 1899, when, as you will remember, we were getting into a tangle with Kruger. A cab was in waiting, and I accompanied the messenger to the railway station, and thence to town, where I was at once shown into the presence of—shall we say—the Minister?"

I signified assent. Hallam has an aversion to mentioning names, when Great Personages are concerned.

"The Minister was evidently in a state of considerable agitation, and I divined that the matter was serious. After the usual courtesies he said:

"A document of the first importance has been stolen from the Foreign Office. We need not go into the particulars surrounding its disappearance, since there can be little doubt as to its destination and its present whereabouts. Like all other Englishmen you are aware of the Transvaal complication? Quite so. You are also aware that a certain Legation not only favours the Boer cause, but that there is grave reason to believe that secret communications between that Legation and the Transvaal take place, and that certain attachés use their best endeavours to worm out any information as to our opinions and probable future action, with the object of transmitting it to the Transvaal Government, the Legation in question thus practically utilizing its footing of friendship to assist our enemies against us?"

"I was well aware of all this, and also of the difficulty experienced in dealing with the matter, the treachery being almost impossible of proof, while

at the same time practically beyond doubt.

"Now," continued the Minister, 'as the result of the gravest deliberations, a document of highly confidential character has been drafted and turned into cipher for transmission to—an important functionary—and that document with the despatch-box which contained it has disappeared. The details are not unusual; a trusted and well-trying subordinate, a moment's distraction, and—the loss, which, I may say, involves to us disadvantages of the gravest character. Now, the problem is to recover the document without in any way hinting the connivance or complicity of the Legation to which I have made reference. Any open scandal would be liable to bring about the most deplorable results.'

"But," said I, "if they have possessed themselves of the contents of the document——"

"It is in cipher, and there, of course, is our only hope. You remember Hendricks?"

"I remembered Hendricks very well. Once a highly trusted subordinate, he had been dismissed on my suggestion just six months before. Though born in England he was of Dutch extraction, and certain political movements in the Transvaal had coincided so miraculously with information he might have transmitted through Boer agents in London that only one reasonable inference could be drawn. Yes, I remembered Hendricks."

"It has occurred to me," said the Minister, 'that Hendricks might have mastered the cipher now in use. Indeed I am confident of it. Slight circumstances, hardly noticed at the time, but now recalled to mind, have convinced me. Of course, I am aware that with time and perseverance any cipher can be solved, but our secret antagonists have perhaps a shorter way than that of scientific investigation.'

"Here I rose from my seat. I saw it all. Fortunately, I had kept my eye on Hendricks, who was living at The Hague, of all places in the world! I



need hardly say that I had correspondents there, as well as in every other European capital. The thing was simple as the alphabet; the discharged official, his Dutch extraction, his retirement to The Hague, and last but not least, his intimate connection with a certain personage of the Legation in question whom we will call Broecker, and who was doubtless the instigator of the theft. Clearly, the best chance was to watch Broecker and without a moment's loss of time.

"When did the document disappear"? I asked.

"This morning at nine."

"I made as though to request leave to retire; the Minister said:

"You clearly understand; no scandal; no force; nothing that will put us in the wrong, and yet—we must have the document before its contents are known."

"I bowed, and retired. In less than an hour I had not only set a special watch on Herr Broecker, but also had ascertained that he was leaving England that evening. Bah! the thing was child's play—so far. But we have not yet recovered the document.

"You would have been amused if you had recognized me at the Liverpool Street station at seven o'clock that evening. My handbag bore a neat label, which read thus:—

REV. CORBETT JONES,

Passenger to

HARWICH.

"I flatter myself that I was perfectly 'got up,' and also that I looked the part to perfection. My card, a written one such as the county clergy sometimes use, gave, in addition to my name, the interesting information that I was vicar of 'Bryn-y-bia, Carnarvonshire.' I was accompanied by my daughter Lucy. Ha! Ha! You smile."

I always smiled when "Lucy" came on the scene. A young fellow named

Henry Morland, with a perfect genius for women's parts, represented the charming daughter of the Rev. Corbett Jones, or indeed, of anyone else for whom Hallam chose to pass for the time being. Besides his remarkably feminine appearance, Morland was the possessor of a singularly bright intelligence, and was prompt and resolute in action. I had often met with "Lucy," and had noted with interest his implicit confidence in Hallam, of whom he always spoke as "the Pater."

"Well," continued Hallam, "I had sent on Upton by the 5.30 with certain instructions which might or might not enable us to pull off a victory. You must clearly understand that to my mind the whole difficulty lay in the necessity of working the thing privately, and getting back the stolen papers without giving producible evidence on which to base a complaint."

"There was also the risk that you might give the offence and yet not secure the document?" I suggested.

"Precisely. It was a ticklish business, difficult on account of its delicacy. Put a finger on Broecker, who was, of course, above suspicion (the biggest rogues are always above suspicion, and the fact enables them to make better hauls), and his Legation would be insulted; his country would be outraged; and there would be a regular flare-up.

"To return. I sent Upton on to Colchester with instructions to walk to a point well known to him, where a long, straight stretch of railway near Ardleigh would enable him with a field-glass to watch the Continental express for two or three miles at least. The signals were soon arranged. Newspapers were to be flown from the carriage windows, and, in short, details which excluded any possibility of misunderstanding were agreed upon. What I like in Upton is this: you never have to repeat an instruction. On the contrary, he divines what you are going to say before you can get it out.

"My plans were based on the idea that Broecker had the document, and that he would hurry over to Holland to submit its cipher to Hendricks, who might await him at the Hook. I knew that once Broecker touched Dutch soil my task would be doubly difficult, and might easily become insuperable. The problem, therefore, was how to secure the paper before left it England, or, failing that, to effect its capture on the boat, the last being almost out of the question by reason of the inaccessibility of a private cabin. Yes, it must be done on English ground, and the railway journey commended itself, as affording the best chance. As you know, the Great Eastern Boat Trains run the whole eighty miles between London and Parkeston Quay, a few miles beyond Harwich, without stopping, and you will understand that though I had sent Upton on to Colchester, about fifty miles, with a fixed and definite plan, there was the chance that Broecker might be going in some other direction, and you can imagine my delight when, after hours of patient waiting, I was informed that he had started for Liverpool Street. We were there on his heels, and after two words and two half-crowns the guard of the express was my own. One has to provide for unforeseen contingencies and the guard is always worth considering.

"The excellent Broecker entered a first-class carriage, and soon after I and my daughter, 'Lucy,' with a small handbag and a lavish allowance of newspapers and other literature (our luggage, of course, being in the van) took our seats in the same compartment. You should have seen my smug and well-shaven visage! I was the ideal man for a 'curé of souls.'" And Hallam laughed heartily at the recollection.

And truly his power of facial expression is such that, without the least distortion, he can instantaneously change his appearance, so as to be quite unrecognizable, even by his intimate friends.

"Away we went, 'Lucy' neatly

dressed, as beseemed the daughter of a poor parson, and keeping on her veil while intently reading the *Times*. We three; no others—unless you count a handbag, which to me was more interesting than any possible society. It was Broecker's, and, mark you, I was expecting it. The fact that he kept it on the arm-rest of his seat and leaned his elbow on it was eminently gratifying.

"In that bag was the Document; I could have staked my life upon it. But how to get it from a trusted and respected Attaché of the Legation of a Power with which we were on the most friendly terms? Anyone who knows the touchiness of such officials will see the extreme delicacy of the situation. I had the Minister to consider, and his imperative order that no offence should be given or even suspected. Yet as I sat there, I felt that to knock the rascal on the head would have been to me a source of unmeasured delight. Such is the effect of patriotism. The confounded thief! For though he had the rank of a gentleman, Broecker was really nothing better; and when I thought of the injury he was trying to do my country, and of the diabolical cunning with which he had carried out his plans, I felt a strong and most unprofessional inclination to land him one between the eyes, and settle the matter off-hand. Yet, after all, I had a sort of respect for him as a man of ability, and one likely to be heard of in future, for to all appearance he was much under forty, though rendering such valuable services to England's enemies, services which might possibly be splendidly rewarded if the Kruger Government became paramount, and the British Lion were compelled to turn tail in South Africa.

"He showed no disposition to talk, nor did he seem likely to relax the pressure of his elbow on the bag. A very superior sort of individual, to all appearance, and one whose general aspect would be likely to prepossess the ordinary observer in his favour. I put on a pair of spectacles and read for the first half-hour, taking care not



to let my glance fall on Broecker's bag, and keeping my own on the seat between me and 'Lucy,' where he could read the label with ease. Now and then I went over to 'Lucy,' and once produced from my bag a bottle of medicine and a glass, for you will regret to learn that my beloved daughter was something of an invalid!"

Here we laughed once more, and Hallam took a few sips of his "nectar."

"Nerves, my dear fellow, nothing but nerves; yet nerves, you know, sometimes lead to the most distressing consequences. It was quite clear that my daughter was excessively nervous, perhaps a little hysterical, and, therefore, as any well-informed person will tell you, liable to uncontrollable impulses. We had not gone ten miles when 'Lucy' fluttered half a *Standard* out of the window, the object being, of course, to accustom our friend to the eccentricity, so that it might pass unsuspected when flown later for the benefit of Upton, who about this time was on the *qui vive*, fifty miles in front of us.

"Having so far sat nearly opposite our friend apparently without noticing him, I now, after many attempts to write in a pocket-book with a point-less pencil, addressed Herr Broecker (to whom, in any character, I was a stranger, while I had the advantage of having known him and many of his tricks for something over five years—in fact, since the new state of things induced by the Raid)—I now requested the loan of a pen-knife, which was conceded, and conversation of a light and topical order at once ensued. I was anxious to learn all I could about fishing in the rivers Stour and Colne, and took a deep interest in the Colchester oyster beds. My esteemed friend had little or no information on these subjects, but he did his best, speaking with the slight accent of the Dutch, the least perceptible of all the foreign accents. Suddenly 'Lucy' gave a series of shrieks, which caused a painful interruption. We were nearing

Colchester, and the dear child doubtless impatient of confinement, was seized with one of her distressing attacks; so painful to an affectionate father!"

Hallam is an excellent laugh, and I must say that I am in favour of trusting a man whose laugh is hearty and contagious.

"She soon came round, and looked apologetically towards Broecker, as though thoroughly ashamed of her outbreak. We rushed through Colchester Station, and the willows on the banks of the Colne marking the situation at which we had arrived told me it was now or never. 'Lucy' once more let down the window and prepared the signal newspapers; I, turning towards the opposite window with an expression of great distress, attracted Broecker's attention in the same direction, while I expressed my profound regret that my dear daughter's illness had caused him inconvenience. As I uttered the words I turned partially round towards 'Lucy,' who was busily engaged in throwing her magazines out of the window in the most unaccountable way. With a gesture of despair I indicated this ridiculous conduct to Broecker, who in order to catch my words, had to lean forward, half-turning his back on 'Lucy,' whose moment was at hand.

"'Uncontrollable impulses of hysteria,' I said, bending forward to make my low tones heard through the roar of the rushing train. Broecker leaned further towards me; his weight was no longer on the hand-bag. 'Her poor mother,' I continued, 'was very much—Ha——!!!'

"'Lucy had snatched the bag and thrown it through the window! Broecker sprang to his feet with an exclamation of rage, and even raised his hand to strike my poor afflicted child! I intervened, holding him back, while 'Lucy,' seemingly unconscious, poor girl, of the deplorable incorrectness of her conduct, was flying another newspaper through the window, a *Telegraph* which she let go in order that Upton, who after the first flutter would



be able to fix the compartment, might know that the coup had really come off, even though he might miss the package. An open newspaper flying about is a very conspicuous object, and the fact of the one being dropped being a *Telegraph* was to assure him that the bag would be found somewhere on the line, and that search would be rewarded. However, Upton had no difficulty of the kind; there was a good light, and the bag dropped within twenty yards of him, 'Lucy' having seen him distinctly a few seconds before the final stroke.

"It would be impossible to describe the conduct of Broecker, who quite lost his head. Notwithstanding my regrets, and assurances that by wiring to Colchester from Harwich he would recover the bag with ease, and that in the improbable event of its being lost he might look to the Rev. Corbett Jones, of Bryn-y-bia, Carnarvonshire, for adequate compensation, he would not be comforted. I was almost offended when he refused with an oath (in Dutch) my private card, offered as a security, and, worst of all manifested an entire lack of sympathy, with my poor, dear 'Lucy's' hysteria. But, as a clergyman, you understand, I bore all with exemplary meekness, and carried forgiveness so far as to accompany him to the telegraph office at Harwich, whence he wired not only to Colchester railway station but also to the police station, offering a hundred pounds reward if anyone were arrested having in their possession such a bag as he described.

"But all this had been foreseen, and Upton, carrying out all his instructions, had taken train from Manningtree Junction to Ipswich, and thence to London, where he had the distinguished honour not only of handing the bag, with the lost document, to the Minister, but also its remaining contents, the value of which, from a political point of view, were considerable. I need not trouble you with further detail. Herr Broecker spent two days in Colchester without result, though he perhaps learned enough to open his

eyes as to the true nature of 'Lucy's' 'hysteria' and 'uncontrollable impulse.' However there was no evidence in existence, nor was suspicion aroused before the Welsh vicar and his afflicted daughter disappeared."

"Will you tell me what you meant when in the early part of the story you said you were expecting the hand-bag?" I enquired.

"Now you are touching on the inner mysteries of the Service," laughed Hallam, gaily. "But I may, perhaps, partially satisfy your natural curiosity. You will understand that we have thought it advisable to know all we can of the movements of the excellent Herr in question. Well, so it happens that he had a valet, a countryman of his own, whose sympathies were with —"

"British gold," I ventured to put in.

"And," continued Hallam, ignoring the interruption, "This patriotic valet was in almost hourly communication with our department, and he taught us a good deal, though on this occasion he knew nothing beyond the fact that the bag, which he described, had been kept all day in his master's safe. Of course, the original despatch-box had been broken open and destroyed, and the papers were much too bulky to be carried in the pocket. The thing was easy enough, bar the difficulty of avoiding scandal. The obtaining of plans of the fortifications and armament of Pretoria was more difficult. But there — it's eleven o'clock, and I must defer that story until to-morrow evening."

And Mr. Hallam, who lives next door, opened the French window, and stepping into my garden, passed through the little wicket that leads to his own domain. We gave up paying visits by the front door nearly seven years ago. And thereby hangs another tale.



#### EPISODE II.—HOW THE PLANS OF PRETORIA WERE WON.

I was drawing down the blinds with the object of lighting the gas and making all cosy, when Hallam tapped at

the French window which opens on my small but cherished lawn. He was attired in dressing-gown and slippers as usual, but his expression was not in keeping with this external appearance of easy comfort. The cause was soon made evident. He threw himself into the easiest chair with a discontented air, and began :

"Beastly climate ; nothing can grow. Tried to do a bit of digging this morning. Ground frozen hard as iron."

"It's the climate that makes us the men we are," I suggested.

He looked gloomily into the fire without replying. Hallam is always depressed when his gardening operations are at a stand-still. I touched the bell, and my neat-handed Phyllis brought in a large jug of cold tea without sugar, but with plenty of cream. He brightened up, and reached his long cherrywood pipe from the corner where it hangs in readiness for him along with a bundle of willow "spills" such as his father and grandfather used to light their pipes in some basket-making district where his childhood was spent.

He says that the smell of the wood recalls his happiest days, and that he loves to surround himself with the fragrance of his innocent youth. When he had growled a little more at the frost and fog, I asked him why we so easily took Pretoria, and why the five or six forts did not fulfil their object and keep out the British forever. He waved his pipe impatiently :

"My dear boy," he said, "the Boers have been immensely over-rated. First we under-rated them ; then we went to the opposite extreme."

"But Pretoria is strong?" I suggested.

"As strong as they could make it. Luckily, we knew exactly what we had to meet."

"And I think you know who procured the information?"

"Well," chuckled Hallam, "I am not altogether ignorant concerning the matter." Here he puffed more rapidly, and took a pull at the "nectar," an

excellent sign, and one that betokened a disposition for narration.

I maintained a discreet silence. A single word might have ruined the situation. My patience was rewarded. After half-a-minute's luxurious puffing, he continued :

"From information received, as the policemen say, I thought well to call at the private residence of a distinguished Minister, at a certain critical period two or three years after the Jameson Raid, which so offended dear Uncle Kruger.

"From the fact that I was to call at the Minister's house instead of his official residence, I inferred that the business was even more confidential than usual, and that the Government was to be regarded as wholly disconnected therewith. The Minister received me in a snug little study, and, motioning me to a chair, offered a cigar, at the same time lighting one himself, and thus afforded a further hint that the matter in hand was to be considered unofficial, and that any conversation which might ensue would be of the most casual character. I understood the preliminaries, and waited patiently for the key of the situation. After a number of inquiries as to the state of my shrubs and plants, and a few hints as to the cultivation of orchids, the Minister ventured to think that I looked paler than usual, and hoped that the trying nature of my occupation was not undermining my health.

"I said I had never felt better. He flicked a little ash from his waistcoat, and asked whether any of my family had died of consumption, and whether I was sure I had not a slight cough, which it would be wise to tackle in time?"

There was as much twinkle in his eye as bessems a Cabinet Minister, and I thought it well to humour him. I admitted that there were times when I had a disposition to emit a slight cough—ahem, upon which he suddenly rose and looked at a large map of South Africa. But I knew that for the moment his sense of humour



was uppermost, and that it would never do to smile broadly at the remark of a subordinate.

"A hollow cough?" he suggested.

"I said that hollowness was its principal feature; after which there was a short interval of silence, while he affected to examine the map more closely than before.

"Reseating himself, he replied: 'Exactly; that is what I feared. Now, what I propose is this. You need a rest, a long holiday; your lungs may or may not be slightly affected, but in any case the climate of South Africa and the sea voyage have been known to effect cures almost miraculous. Nothing like taking these things in time.'"

"I expressed myself as deeply grateful for so much solicitude; he replied that able and loyal men were prized. I bowed and waited for more.

"'I think you might be spared for six months,' he continued, 'and that it would be well to take immediate steps to instruct your deputy as to his functions.' Here he held out his hand in a most cordial way. I took it, and once more thanking him for his thoughtful kindness, turned to leave the room. With his hand on the bell, and before saying 'Good-bye,' he added, between two whiffs, a few casual words, the import of which was instantly grasped. Like the postscript of a lady's letter, the gist of the whole matter was there: He said:—

"'You may provide yourself with letters of introduction, and perhaps a companion would be advisable. Of course you will visit Pretoria. The scenery, I believe, is very lovely thereabouts. The fortifications, too, are—ahem, interesting to military men, or, rather, would be, were they not so jealously guarded. Our military advisers affirm that the details of the forts, their plans, and their armaments are absolutely unknown. Any one who could furnish the information would render a valuable service to the State.' Here he touched the bell, and again wishing me 'Good-bye,' turned to the map, while James showed me out. In

less than forty-eight hours I was on the deep blue sea."

"In what character?" I asked.

"I was the agent of a Birmingham manufacturer of sporting rifles, and, mind you, the character was genuine. I actually had the agency and meant to work it. If there is one thing more than another that my brother Boer loves, it is a first-rate shooting-iron. You see my drift?"

"I suppose that as the agent of a gun-maker's firm you would have easy access to influential Boers?"

"Precisely. But you will regret to learn that I was distinctly unpatriotic; was, in fact, a regular pro-Boer and a Little Englander!"

"How very deplorable!"

"I acted the part from the first hour I stepped on board. You remember the actor, who, in order to play Othello, blacked himself all over? Well, I work on that principle; it pays to be thorough.

"There were, of course, many Dutchmen on board. With them I gradually became intimate, and before we reached the Cape they had given me several letters of introduction. At Cape Town I was so obnoxious to the British that the leading dealers declined to look at my samples, and when I began to write political letters to the pro-Boer papers, boldly signed with my full name of Richard Jephcott Butler, the whole Africander Bund sympathized with me as a really enlightened Englishman, and a distinct honour to the commercial interest of my native land."

Here Hallam stopped to laugh and to pour out another cup of his temperance drink. The situation was comical enough, no doubt, but what struck me most forcibly was the fact of his commencing the campaign at Cape Town, hundreds of miles away from Pretoria, and the wonderful depth of the strategy which, by means of the newspapers, made his name familiar, not only at Pretoria, but throughout the whole of South Africa.

"In due course I went on to Johannesburg, where I had prepared the second act of the comedy. Here, in the heat



of a discussion, I struck and technically assaulted an Englishman, who, in the smoke-room of the principal hotel of that famous city had, in the heat of argument, called me a traitor to England. The person who was thus made a victim of my indiscretion was none other than Upton, who, sailing in another vessel, had landed at Durban, and had met me at Johannesburg by appointment. Splendid fellow, Upton! He was a traveller—like me—Ha! Ha! but—in agricultural implements.”

“And Upton, I suppose, helped to further advertise your pro-Boer proclivities?”

“Exactly. A couple of Zarps (that’s what they call the Dutch policemen) were called in, and I was thrown (for the moment) into durance vile. But my excellent character as a truly enlightened Englishman was known, and the good Boers were not too rigorous. You should have seen me before the Beak next morning, with Upton as prosecutor. Bless me, how happy we were!

“I was let off with a light fine and a caution, and the whole thing was boomed in every Dutch newspaper. But when the hotel proprietor told me to clear out and go to my Boer brethren for lodgings and attention, you may guess what a hero I became. I flatter myself that the story of my persecution, done into choice Dutch, and read by every Boer who took in a paper, was heart-rending. Where was the liberty of free speech? That was what I wanted to know.

“I reached Pretoria at last, and prepared for the final act. Now came the pinch. Up to this there had been some excellent fooling, and I had thoroughly enjoyed the game. But all so far was mere preliminary, and beyond the important circumstance that my character as a Boer sympathizer was above suspicion, and that the persecution of my own countrymen was undeniable, nothing had been accomplished. The fortifications and their armament were unknown quantities.”

Here I asked how he contrived to communicate with Upton.

“We had no communication at Johannesburg, save and except the row at the hotel, and the questions I put to him in the Police Court, questions which only showed my bitterness and want of patriotism. After that Upton in his character of traveller disappeared, and, reaching Pretoria as an Outlander in a state of apparent destitution, was engaged by me at a small wage to carry my samples about. And let me tell you that the things he saw and heard in that capacity were remarkable, and, if known to the world, would of themselves suffice to remove any scruples as to the complete justice of the war.

“Well, I called on the principal residents, and, thanks to my well-known character, was even accorded an interview with Uncle Kruger. I booked a number of orders for expensive sporting rifles, and regularly compared notes with Upton, who lodged and spent his leisure among the poorer classes, while I moved among the aristocracy. But after a whole week we were not an inch nearer our mark. Of course, I never mentioned the forts, nor did I favour conversation that turned in that direction, for it was above all things necessary to avoid the slightest suspicion. And let me tell you that the Transvaal Boer is one of the most suspicious mortals on the face of the globe, and one of the cutest.

“But,” said I, “how about his farmer-like innocence, his rural simplicity?”

Hallam’s expression became one of disgust.

“That’s the opinion of those who don’t know him,” he said, “and it is therefore of no value. There is an Italian saying that it takes three Frenchmen to cheat a Jew, three Jews to cheat a Greek, and three Greeks to cheat a Swiss, who, like the Transvaal farmer-man, is sometimes cited as a simple rural party. Accepting this arithmetic as correct, I should think it would take about nine Swiss to cheat a Boer, and even then he’d get level on the next transaction.

“Upton roamed about when I did

not require his services, chumming with natives and prowling round the forts in order to pick up what information he could. But it seemed that every fresh bit of knowledge added to our scanty store only tended to confirm the impossibility of ever obtaining entrance, much less of getting time to make neat ground-plans of the works, and to tick off the various sorts and sizes of the cannon arranged there for the special benefit of Mr. John Bull and his friends, should they ever be indiscreet enough to come that way. Luckily it sometimes happens that chance brings about opportunities one never could have reckoned on, or some unforeseen circumstance gives rise to an entirely new idea. And so it was in this case.

"You will understand that it was tacitly understood that I should have no communication, either open or secret, with British officials at Pretoria. No suggestions, therefore, were to be expected from that quarter, which, in the event of my mission being detected, was to remain, not only with clean hands, but altogether above suspicion.

"Matters were in this condition when one day a private of the Transvaal artillery called on me with the request that I would submit my samples and prices to Major Lemmer, a German officer deep in the confidence of the Kruger Government. I, of course, complied, and with this visit occurred the idea which, with the assistance of Upton, I was enabled to develop into a brilliant and complete success.

"Lemmer was a military enthusiast, a regular soldier student, without a thought beyond his profession, save one. That one I need hardly say, referred to a lady. The Major was rather past middle age, and a bachelor. He had lived in the Transvaal for some years, and had recently shown an inclination to take unto himself a wife in the person of the only daughter of a very wealthy Boer. She, nothing loth, had accepted his suit, and was about to marry him.

"But what struck my imagination

with such force as to knock luminous sparks out of it was the highly-important circumstance that Lemmer had supervised the construction of the Pretoria forts. There was a concrete fact. Whether he had or had not been mainly responsible for the original plans and the specifications of armament was not distinctly ascertainable. But there was no question as to his supervision, and as the new idea flashed across my mind, I felt disposed to cry "Eureka," and to shake hands with him as my benefactor.

"What this idea was you shall hear bye-and-bye. Meanwhile, there he sat, handling the guns, and making inquiries in broken English, for although, as you know, I speak German as my native tongue, it would never have done to be too clever. Nobody expects an English commercial to speak anything but English, and to have talked to Lemmer in his own tongue would of itself have been suspicious. Besides, I had the advantage of understanding the private remarks he made to his secretary, another German, and though he said nothing of value, yet his words tended to illustrate the character of the man, and there was no knowing what he might let slip.

"We did no business, and it may be of interest to you to learn that the excellent Major's observations to his secretary led me to the conclusion that he only wished to see my goods and get my prices that he might report what he could to some German consul for the instruction of the Fatherland. The mean rascal! But I reckoned him up, weighed him to an ounce; took counsel with Upton, who prosecuted his researches elsewhere, and at last formulated a plan of campaign. Hurrah! for the clever Major Lemmer, who interviewed the raw English traveller for his own purposes. Hurrah! for the Fatherland and its soldier-students. Three cheers for his lady-love, and one cheer more!

"You smile at my enthusiasm, but let me tell you that the enthusiasts bowl the world along. I have the greatest respect for enthusiasts as the



possessors of excellent hearts. Their weakness lies in the direction of—indiscretion. Let me sum up the results of the next two days.

“First, Lemmer was known. A man of great ability, but one-sided. All his talent and time had been given to the study of the military art, and, as was obvious from the work with which he had been entrusted, more especially to the art of permanent fortification. The construction and armament of the Pretoria forts was, in all probability, his masterwork, the most important of his life, past, present, or future. He was about to marry, and it was said would return to Germany soon after the joyful event. Taking into consideration his character and the circumstances would it not be reasonable to believe that *full plans and descriptions of the forts were in his possession?*”

“There you have the first thought as it flashed on me while the Major peered down the rifle-barrels or snapped the trigger-mechanism. Working on this idea Upton brought invaluable information as follows:—

“In a week’s time the quarterly Nachtmal of Riversdorp was to take place. This is the Boer sacrament, and at such times the whole countryside sends its population for the three days. It is a time of feasting, a time of courting, of making matrimonial arrangements, and so on. The lady of Lemmer’s choice would be there with her family, and Lemmer, it might be wagered, would not be far off. In fact, on the two similar functions which had taken place since his engagement, he had absented himself from his beloved office on the first occasion for four days, on the second for a week. His absence from home might therefore be confidently anticipated.

“I had a week in which to think it all out. In half that time my plan was perfected, and I ran down to Johannesburg to purchase a few little knick-knacks which might be useful in the hour of need. Upton was a host, a whole army of scouts, and when he told me that Lemmer’s house during his amatory excursion was left in

charge of a dog and an old house-keeper I could have yelled with delight. But it wasn’t so good as it seemed.

“The dog was a huge German boarhound with an evil reputation. It was said he had eaten a Kaffir or two, and that he was about the size of a Shetland pony. He barked but seldom, but when he did open his mouth his roar was something tremendous, and could be heard for two miles against the wind. Um—that dog rather crossed my little arrangements! You can’t square dogs—as a rule. Men, being more intelligent, are more easily managed.

“It appeared that the dog was chained in a courtyard in front of the principal entrance, which was reached through a garden. But his chain was so lengthened in the evening that he could range across the whole front of the house, and past the window of that office in whose safe I felt sure my enthusiast had a copy of his darling plans.

“Yet difficulties exist only that they may be conquered, and after all the dog was a mere detail. It was, however, quite clear that even if it were practicable to take away his valuable life, suspicion would be aroused, and besides, any attempt to destroy the beast would have perceptibly added to the risk of detection.

“My first discovery was ominous. The brute was wonderfully silent. That meant that whenever he barked everybody knew there was good reason for it. I took some late walks past Lemmer’s house without hearing a sound from him. But when I tossed a small stone into the garden near his kennel, he kicked up a row that resembled a small thunderstorm and disturbed the entire neighbourhood. That gave me another idea, as you shall hear.

“When Lemmer left for the Nachtmal festivities, I took occasion to pass his house as often as possible, always after dark, and never without slyly jerking a stone into the garden. This was accomplished without the smallest suspicion attaching to me. For was I



not an enlightened Englishman and almost as good as a true-born Boer? The Zarps on duty in the neighborhood looked upon me with the most favourable eyes, and even the lowly Upton, my hardworking porter, had the advantage of a reflection of my popularity.

"On the second night of Lemmer's absence I ventured to call the attention of one of these Boer policemen to the tremendous outcries of the Major's dog, and hoped that the neighbours were not kept awake. He said that the brute fretted on account of his master's absence, and that dwellers in the vicinity had already complained. Nothing could be done in the matter, he thought, and after all the Major would be at home in a few days, after which the animal would resume his normal peace of mind, and once more settle down into happy contentment.

"So far all was ready, and the third night was to bring off the grand coup. I had decided to enter the house at the back, where the building was flanked by a public road, and where a solitary window gave light to a sort of corridor on the ground floor. The front, in the garden, was quite impracticable on account of the boarhound, whose name by the way, was Bismarck, nothing less!

"What a flutter I felt to be sure, when on the great evening, having set the dog barking furiously, I, on one side of Lemmer's house, engaged the attention of the policeman on the beat, while Upton got the window open on the other! That good old Zarp and I were fast friends, and together spoke much of the unreasonableness of the British demands, and the wonderful talent and diplomatic ability of Uncle Kruger. His name, I found, was Piet Heerde, and he was sorry to know that insomnia was my bane, and that my only chance of sleeping was after a sharp walk at midnight. This, of course, was one of my little details. I pride myself on these small but indispensable particulars.

"When Piet and I parted I sauntered on, smoking my cigar to the corner

behind the house, where I turned down the road just as I had done every night for a week. All went merry as a marriage bell. The fastening was undone, and in a jiffy Upton was through. I waited outside, and though I live to be a hundred never shall I forget that confounded Bismarck. No, never, while memory holds her seat can that uproar be forgotten. If I had not prepared the neighbourhood for it—!

"As things were, the row passed unnoticed, and Upton, having ascertained and securely fastened the bedroom door of Lemmer's housekeeper, came back to the window, (which was about five feet from the ground) to tell me that all was ready. Pretoria, as you are aware, is quite a country town, something like Leamington or Cheltenham, and Lemmer's house stood in the suburbs with no other dwellings immediately behind it, though there were plenty in front, where our friend Bismarck was enjoying himself. I was soon inside, and the lock of the office door shortly yielded to the soft seductions of Upton, who in this direction supplies one of my deficiencies. I never was strong in mechanism, while Upton could never master languages. We supplement each other.

"A sharp look round with the dark lantern discovered nothing of importance, and we turned as one to the office safe. Will you believe that this wretched thing, a small affair made in Germany, succumbed to Upton's blandishments in less than ten minutes? opened by a trumper wedge, an implement thought to be obsolete for such purposes. As Upton afterwards remarked, such a safe was enough to disgust any cultured burglar, and no respectable house-breaker would have touched it with a pair of tongs. It was probably an old thing, imported forty years ago. How we examined its interior! But, there were no plans inside, no, nor anything like plans. Books, ledgers, even money, none of which were worth a second look. Upton stared blankly at me. I stared blankly at Upton. Outside, the hound was quiet; the futility of his exertions

had perhaps become apparent to his canine intellect.

"We were staggered. What next? Which way to turn; where to look? 'His bedroom,' I whispered. We left the office as though walking on eggs; the bedroom was found. Ha! this great military chest!

"Upton took out his skeleton keys and other interesting appurtenances, and soon the private letters of Herr Lemmer came into view neatly labelled. Discarding these, we searched through uniforms and underlinen without avail, measuring outside and inside for a false bottom. Not a vestige of a plan nor anything like one. We commenced a minute examination of the room, and in an hour's time could have taken oath that it had no secrets from us. We pervaded the house, and Upton expressed his opinion that the plans were in one of the forts, and that we had better get on another 'lay' without loss of time.

"But my faith in Lemmer's enthusiasm supported me. I felt that though he might have other plans, yet that he had reserved a complete set for himself; a set that he could show with professional pride to confidential military men in the Fatherland. Was my estimate of the man erroneous? I recalled that ardent eye, that lymphatic temperament, and all the other signs by which I had weighed him in the balances. No, I was right; I was sure of it! But where, O where—?

"In the pressure of supreme moments comes inspiration. What made me think of the cuckoo clock that stood in Lemmer's office? Was it instinct, or was it the experience which tells the expert things undreamed of by those whose experience has never left the beaten track? I cannot tell. Only I know that the recollection of the clock filled me with new hope. Snatching the lantern from Upton I led the way once more to the office.

"I passed my hand behind the works and felt something. What was it? Divining my thought, Upton stepped on a chair, and lifting the

clock from its hooks laid it on its face on the office floor; we knelt down together. What a moment it was! I hardly dared to look at the flat package which Upton drew forth. Opening it carefully, he turned the bull's-eye on it and said quietly—"Here they are, sir."

"There they were, five of them, complete plans of the forts with all their armaments marked, with their entries, their exits, in short, with every detail. Moreover, they were accompanied by a document approving of the whole, in the writing of the State Secretary, and signed by Kruger, Joubert, and the Secret Committee of the Council of War. Ah! that was a sublime moment! Even Upton, who has no more nerves than a buffalo bull, was shaken."

And as my friend paused to swallow his emotion in a draught of cold tea, I asked:—

"Did you bring those documents to England?"

"My dear boy, you are joking. The loss would have been discovered, and a hundred things might have resulted. For instance, the armaments and dispositions would have been changed to a certainty. No, that would never have done."

"But you could not copy them in the time at your disposal?"

"And yet that is just what we did. Here the little knick-knacks purchased at Johannesburg came in with a bang. Taking the cherished packet into the cellar, in a few minutes I had taken two copies of each of the six documents by means of an excellent hand-camera and the magnesium light. Wonderful invention, photography!"

"It certainly seems useful on occasion," I remarked.

"To cut it short," resumed Hallam, "we replaced the packet and got clear away from the house. Next day Upton left Pretoria with one set of the negatives. I followed two days later with the other set. They were developed in England, and larger copies subsequently made are now neatly pigeon-holed at the War Office. I would

wager that Lord Roberts knows them like the palm of his hand.

"When Lemmer found that his safe had been opened, et cetera, he would at once fly to the cuckoo clock, and would be overjoyed to think how he baffled us. So we were pleased all round."

"And how about the Minister?" I inquired.

"Oh," said my friend, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and rising to hang it on its accustomed hook, "he never made the remotest allusion to the sub-

ject except once. Soon after my return to England he met me while walking in Hyde Park, and asked me if I had got rid of that hollow cough? I replied that though in other respects well enough, my cough was hollower than ever, upon which he smiled broadly and walked hastily away. But, bless me, there's twelve o'clock, and I ought to have been in bed an hour ago." And away went Anthony Hallam to his virtuous couch and his dreams of kitchen-gardening.

EPISODES III., IV. AND V. WILL APPEAR IN DECEMBER.

### WHEN OCTOBER COMES ALONG.

O THE wind is in the tree-tops  
When October comes along ;  
Like a mother to her babies  
Hear him sing a cradle song:

"Hush-a-by ! hush-a-by !  
Shut your sleepy eyes ;  
Go to sleep my little trees  
Ere the daylight dies."

All the little leaves are dancing,  
Clad in gold and crimson gay;  
Cuddle down and wait for morning,  
When the wind begins to say:

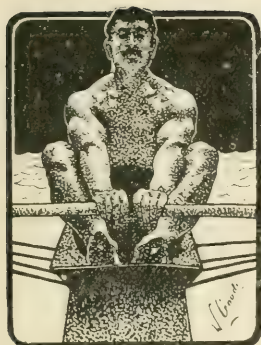
"Hush-a-by ! hush-a-by !  
Little baby leaves,  
It's coming night, and winter white  
A cosy blanket weaves."

O the tree-tops hear him coming  
On his rapid, unseen wings;  
To his drowsy forest children,  
As his slumber song he sings:

"Hush-a-by ! hush-a-by !  
Sleepy time is near;  
Spring will come on winter's track,  
I'll wake you when it's here."

*Ethel May Crossley.*





## The Rowing Season of 1901

By Captain R. K. Barker

WITH A BRIEF COMPARISON OF THE STYLES ADOPTED IN ENGLAND, UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

IN nearly every branch of outdoor sports, this Canada of ours is fully able to hold her own; and perhaps in none better than aquatics, and more particularly rowing, which is the most arduous branch of all athletics.

Under the head of "rowing" we must include for the purposes of this article, "sculling," and to the uninitiated it may be explained that the only distinction is that the former is performed upon a single oar or sweep whereas a sculler's work is done with two oars or sculls.

Canada has had her quota of successful professionals as well as amateurs, but it is with the latter that this short article will have to deal, and to these is due the credit in recent years of bringing home the most honours.

Unfortunately for our amateurs, the Canadian college and varsity terms close just at that period of the year when the weather permits the oarsmen to get upon the water, and it is this reason which prevents us figuring in the great Inter-Varsity boat races of this continent. The same cause is a handicap to all the rowing clubs, because whereas in both England and the United States, and more especially in the former country, the clubs draw a large number of their best men from the various colleges, where from boyhood they have been taught to row and to row properly under the watchful eye of an experienced coach, we in Canada have to be content to get what likely-looking material we have among

the clubs' members. We must endeavour to teach them to row in one or two of our short summer seasons and then go up against the best of other countries, often composed of the pick of men who have rowed for years at college, Varsity, and afterwards with their clubs. Despite this fact, although our oarsmen have not yet been successful in winning any of the coveted prizes at Henley's Royal Regatta, yet upon three occasions there, only "feet and inches" separated our representatives' boat from that of Britain's best. Against our cousins across the border to the south of us we have been more successful, and have won, upon a number of occasions, the National Championship in fours, pairs and singles,



LOU SCHOLES—INTERMEDIATE CHAMPION OF AMERICA



MARSH AND SCHOLES OF DON ROWING CLUB, HOLDERS OF SENIOR DOUBLE CHAMPIONSHIP OF CANADA

and have this year, after one prior attempt, landed the cup for championship "Eights," which is the most coveted prize among American oarsmen, just as the "Grand Challenge" is the goal to be reached by the amateurs of England.

Early this summer while the Belgians and the Pennsylvania Varsity were over in England striving for the cup which has never been won by a crew outside of Britain, the Argonauts and the Winnipegs, the only clubs in Canada who have yet attempted eight-

oared shell racing, were selecting and training their best available members to win the eight-oared race at Philadelphia, an event not until this year ever carried away by any crew outside of Uncle Sam's domain. The attempt, now passed into aquatic history, was successful, Winnipeg winning the Intermediate race for eights, and the Argonauts of Toronto winning the Senior event and the championship, while the former were able to finish second only to their fellow-Canadians in the latter race.

The United States were represented in the Intermediate race by six "eights," and Winnipeg's win was a decisive one. On the following day, although other crews had entered, only the famous Vesper eight faced the starter to defend their National Championship against the two Canadian boats. The Vespers not only held the Championship of America, but had been successful in winning the so-called World's Championship race for senior eights at the Paris Exposition last year. It was, therefore, confidently expected by their fellow-countrymen that they would prove easy winners over their Canadian rivals, but they had to content themselves with last place in their effort to retain their laurels.

In sculling, Canada has also held her own in the International contests of the past season.

Lou Scholes, of the Don Rowing Club, Toronto, was successful against a large field at Philadelphia in winning the Intermediate Championship of America, while in the Senior Association singles, Marsh of the Dons, and Johnson of Winnipeg, finished second



ARGONAUT SENIOR FOUR—CHAMPIONS OF CANADA

and third respectively, the winner, Titus of St. Louis, only being allowed to start in the final heat through the courtesy of his opponents, he having been disqualified for failing to turn his buoy in the preliminary heat on the day before, when he was defeated by Marsh.

At home in Canada the chief honours were this year divided between the Argonauts and Dons, the former winning all three four-oared events, Junior, Senior and Intermediate, both at

Trunks, of Montreal, failing to put in their usual appearance, but the revival of rowing in the Capital city, as evidenced by the creditable performances of several of their entries from the Ottawa Rowing Club, quite made up in interest for the non-appearance of the Eastern clubs. Brockville sent along her usual quota, and succeeded in winning the Junior double scull event, as well as finishing second only to the Argonauts in both Junior and Intermediate fours.



THE FINISH OF THE SENIOR EIGHTS AT PHILADELPHIA. THE ARGONAUTS ARE LEADING STRONG, WITH THE NEXT CREW IN DECIDEDLY BAD STATE

the Dominion Day Regatta at Toronto and at the Canadian Association's Regatta at Ottawa on Aug. 3rd and 5th, while at both regattas the single sculling championship went to the Dons. At the latter regatta the last named club also won the senior double-scutt race, among their opponents being the fast Detroit double, who had won the Intermediate race at Philadelphia in July.

At the Canadian Regatta the entries were not so numerous as in some former years, the Lachines and Grand

As a result of the success of the Argonauts' Senior "Eight" this year, it has been proposed that the crew should try for the coveted honours at Henley next season, particularly as, so far as the writer's knowledge goes, they would compete at Henley for the first time as a "Champion of America" crew.

The speed of the crew this year would certainly indicate excellent chances of success, particularly as it will go over almost intact and with



three or four more months' experience and practice. England has, undoubtedly, the greatest choice of men to fill her boats of any aquatic nation on earth, but, despite the opinions of her expert amateurs, the style adopted is, in the humble opinion of the writer, so exhausting that when her oarsmen are pitted against others as strong, and rowing their own style as well as the Englishmen row theirs, that the chances of success would decidedly be upon the side of the crew from our own country. The men at present comprising the Argonaut Eight are not much, if at all, inferior to those in the winning boats at Henley, and are all experienced at their own style of rowing; and even making due allowances for the ill effect of the journey to Henley, and the decided change of climate, they should stand a very fair chance of success.

The style of stroke universally practised in England is marked by a very long and trying reach forward, and an equally long swing back on the finish, necessarily exhausting and playing upon the muscles of the stomach to an unnecessary extent. The short slide of the Englishman's boat is primarily accountable for this, as in order to arrive at a proper length of the stroke pulled, the body must make up for the lack of length in the slide. The oarsmen of the United States, on the other hand, lack too much of the "swing" on the finish of the

stroke, necessary to drive a craft as heavy as an "eight" through the water. The Canadian style at present is a go-between. It has plenty of reach and a substantial amount of swing, though not so much as to be unnecessarily exhausting. Both Canadian and United States shells are fitted with a slide some eight or ten inches longer than those of the Englishmen, and the necessity of the very long reach and swing in order to obtain length of stroke is thus obviated. The Englishman also in his eight-oared rowing still sticks to the old-time thole-pin in opposition to the more modern oar-lock of America. His catch, however, is harder and sharper than that of his American cousins, though part of it appears to be wasted in the air, but to the Canadians must be accredited the hardest and most effective finish of all. If a hard "drive" at the end of the stroke does nothing else, it at least gives a momentum to the boat which keeps it going while a quiet recovery is made preparatory to the catch for the next stroke.

The United States crews lack in their finish only because it is accomplished with the arms without the assisting weight of the back and shoulders. The English crews practically allow the oars to come out of the water themselves, the force of the stroke being principally expended on the catch.

However, until an outside crew wins,



THE ARGONAUT EIGHT—SENIOR CHAMPIONS OF AMERICA



PHOTO BY STEELE & CO., WINNIPEG

THE WINNIPEG EIGHT—INTERMEDIATE CHAMPIONS OF AMERICA

and wins decisively, at Henley no change of style or rig will be considered in England; and to win against such crews as Leander and others there, is the most difficult task in the rowing world to-day. Even should foreign crews be barred from future competition at Henley, which seems unlikely, it is hardly possible that Canada or other colonies could be included and placed under the

“ban,” particularly after the material manner in which the colonies proved in South Africa that they were no foreign element, but a part and parcel of the British Empire. It is, therefore, more than probable that Canada will next year again be represented at Henley-on-Thames, and from present indications with greater reason for hopes of success than ever before.

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### THE RED LEAF.

THE red leaf falls in the forest,  
 And the winds that come and go  
 Are freighted with ghostly wailings,  
 Deep-welling, and weird, and low.

The red leaf falls in the forest,  
 And dim in the spectral light,  
 The grey, dank fields stretch vacant,  
 Dusk-dipp'd by the coming night.

The red leaf falls in the forest,  
 And the hours that my heart doth know,  
 Are wan from the wither'd passions,  
 In the years of the long ago !

*John Arbory.*



# The Cricket Season of 1901

By John E. Hall

CRICKET cannot be called the national game of Canada, and yet it is played at all our public schools, our colleges and our universities. Many a time have we been told that it is too slow a game for the average boy; and there is perhaps something of truth in this remark, but only because the average boy hesitates to give the time necessary to find out all the beauties of the game. There are so many things to learn and it takes so much practice that the ordinary boy wants something swifter and easier,

and he finds all this in the rival games played to-day.

Another reason for the lack of popularity of the game of cricket is that when boys who have played the game at school and at college, commence a business career, they, in nearly every case, drop cricket altogether and lose the interest they had begun to take in the grand old game.

Perhaps the great reason that cricket is not more popular arises from the important fact that Canada being only a young country, and not as yet fully developed, her sons have neither the time nor the money necessary to a thorough study of the game. This, however, will come after a while and then this great colony may, like Australia, produce an eleven that even England's best may find difficulty in defeating.

The game is played more or less in every Province, Ontario leading the way in point of numbers, though all do not acknowledge that she leads so far as skill is concerned.

The best cricket played in Canada to-day can be seen in Vancouver in the far west, and in Halifax at the other extremity, at Montreal, at Winnipeg and also at Ottawa and in Toronto. The places are so widely scattered that it would be impossible to get together a representative eleven, although in 1893 Canada had a Van-

couver representative in the annual match against the United States.

A few remarks about the game as played this year in various parts of the country have been considered as likely to interest many of our readers, and are given in form of a review as follows:

The umpire has practically called "over" for the last time this season, and all have to bow to his decision, and put away with much reluctance bats, balls and wickets until May of 1902 shall appear with smiling radiance, inviting us to don again our luxurious flannels, and step out upon the beautiful green carpet which nature provides so regularly for devotees of all outdoor games.

The season has ended, and the first series of matches of importance was that played between the colleges of Bishop Ridley, Upper Canada and Trinity College School. On the 8th of June the latter eleven after a tremendously exciting finish defeated Upper Canada College by the narrow margin of two runs.

On the 14th of the same month Bishop Ridley College defeated T.C.S. by an innings and 74 runs, and on the 22nd of the same month the last game of the series was played at St. Catharines, Upper Canada College winning on the result of the first innings, the game not being completed, thus each



college won one match, and the honours were even for the year.

In June, Major Straubenzee of the Royal Military College of Kingston, after a lot of hard work, got together an eleven which visited Philadelphia and New York. The first game was against the Belmont Club, and was played at Elmwood on June 28 and 29, and a hard fight resulted, the home eleven, however, proving the stronger, winning out by seven wickets (12 a side). For the visitors, Lownsborough

which has no equal in Canada at the present day. The gallant Major (the skipper) came to the fore with 30 and 25. Rooke made 27 and 43 and thus proved himself to be a fine all-round cricketer. Henry of Halifax (who by the way ought to have been asked to play for Canada in the International) again scored freely, making 30 by good cricket and also fielding magnificently; Dumoulin made a very useful 36.

The next game was played at Wis-



CRICKET—ALL-HALIFAX TEAM, DEFEATED BY BELMONT CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA IN AUGUST

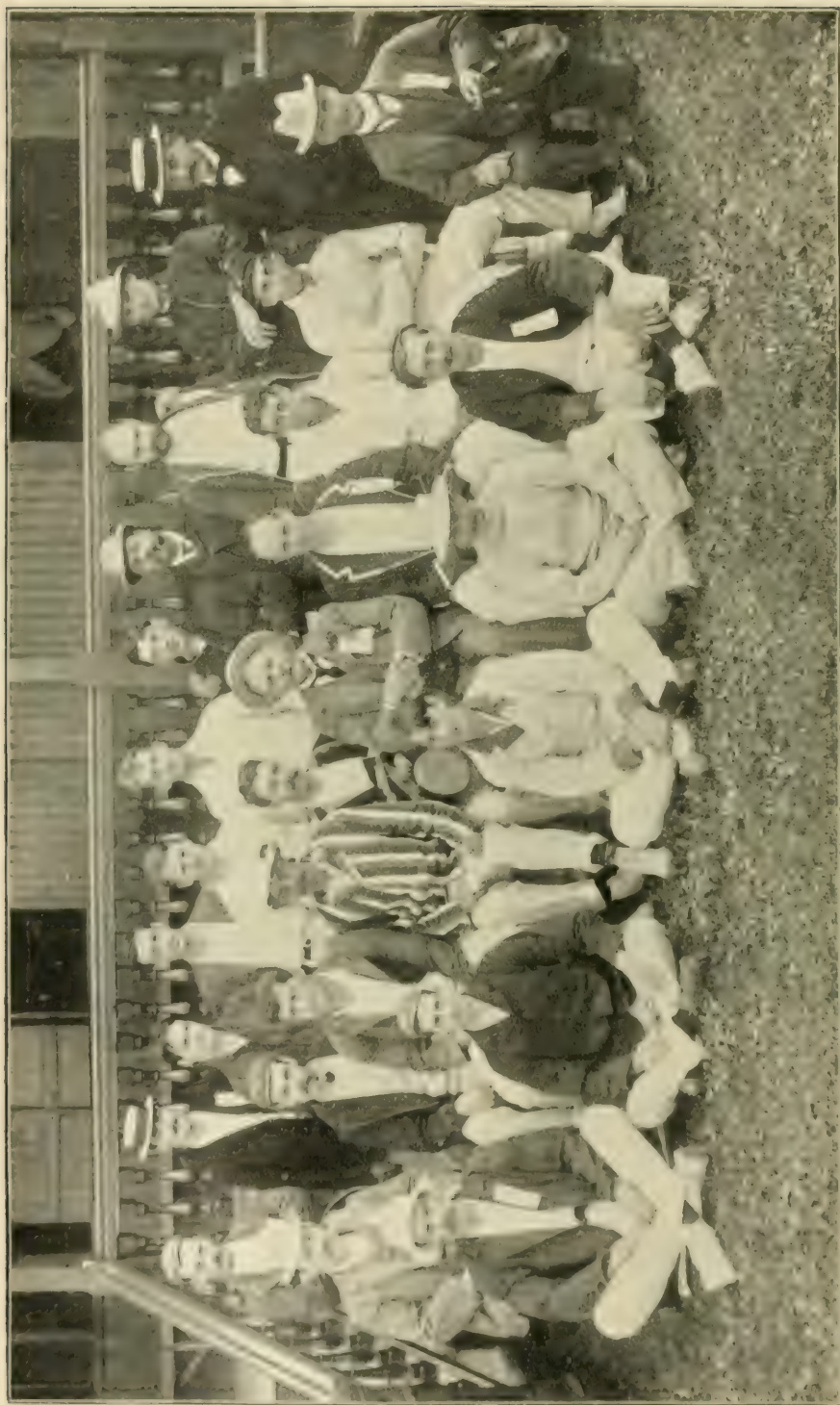
15 and 56; Henry, 39; Symons, 30 and 2; McGiverin, 34 (not out) and 1, were the most successful in batting. In bowling, Rooke, (a very welcome visitor) shared the honours, with McGiverin.

On July 1st and 2nd, a drawn game was played against Germantown, the score being, Germantown 297 and 19 for 2 wickets, against the tourists' 168 and 197.

Lownsborough again distinguished himself by making 32 and 40 in form

sahickon on July 5 and 6, against the Philadelphia Club, the visitors winning by 179 runs, owing principally to the unplayable bowling of Rooke, who took in all 16 wickets for 43 runs. Lownsborough again made double figures in each innings, and Counsell in the second attempt made 48 by brilliant batting. Laing made 13 and 28; Symons 23 and 38; Dumoulin 24 (not out) and 10 (not out).

The last game of the tour was played in New York when the tourists de-



CRICKET TEAMS - UNITED STATES VS. CANADA - PLAYED AT OTTAWA, SEPT. 9TH, 10TH AND 11TH, 1901. THE FORMER TEAM WON BY 94 RUNS



feated an eleven representing the Metropolitan District League on July 8 and 9, by an innings and 122 runs. The principal item of interest in this match was the century made by J. M. Laing, whose 103 was a brilliant performance. J. L. Counsell also played a fine innings of 60 runs. Rooke and McGiverin again did wonders with the ball, and the fielding of the Canadians was brilliant throughout the match.

Taken altogether, Major Straubenzee scored a great success and deserves lots of congratulations. He had many disappointments to contend with, but like the gallant soldier he is, swept aside all obstacles and achieved success.

Other Canadian cricketers crossing the borders were those of Manitoba who visited Chicago in August to take part in the annual tournament played between the clubs of St. Louis, Minnesota and the Wanderers' Club of Chicago. The players representing Manitoba were the following:—W. Bain (Capt.), F. S. Beddoe, M. Holmes, G. Poile, T. P. Bate, G. H. Clark, J. W. B. Macdougall, R. Cattley, J. A. Eoll, E. J. Smith, H. Bell and W. Ozard.

Among those who distinguished themselves in batting for Manitoba were G. Poile, W. Bain, J. A. Eoll and M. Holmes, and in bowling, J. W. B. Macdougall, W. Bain and F. S. Beddoe. The fielding of the Canadians was invariably first class.

The Wanderers of Chicago won the championship, Manitoba being second, losing one game. The visitors thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and were most sumptuously entertained.

The Vancouver (B. C.) Club also crossed the border and defeated the Portland (Oregon) Club by nine wickets on August 22nd. The scores were, Vancouver 164 and 22 for two

wickets. Portland, 38 and 145. For Vancouver, E. B. Deane made 34 and 8 (not out); H. C. Morley 24 and 3; F. M. Caldecott, 24; C. S. V. Branch, 22; J. S. Tait, 19 and 1; McIvor Campbell, 12.

On June 19th, Vancouver defeated the Garrison by 188 to 142 and 59. Morley played most brilliantly for 83 (not out). The previous day Vancouver was defeated by the Navy, 59 runs.



JOHN H. MASON  
Captain U.S. Eleven, 1901

HAL B. MCGIVERIN  
Captain Canadian Eleven, 1901

On the 1st of July Vancouver made 127 and 129, against Victoria's 84 and 95, Morley for the winners making 61 (not out) and 10 (run out); and Crossfield 6 and 63.

A capital tournament took place in Halifax, N.S., in August, when the Belmont Club of Philadelphia visited that city, winning the first game against the Wanderers by an innings and 35 runs.



On the 6th of August the Wanderers, in an exhibition game, defeated the visitors by 115 to 104. W. A. Henry for the winners played a brilliant innings of just half a century. On August 7 and 8 the game was between Belmont and the United Service, and resulted in a draw. On August 9 and 10 All-Halifax was defeated in a well-played contest by 35 runs. Scores: All-Halifax, 211 and 69; Belmont, 169 and 146. Lt. Stapleton-Cotton was the highest scorer, making 53 and 7. W. A. Henry again played well for 38 and 4.

This year's series of games between Montreal, McGill and Ottawa proved to be a very happy arrangement, and helped cricket in both places more than has anything else for a long time.

Montreal's tour in Ontario must have been a gratifying success to the Quebecers, as they won every match played, defeating the strong elevens of Toronto, Rosedale, Parkdale and Hamilton. E. S. Jacques played the finest of cricket against Rosedale and Toronto for 70 and 48 respectively.

Uxbridge and Galt clubs each had their annual tours in Toronto, all the players being glad to spend a week in Canada's cricketing centre. Western Ontario spent three days in Toronto and won one game.

The annual match between the United States and Canada was this year played in Ottawa, and the visitors won by 94 runs. The scores were as follows:—United States, 168 and 156; Canada, 128 and 102.

For the visitors, H. A. Haines in this his first international contest made 65 and 14. His first innings, particularly before lunch, was a fine exposition of the art of batting.

For Canada the only good stand made was the last wicket in the first

innings when McGiverin and Forester took the score from 77 to 128 by really good cricket. Both players were repeatedly cheered for their good work as the score gradually increased to fairly respectable proportions.

Everyone present picked out Lownsbrough as being easily the most finished batsman who played for Canada in this match, and he was out in both innings on particularly brilliant catches, by Mason and Bohlen.

Canada lost the match, and one reason was, that on the first and second day when the visitors had used all the daylight, our representatives had to struggle along in rapidly-approaching darkness, a big handicap certainly. Again, on the third day, Canada had to bat after the rain had descended for seven hours, and made the pitch all that Lester (the visitors' slow bowler) could desire. However, if we had only had a few more Mackenzies, the game might have been pulled off. It was a good one anyhow, and the spectators were glad that Ottawa had a chance (if only once in twenty-one years) to see the great game of the year.

On October 11th and 12th, Bosanquet's English eleven met and defeated a picked Canadian eleven at Toronto. There never was a Toronto game before when so many balls were lifted out of the ground, at least a dozen in the two days of the match being despatched to outside territory. Geo. S. Lyon, the ex-golf champion of Canada, was the only Canadian to put any life into his work, and in his good score of 49, there were eight boundaries made. October is too late for Canadian cricket. Our men are practically out of the game after the middle of September, and when they play in the middle of October they look like kindergarten cricketers instead of graduates at the game.

## CANADIAN CENTURIES, 1901.

Date.	Name.	For.	Against.	Score.
July 10.	J. M. Laing	Straubenzee's XI.	New York	103
" 13.	E. O. Cooper	St. Cyprian's.	Ont. Acct. Ins. Co.'s XI	101 x
" 16.	C. Lightfoot	Aylmer.	Forest	101 x
Aug. 3.	W. H. Cooper	Rosedale.	Grimsby	109 x
" 3.	Hainsworth (pro)	McGill College.	Westmount	113
" 3.	H. C. Hill	"	"	101 x
" 21.	J. H. Forester	Rosedale.	Western Ontario	103

(x signifies not out.)



## The Yachting Season of 1901

By F. J. Campbell



CANADA'S aquatics date back to the time when the Red Indian paddled our rivers or timidly spread a deerskin to favouring lake

breezes. The hardy Norsemen who first touched on Canada's eastern shores were out for love of adventure and were therefore surely yachtsmen. The men who followed in the wake of Cartier and Cabot were venturesome voyagers, who eventually penetrated to Lake Superior. Since then Canadians have been canoeists, boatmen or yachtsmen as opportunity offered. Halifax has boasted a Yacht Club for about seventy years, and in Victoria the sport is making rapid strides; the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club of Montreal has become famous on both sides of the Atlantic; yet it is on the Great Lakes, and more particularly on Lake Ontario, that one finds the yachting centre for both cruising and racing. Hamilton has given us *Æmelius* Jarvis, and Toronto is the birth-place of Herrick Duggan—two as clever sailors as ever trod a deck.

These great fresh-water seas, with ports every twenty or thirty miles with a comparative freedom from fog, and with their usually moderate breezes, present an ideal cruising ground of which yachtsmen make the most.

I well remember the shock occasioned me while inspecting the New York Yacht Club's fleet one day at Newport, on finding that the pumps being worked on some of the yachts were pumping drinking water in and not bilge water out; and a similar shock is occasioned to the salt-water sailor when he first beholds a pail of the finest drinking water in the world being dipped over the side of one of our yachts for use in the galley.

Saturdays and holidays see all the larger yachts clearing for week-end or holiday cruises, manned by as able and



GREYFRIAR—SEAWANHAKA CUP CHALLENGER

jolly a lot of Corinthian sailors as can be found anywhere, all intent on enjoying two or three days of the finest sport in the world, free from worry and stiff collars, and away from dust and noise. Yachting is not an inexpensive sport, but in this country, where but one or two hands are paid to take care of each vessel, and the sailing crews are all Corinthians, the sport is within reach of many young men.



JEMELIUS JARVIS, SKIPPER "INVADER"

This system develops a splendid lot of amateur sailors, as was seen this year at the Buffalo Regatta, and in the races for the Canada Cup at Chicago where the greater experience of the Canadian amateurs showed to advantage.

Many oarsmen and canoeists graduate from their more strenuous sport to the equally healthful but less exacting one of yachting, thus recruiting the

crews of the yachts with the best possible material, who, through their love of, and experience on, the water, quickly complete their nautical education.

The sailing dinghy class introduced on the lakes by Mr. J. Wilton Morse has done much to develop a love of sailing among our boys, and it is seldom in summer that a dozen of these diminutive sail-boats cannot be seen flitting about any of our larger harbours. The lake yacht clubs have also, with the idea of developing their younger men, given considerable encouragement to small-yacht sailing, the 16-foot class in Hamilton and Toronto alone now comprising some 50 boats, 25 of which will not infrequently be seen in one race.

These boats are about 24 ft. over all, of 6 or 7 ft. beam, carry 330 feet of sail, and are almost uncap-sizable. If an owner has any sailing talent it will soon be developed in an endeavour to bring his boat to the fore.

Yachting on the Great Lakes has made great strides during the last few years, and the fleets that gather at the annual regattas on Lakes Ontario, Erie and Michigan, are now thoroughly first class. Ten years ago our larger yachts were a collection of old boats of various types, from shallow centre-boarders like "White Wings"

and "Cygnet," and beamy keel boats like the old "Condor," to "planks on edge" like "Verve" and "Cypress." To-day, though the American fleet still includes a good many centre-board boats, the Canadian fleet on the Great Lakes is made up almost entirely of sound, well-built keel vessels of modern design that can face any weather.

The chief event of the Lake Ontario



season has generally been what is called the Circuit, a cruise round the lake with races off each port; this season, however, the Lakes Erie and Ontario fleets omitted their circuits, and met at regattas given by the Erie and Buffalo Yacht Clubs, where the Canadian yachts from Toronto, Hamilton and Kingston made almost a clean sweep of the prize lists. The cruise consisted of a run to Port Dalhousie, a day's hard work through the Welland Canal, a pleasant day's run to Erie, another day's run to Buffalo, and then home.

While cruising is the bone and sinew of yachting, it is of racing that the public hear most, and in this they are consequently more interested.

With three international yachting events on the card, that between the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club and Island Yacht Club for the Seawanhaka Cup for small boats, one between the Chicago and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club for the Canada's Cup, followed by the contest between the Royal Belfast and the New York Yacht Clubs for the America's Cup, the racing season has been one of exceptional interest. As the Canadian clubs won both the fresh water events, and the "Shamrock" put up a grand race for ocean supremacy, the season's record is one that may be contemplated with satisfaction by residents of the Dominion.

The first international contest of the year was that for the Seawanhaka Cup, which has been held by the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club for six successive seasons. This cup was offered in 1895 by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club of New York for international competition between small boats. The first chal-

lenge received was from J. Arthur Brand, a gentleman deeply interested in small-boat racing in British waters. Mr. Brand sent "Spruce IV" to New York to race for the cup in 1895. This boat was of the class known as half-raters. She measured 24 ft. over all, 15 ft. 7 inches water line, and 5 ft. 9 inches beam. "Ethelwynn," designed by W. P. Stephens, was chosen to defend the cup. She was 24 ft. 4 inches



G. H. DUGGAN, DESIGNER AND SKIPPER OF "SENNEVILLE"

over all, 14 ft. 6 inches on the water-line, and 6 ft. beam. "Ethelwynn" won the first race, "Spruce IV" the next two in heavy weather, and the American boat took the last two and the cup. "Spruce IV" was a typical English craft, much heavier in build and rig than the American representative, a fault still apparent in this class of English yacht. The Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club of Montreal imme-



THE SENNEVILLE—SEAWANHAKA CUP DEFENDER

diately sent in a challenge, which was accepted, and in the following year G. Herrick Duggan, then unknown abroad either as a designer or a sailor, took "Glencairn I," designed and sailed by himself, and owned by Commodore Ross, to Oyster Bay, to attempt to win

lem. "Glencairn" was typical of an idea that Mr. Duggan has since brought to its highest perfection, beamy craft of short initial water line, but of considerable length over all, which are designed to sail heeled to a considerable angle, thereby sailing on their long narrow sides. No one has yet succeeded in designing anything to equal Mr. Duggan's development of this idea.

Three times the Seawanhaka Club attempted to regain the cup, Mr. Clinton H. Crane, like Mr. Duggan an amateur designer, being in each case their representative. In fact the competition began to look like a duel between Mr. Duggan and Mr. Crane. Mr. Crane's boats were most expensively built, being



THE INVADER'S CREW

very lightly framed and planked, and braced with bicycle tubing and piano wire. He, however, went too far in this direction, for his later productions were so light that they failed to keep their shape through the few races in which they sailed.

The much-talked-of "Dominion" was the second boat with which Mr. Duggan opposed Mr. Crane. This boat was the logical development of the principle on which Mr. Duggan had been working, giving, when heeled, a narrower and longer water-line plan than a flat-bottomed boat. The longitudinal hollow along the centre of this hull was one of the cleverest of the ideas Mr. Duggan has so ably developed. The use of this extreme type, however, raised so much discussion that it was agreed to bar it in future races for the cup.

The White Bear Club, of St. Paul, Minn., was the challenger last year, and its representative, the "Minnesota," another most expensive piece of construction, was defeated by Mr. Duggan's "Red Coat," one of his best productions.

This year the acceptance of an English challenge from Mr. Lorne Currie, of the Island Yacht Club, gave a new interest to the event, especially as the challenger had just won the French cup for similar boats. Mr. Currie built three boats, "L'Esperance," designed by Mr. Linton Hope; "Insula," designed by Mr. Harley Mead, and "Greyfriar," designed by Mr. Chambers, an amateur. Of these "Greyfriar" was selected after a series of exhaustive trials. To meet "Greyfriar" four boats, "Senneville," "Thorella," "Black Sheep," and "St. Lawrence," were ordered by different members of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, all built from Mr. Duggan's designs, and of these "Senneville" was chosen, though "Red Coat," last year's defender, proved herself almost as fast. The Canadian boat's victory was so de-

cisive as to make the contest almost uninteresting. "Greyfriar" was clearly outclassed in design, rig and handling, and while unquestionably a freak, her design did not appear to involve any new principle. Her sails, though of beautiful material, were not on an effective plan, and also lacked the looseness or flow that is now considered essential on this side of the Atlantic, while her standing and running rigging were old-fashioned and cumbersome



GEO. H. GOODERHAM, CHIEF OWNER OF THE INVADER, ON BOARD THE "PATHFINDER" WATCHING THE RACE AT CHICAGO

compared with the carefully worked-out details on the Canadian craft. Neither in sailing the boat nor in handling canvas did the Englishmen appear to be the equals of their experienced Canadian rivals.

Few Canadians realize the height of genius Mr. Duggan has displayed in winning and holding this cup for so long. Not only does he himself de-



sign and sail these dainty craft, but with "Glencairn I" he introduced a type that has been widely copied and not yet beaten. Since winning the cup, he has, assisted by his friend, Mr. F. P. Shearwood, carried on the work in a most systematic manner. He has been royally backed by the members of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, who have spared no expense, and who have, to meet the requirements of skilful building, formed a company which builds the boats and makes the fittings

beaten the best that could be produced in America or England, Canadians have occasion to be proud of their representative. Mr. Duggan is of a genial, but most unassuming disposition. While a student at Upper Canada College he was nearly lost to the world by being swamped in an open boat off Toronto Island, only his strong physique saving him by enabling him to swim something over a mile in a heavy sea.

The races for the "Canada's" Cup



THE INVADER—CHALLENGER AND WINNER OF CANADA CUP—1901

on the club premises under the superintendence of Mr. Shearwood. Mr. Duggan has scientifically worked out some fifty designs, no two exactly alike, yet all based on the same principle. These have been carefully tested and the designer has given personal attention to the perfection of detail, "Duggan" blocks and cleats being marvels of lightness and strength. As in addition to this, Mr. Duggan sails the boats himself in a manner beyond criticism, and has for six years

followed closely on those for the Seawanhaka Cup. The "Canada's" Cup was presented by the Toledo Yacht Club, in 1896, to the winner of a match between the yachts "Vencedor," of Chicago, and "Canada," of Toronto. On the "Canada's" winning the cup, her owners deeded it to the Royal Canadian Yacht Club as an international challenge trophy. The Chicago Yacht Club challenged for this cup in 1899, on which occasion it was mutually decided to race with

35-foot yachts. The Chicago Yacht Club was represented by "Genesee," a Hanley centre-boarder owned by members of the Rochester Yacht Club. The Royal Canadian Yacht Club was represented by "Beaver," a keel boat remarkably fast in a breeze. Light weather prevailed, and "Genesee" carried the cup to Chicago.

On challenging this year, the Royal Canadian Yacht Club was represented by "Invader," owned by a syndicate, headed by Com. G. H. Gooderham. Mr. Gooderham chose a design from the board of Sibbick, who last year was particularly successful with yachts of this size in British waters. Mr. H. C. McLeod, of Toronto, formerly of Halifax, an amateur designer of proved skill, also prepared a design, but upon seeing Sibbick's design decided not to build.

"Invader," the Sibbick boat, was built by Andrews of Oakville, Ont. She is practically a fin keel, measuring 49 ft. 9 in. over all, 28 ft. on the water line and carrying 1485 feet of canvas. The only other 35-footer built in Canada this year was "Canadian," a peculiar craft, designed by Father O'Brien of Newfoundland and built by Mr. J. H. Fearnside of Hamilton, but it did not come up to expectations. To defend the cup some five boats were built, the Chicago Yacht Club selecting "Cadillac," another Hanley centre-boarder, built by a Detroit syndicate,

which, oddly enough, proved to be at her best in a breeze of wind, thus reversing the conditions of the preceding contest when the Canadian keel boat showed to advantage in a breeze and the American centre-boarder was better in light airs.

Under the skilful handling of Mr. Æmelius Jarvis, "Invader" succeeded in bringing the Canada's cup back to the Royal Canadian Club-house. The two boats were very closely matched, "Cadillac" winning the first race and "Invader" the next three, one on a foul. A little, but very little, criticism was raised by the Invader's taking a race on a foul, but where weather conditions were such a factor nothing else could be done. Otherwise a skipper finding the weather against him need only foul the other and gain a postponement to a more favourable day. In any case, as a few seconds often decide a race, every helmsman should stand on his rights.

The victory of the "Invader" is undoubtedly largely due to the skill of Mr. Jarvis, backed up by a splendidly drilled amateur crew. What Mr. Dugan is to the Royal St. Lawrence, Mr. Jarvis is to the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. For years he has been considered the most skilful skipper on the lakes; cool but aggressive, resourceful and full of nervous energy, he is not only a consummate helmsman but can get the very best out of his crew. He has a perfect genius for di-



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vining changes of wind and is wonderfully quick to make the most of every opportunity. Like Mr. Duggan, he is an old Upper Canada College boy and got his early training in sailing on Lake Ontario, but this was supplemented by some years' experience at sea. There have been few regattas on Lake Ontario and Erie during the last fifteen years in which Mr. Jarvis has not figured successfully. I recall one instance of his sang-froid under trying conditions. Just before one of the trial races, during a series of heavy squalls, accompanied by a driving rain and some fog, the judges were waiting in the hope of the fog dispersing; the boats were hove to awaiting instructions and all were naturally in a state of considerable tension. The cool way in which Jarvis, munching a chocolate (his sweet tooth takes the place of a taste for tobacco) cheerily shouted, while every wave swept his deck, that as they were already as wet as they could be they might as well wait awhile, was most refreshing.

While Canadians are more directly interested in the contests for the two international trophies for which they successfully contended this year, keen interest was also taken in the great contest for the old cup that the New York Yacht Club have successfully defended for fifty years. The following paragraph was reproduced in the *Toronto Globe* on September 18th, of this year, just fifty years after its first appearance in the same paper :

From *The Globe* of 1851.

Thursday, Sept. 18.

The success of the new yacht, the *America*, which has recently appeared at Cowes, has created a positive furore in England. She has beaten every thing and borne away the laurels of victory from vessels on whose construction the greatest pains have been bestowed, on whose outfit thousands of pounds have been expended, and in whose success the owners felt necessarily a personal as well as a national pride. We are not sorry for this. It is one of those manly defeats which leave no rankling feeling behind. If the Americans have lost caste at the Crystal Palace, they have secured triumphs on the

waters of England, and while the result is calculated for the moment to abash us, it will realize the fine aphorism which Bulwer puts into the mouth of Richelieu, "There is no such word as fail!" Already an English builder has thrown out a challenge to produce in ten weeks a yacht which shall compete with the star-spangled *America*, but the challenge has been prudently declined. . . . A nautical writer, who addresses a morning contemporary, is inclined to attribute the success of the strange craft from the Western World as much to her peculiar rigging and sails as to her general form. In all this we see the improvements brought out by competition, and the improvements of which yachts are capable can be readily extended if it be even in a modified form to the merchant marine.

The writer of that article would no doubt have been appalled had he any conception of the repeated efforts that would be unsuccessfully made and of the vast sums that would be vainly spent during half a century of endeavour to retrieve that day.

For nineteen years no challenger appeared, until 1870 Jas. Ashbury sent out the schooner "*Cambria*," the first of the long line of unsuccessful challengers. Mr. Ashbury gamely tried again the following year, with "*Livonia*," and succeeded in winning one race but not the series, that one race being the only one the American yachts have lost out of the long series that have been sailed. The cup then rested until our own Capt. Cuthbert sailed with the schooner *Countess of Dufferin* in 1876. Cuthbert tried again in 1881 with the "*Atlanta*," which was also rather easily beaten by "*Mischief*." Although backed by a syndicate of Canadian yachtsmen, Cuthbert was hampered by lack of funds and his boats were hastily finished and had practically no chance for needful "tuning up."

In 1885 Sir Richard Sutton sailed the cutter "*Genesta*" against the Burgess sloop "*Puritan*." The "*Genesta*" in one race was beaten by only one minute and thirty seconds in 40 miles—a result that would have given her the race on time allowance under the present rules of measurement. This yacht remained in American waters for some time and won the Brenton's Reef cup, and I think some others which still rest in England. One



year later Lieutenant Henn met with the usual fate with "Galatea," the Burgess sloop "Mayflower" proving responsible, while in 1887 Mr. Burgess repeated his success with "Volunteer," which defeated the Watson cutter "Thistle," built by Jas. Bell, of Glasgow.

When "Valkyrie II" appeared in 1893 she caused considerable anxiety in the United States, as Burgess was no more. Herreshoff, however, was equal to the emergency, and produced the victorious "Vigilant." In the previous races while the American yachts were centre-boarders, they were gradually becoming deeper in model, and Burgess had adopted the English plan of using outside ballast, that is, bolting lead on the keel instead of carrying it all inside, as American yachts had hitherto done. This was after witnessing the performance of "Genesta." The continual increase in the draught of the American yachts is an interesting study in their evolution. Burgess's designs on each succeeding occasion showed greater draught, till the structural depth of "Volunteer" reached ten feet. When Fyfe was here in 1891 I asked him why he did not design a challenger on the lines of his victorious "Yama." He replied that a 90-footer on these lines would draw about 21 feet, and as a boat of such draught could find few harbours with water deep enough for her, he seemed to think no one would be bothered with such a white elephant. Nevertheless, the draught even of the American yachts has increased till it has reached the very point that Fyfe named ten years ago. "Vigilant" drew thirteen feet, "Defender," in 1895, 19 feet; "Columbia" 20 feet 3 inches, while Watson's "Shamrock II" draws 21 feet or a trifle more.

In 1895, Herreshoff, probably influenced by "Britannia's" victories in British waters, followed the Englishman farther when he abandoned the centre-board and built "Defender," a keel cutter. This was a daring step, and was viewed with distrust by the American press, which had widely herald-

ed the superiority of the centre-board. "Defender" won her first race over "Valkyrie III," was awarded the second on a foul, and the third was never sailed, the series being rather an unpleasant memory.

This troubled atmosphere was not disturbed until 1899, when Sir Thomas Lipton gained the good will of the Americans, though not the cup, Fyfe's "Shamrock I" not proving equal to Herreshoff's "Columbia."

This year Sir Thomas fell back on Watson, who produced "Shamrock II" as his fourth attempt, while the N.Y. Y. C. placed their reliance again in "Columbia," in preference to Herreshoff's latest production "Constitution" and Crowninshield's Boston built "Independence." After three grand races, all won by "Columbia," the first by 37 seconds, actual time, the second by 2 min. 52 secs., and the third on time allowance, the question of supremacy was decided once more in favour of America, and the cup remains in New York.

Many Canadian yachtsmen while recognizing the excellence of "Shamrock II," are inclined to regret that the doughty Irish knight did not give Fyfe another chance. Fyfe's cutters have been wonderfully successful on this side of the Atlantic. For several seasons his famous "Minerva" wrought consternation on Long Island Sound, and since "Yama" swept the Lakes in 1891, Fyfe's productions have not been surpassed on fresh water. The yachting critics seemed to agree that the fault with "Shamrock I" was not so much in her design as in her spars, which buckled under heavy pressure, allowing her sails to draw so greatly out of shape that no satisfactory windward work could be done. With the experience gained in the contest of 1899 it is probable Fyfe would have improved on "Shamrock I," and he would also be prepared to meet the engineering difficulty of spreading a huge sail. In view of the characteristic British adherence to precedent, Sir Thomas's independence in passing Watson, in spite of his

known ability, seemed to promise new opportunities.

Be this as it may, that "Columbia" is a faster boat than "Shamrock II" is still open to question. "Columbia" came to the line fresh from a series of victories after a whole season's racing; the "tuning up" she thus received must have added minutes to her speed. Had old "Shamrock" been sent out and raced frequently against the new one it can be scarcely doubted that much could have been learned not possible to discover without a "trial horse."

The New York Yacht Club have surrounded the cup with conditions that are sufficient to discourage any but the most stout-hearted challenger. In the first place the challenging vessel has to be named a year ahead, though the defender need not be chosen till shortly before the race. Another trying clause is that a defeated vessel cannot race again until another yacht has raced or until two years have elapsed. Sir Thos. Lipton has courteously asked the committee to waive this clause and allow him to race "Shamrock II" again next year. In view of Sir Thomas' unvarying policy

of conceding any disputed point it would have been a sportsmanlike action of the N.Y.Y.C. to concede this, which they have declined to do. Under the circumstances it is not difficult to understand why so many American yachtsmen would have liked to see "Shamrock" win this year, as many of them seem to think she would have done, had she been as aggressively sailed as was "Columbia."

The question of another challenger from Canada is sometimes discussed, and it has been said that some of our men of means down by the sea are not unfavourably disposed to backing such a project, though the expense of the enterprise, while the conditions necessitate so large a craft, are almost prohibitive. If the financial difficulty could be met we undoubtedly have men who could tune up the vessel and sail the races in a manner of which we would have reason to be proud. Mr. Duggan is possibly unequalled in his particular line, though his experience has been mostly with small craft, while competent critics who have had experience on sea and lake, say that Mr. Jarvis has few equals as a keen, aggressive and skilful sailor of racing yachts.



SIR THOMAS LIPTON

## CITY GOVERNMENT IN CANADA

By S. Morley Wickett, Ph.D.

A CANADIAN does not need to be a very old man, says Mr. W. D. Le Sueur,<sup>1</sup> in order to remember the time when it was generally supposed that the copy this country has made of British institutions was an effectual safeguard against the evils of democracy. Canadians looked across the border, and according as their thoughts reverted more naturally to Scripture or to the classic poets, they would either thank God that they were not as those republicans, or murmur after Lucretius :

Suave, mari magno, turbantibus aequora  
ventis,  
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem.

The writer quoted had in mind the Federal and the Provincial Governments. As for Canadian civic organization, in its later development it has approached more the American than the English type. Yet the sentiment of self-gratulation which is noted has not passed wholly away; and it exists still in a modified way, for city government as well. Some Canadians would perhaps deny sharing in this mood. But the disclaimer would come probably from people not too conversant with their municipal history. For the conditions under which this country was settled, in particular the nationality of the immigrants, have been influences peculiarly favourable to the development of a satisfactory system of local government. And it will be found that in several respects civic organization in the Dominion is not without characteristic and no less promising features.

It is interesting to note that during the last generation and a half municipal problems have never violently agitated the Canadian public. The explanation is that in the main they have been disposed of almost as they arose. This summary dealing with municipal matters, from session to session of the Provincial Legislature, has been possible because of the tardy growth of Canada's population, which has not advanced, either generally or locally, by leaps and bounds as in the United States. In fact, the rise of great cities is scarcely yet a feature in the growth of the Dominion. Only two cities have a population of over 100,000 inhabitants: Toronto, estimated at 220,000, and Montreal, at 275,000 or—including the outlying municipalities, which may be considered as forming part of the city—320,000. Winnipeg, Vancouver, B.C., and Calgary, N.W.T., show signs of becoming, along with Montreal and Toronto, great emporiums of trade. Yet all three are cities of less than forty-five thousand. This may, indeed, be said practically of all the cities outside of Ontario and Quebec. The twenty largest cities, according to the census just taken, have a general average of only 48,978, or, excluding Montreal and Toronto, of 28,000. A comparison will throw further light on this point. In the United States in 1870 places with 8,000 or more inhabitants contained nearly 21 per cent. of the entire population; in 1880 22.57 per cent.; and in 1890 29.20 per cent. In Canada in 1871 only 13.01 per cent. of the population lived in cities and towns of over 5,000 inhabitants; in 1881 16.91 per cent.; and in

<sup>1</sup> In *Queen's Quarterly*, January, 1895.



1891 21.09 per cent. Were the basis of the calculation 8,000, as in the United States, the percentage for Canadian cities and towns would of course be much smaller.

But the increasing concentration of population which has caused such changes in economic and political conditions in the various countries of the world is not absent in Canada. For in the more settled districts rural population has become sparser than it was ten years ago. And, in spite even of the great extension of settlement in "the virgin Province" of Manitoba and the West, the number of people living in the towns and cities has steadily grown. The census returns for 1891 allocate one-fourth of this increase in population between 1871 and 1891 to cities and towns of over 5,000 inhabitants. Conversely for the rural regions, although the figures are not in themselves quite conclusive, while the area of "improved land" in the Dominion advanced in the decade preceding 1891 somewhat over 6,638,000 acres, the number of "farmers and farmers' sons" shrank from 656,712 to 649,506.<sup>2</sup> In the Province of Ontario population increased between 1878 and 1896, according to the reports of the Bureau of Industries (Toronto), from 1,652,686 to 1,972,286 or 19.3 per cent. Yet, despite a great expansion in dairying, there was a decrease in rural population of 1.1 per cent. Meanwhile the population of towns and villages increased 37.8 per cent., and that of cities somewhat over 100 per cent. These figures will probably apply generally to the other Provinces of Eastern Canada as well, with the possible exception of Quebec. Lack of adequate returns of the actual population prevents a more exact statement. The figures given are certainly sufficiently significant for those in Canada who are beginning to give more attention to matters municipal.

<sup>2</sup>These figures do not include such "agriculturists" as stock-raisers, apiarists, nurserymen, etc., nor "farm labourers." See the second volumes of the census reports for 1881 and 1891.

Canadian cities, it has been seen, are not large; neither is their history long. The oldest incorporated city is St. John, N.B., now attracting considerable attention as an alternative shipping port with Halifax. St. John was incorporated in 1784, the year following the landing of the American Loyalists, who numbered for this locality about 5,000.<sup>3</sup> Its present population is about 40,000. Quebec and Montreal, much older and more important settlements, followed it in 1832, though four years later their charters were suspended until 1840. Toronto received its incorporation in 1834, the year preceding the great English Municipal Corporations Act; Halifax in 1841; Kingston and Hamilton in 1846; Ottawa in 1854; New Westminster in 1860; Victoria in 1862; Winnipeg in 1874; St. Thomas in 1881; Vancouver in 1886; Windsor in 1892; Calgary in 1893; Woodstock in 1901.

From this it is clear that Canadian city government has not yet undergone the straining and testing which inevitably come with huge aggregations of population, and that its history will not be, on the whole, so dramatically interesting as that, for example, of many American towns. Yet the same tendencies that have appeared so prominently in the history of many cities in the neighbouring Republic have, at times, also made themselves felt in Canada. I shall attempt to summarise some of the conditions, influences and measures that have been helpful in combating them.

Let us look beyond the city for a moment, and take a general survey of municipal Canada. The county, which fills a position of prominence in Ontario and the East, is not met with

<sup>3</sup>The landing of the Loyalists is given as on the 18th of May, which is celebrated at present as St. John's natal day. This large immigration into the valley of the St. John River led at the same time to the establishment of the Province of New Brunswick. The city's charter, which it has been said was modelled on that of New York, from which place many of the refugees had come, is in some details quaint and entertaining. (Cf. a general reference in *Encyclopedia of Canada*, V. 256.

in the western provinces. There its place is taken by the less highly organized rural municipality.<sup>4</sup> In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick the unit of local government outside the towns is the county. In the latter Province the principal places, such as St. John, Moncton, St. Stephen and Campbellton, as well as certain important parishes, are even represented in the county councils. Thus, from the point of view of non-urban local government, Canada falls logically into three divisions: the Maritime Provinces, with the county as the unit; Quebec and Ontario, with the mixed county-township system; and the West, including Manitoba, with the pure township system. In this there is considerable parallelism to the distribution of local-government systems in the American Union, as the readers of Mr. Bryce<sup>5</sup> will recall. In Ontario and Manitoba, cities are incorporated under general statutes, by which a population of a certain size and density may be proclaimed a city by the Lieutenant-Governor;<sup>6</sup> in other parts of Canada this is done by special legislation. To some other special features I shall refer directly.

<sup>4</sup>The simpler system of the West is instructive for the rest of Canada. In Ontario and Quebec the county was at its institution merely an electoral district. In Nova Scotia the county was created, in preference to the smaller municipal unit, to guard against the spread of New England democracy, which had been so successfully fostered in the town meeting. But the tendency has been towards uniformity of system, and at present the county organizations in the three Provinces resemble one another not only in general outline but also in many important details. Some time ago the complaint of "over-government" was raised in Ontario against the multiplication of administrative units: village, township, county, province. Since then the system of county representation has been simplified. Another matter is now demanding attention—namely, the jurisdiction of the county court, which, because of its expensiveness, it seems advisable to restrict in favour of the division Courts. On this important matter, see the reports of the Inspector of Legal Offices and of the Inspector of Division Courts for 1898, etc.

<sup>5</sup>American Commonwealth, vol. i., ch. xlviii.

<sup>6</sup>Usually, however, a special act of Parliament is passed, declaring the town a city and making provision for liabilities, etc.

One of the most prominent among these is the control of the liquor patronage, which in the West and, since 1896, in New Brunswick as well has been placed in the hands of provincial commissioners; but in the East, with the one exception just named, it rests still with the cities.

In a study of city government, however, the character of the administration is the line of division, rather than the relation between the various municipal units. From this point of view there is noticeable throughout the Dominion a gradual approximation to one type of city government. But it will be found advisable to divide urban Canada roughly into two sections, chiefly on grounds of administrative organization, but to a certain extent of historical association as well. In the West, Ontario, Manitoba, British Columbia and the Northwest represent a tolerably uniform area. For this section, owing largely to the fact that so many Ontario men have accepted municipal appointments or entered upon the practice of law in its leading cities, the municipal system of Ontario has in many respects served as model. In the east Quebec, which on various grounds might lay claim to a position apart, may be grouped with the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland, though the last colony forms, of course, as yet no part of the Dominion, but in course of time undoubtedly will.

Precedent in the United States, as already observed,<sup>7</sup> has influenced Canadian civic organization in many important respects. For this reason, and because New World influences also prevail in Canada, certain features of city government in the United States may be used as a standard of comparison. In the simplicity of its detailed organization, however, urban government in Canada approximates rather to the English than to the American type.

Perhaps the most striking contrast between municipal organization in Canada and in the United States is found

<sup>7</sup>Cf. again first Report of the Ontario Municipal Commission of 1888, p. 22.



in the one being in a state of free development, while the other is conditioned by the requirements of a system. In the one country the municipal constitution is changing from Parliament to Parliament, from session to session, unfolding new powers here, dropping others there, according as requirements dictate or experience advises; in the United States the springing up of large towns and the rapid growth of great metropolitan centres have necessitated their being housed in administrative structures whose lines were suggested, as Mr. Bryce and others point out,<sup>8</sup> by the already existing state governments. That the process of adaptation has demanded many alterations was only to be expected; for city and state are so different, both from the standpoint of party politics and from that of general administration, that an organization which has been eminently successful for the larger unit may not be at all adapted to the smaller.<sup>9</sup> In Canada, on the other hand, the municipal organization is, in the main, a reliable reflection of local growth. The series of municipal amendments passed from session to session of the Provincial Legislatures, mostly on the initiative of the local councils, bears this out. In Toronto, whose plan of action is characteristic of much of Canada, it is the practice to suggest to Parliament any changes in the Municipal Act which the experiences of the preceding year may have warranted. As a result the Municipal Committee of the Ontario Legislature has come to be one of the most important of the standing committees. The civic organization of Canada is in this way the outcome of a steady development covering approximately half a century.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>8</sup>Bryce, as cited, vol. i, ch. 1; and Goodnow, *Municipal Problems*, pp. 16, 21, where the author speaks of a too strict adherence in American municipal legislation to doctrinaire teachings.

<sup>9</sup>Cf. Eaton, *The Government of Municipalities*, pp. 63 ff.

<sup>10</sup>The later development of Ontario's municipal institutions may be conveniently dated from 1849 when the *Magna Charta of Upper*

A second important factor in Canadian municipal growth is the homogeneity of the population—setting aside the French element, which forms practically a distinct group in a single province.<sup>11</sup> In this respect again, the contrast with the United States is marked. In 1891, in every 100 of our population 96.7 were British and 1.2 American born. This leaves but the small percentage of 2.1 to be credited the various other nationalities. Or, taking Ottawa, Montreal and six out of the seven provincial capitals (that of Prince Edward Island not being specially referred to in the census report), I find that in 100 of the mean population of these cities only 5.6 were of foreign birth; or, excluding those born in the United States, but 3.21. A comparison in this regard with the latter country is remarkable. In every 100 of the mean population of fifty of its largest cities 30.77 are foreign born, while for the rest of the country the figures are 11.29. The homogeneity of Canada's population certainly simplifies the problem of city government. Montreal and Ottawa alone among the cities appear to be somewhat trammelled in their municipal activity

Canada's Local Government, known as the Baldwin Municipal Act, became law. Quebec's municipal history dates practically from an ordinance of the Special Council of 1841 (4 Vic., c. 4), "to provide for the better internal government of this Province by the establishment of Local or Municipal Institutions therein." The Lower Canada Municipal and Roads Act, which is the basis of the present organization, was passed in 1855.

<sup>11</sup>The census of 1891 returns 1,404,974, or 29 per cent. of the Dominion's population as of French descent. As these figures are based on the *de jure* system of enumeration, under which people are enumerated according to their permanent domicile, they probably include many thousands, probably many tens of thousands, of French Canadians working in New England factories. Of these 1,186,346, or 85 per cent. of those enumerated, are ascribed to the Province of Quebec. Quebec City, since the withdrawal of the British regulars some years ago, is now almost altogether French-Canadian, although at present one or two of its aldermen are British-Canadians. Of the 91,605 French-Canadians (6.5 per cent. of the whole) returned for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick very few appear in the larger towns or cities.



by racial and concomitant religious influences. Of Montreal's population considerably over one-half is French-Canadian, of Ottawa's one-third.

A restricted municipal franchise is a third feature of urban government in Canada. In Nova Scotia and St. John's (Nfld.), the qualification for municipal voters resembles that required in England—namely, twelve months' residence within the municipality and payment of poor and city rates, for which the voter must not be in arrears. For the one city of Prince Edward Island, Charlottetown, twelve months' residence and payment of the city poll tax is the minimum. In the cities of Ontario, and in Calgary the only incorporated city of the Northwest, rate-payers upon an income of \$400 may vote, and in the city of St. John rate-payers upon an income of \$300. Elsewhere, with the exception of Charlottetown, where a poll tax of \$2 qualifies, a property qualification as owner or occupant is necessary. Ontario—as an alternative to income—and Manitoba demand a realty qualification of \$400; Montreal one of \$300, or an assessed annual value of \$30, which Quebec City makes \$25 for proprietors and \$50 for occupants. In New Brunswick the amount of the real-property qualification is not specified. In the four largest cities of British Columbia a six months' residence and an annual rental of \$60 in three instances, and \$100 in the fourth, are sufficient to qualify. But Chinese and Indians are not entitled to vote. In most cases the urban franchise is more conservative than the provincial.<sup>12</sup> This is particularly true of Ontario. It may, in fact, be said that throughout Canada

the municipality is regarded more as a species of joint stock company, only those contributing the capital being allowed to share in the direction of its affairs. That this is an extremely useful conception will be denied by few.<sup>13</sup>

But while homogeneity of population and a restricted franchise have undoubtedly favoured municipal government in Canada, they do not altogether explain its unusually placid course. An influence even more potent is to be found in the non-interference of political parties. Here again is had a striking contrast to conditions in the United States. Generally speaking, public opinion in Canada has been thus far opposed to the direct introduction of party politics into municipal matters. Partisan influences are, it is true, never wholly neutral; in a few places they are decidedly active, though this is fortunately the exception. The explanation of this exemption from political interference will be found mainly in the smallness of many of our cities, the homogeneity of our population and the predominance of local interests and influences.<sup>14</sup> To this should be added

franchise is more restricted. Cf. "The Electoral Franchise in Canada," by T. Hodgins, K.C., in *Encyclopedia of Canada*, vol. v.

<sup>13</sup> That property owners, however, may at times require more protection against themselves than against the non-property-holding classes has been frequently remarked. The experience of Toronto, for instance, between 1885 and 1890, when miles of new streets were laid out and furnished with sewers and water and gas mains, far in advance of the real requirements of the city, is but the repetition of an incident in Philadelphia history, as commented upon by Allinson and Penrose (*Philadelphia, 1681-1887*; a *History of Municipal Development*, p. 278).

<sup>14</sup> In contrast to conditions in many parts of the American Union, the dates for Provincial and Federal elections are fixed independently of the municipal elections, with which they may be said practically never to conflict. This is the more likely since city elections, with but few exceptions, are held between the months of December and April. The absence of party, or some other organization to fill its place has, however, left the bringing forward of municipal candidates largely to interested parties, self-help and chance. This condition of affairs has told heavily on the representative character of our aldermen. Though happily we have some

<sup>12</sup> A comparison of the number of voters under provincial and municipal franchise, respectively, is of course not possible, because of the scattered properties of many owners and consequent duplications in the voters' lists. Moreover, in city elections women are entitled to vote. By Act of 1898 (61 Vic., c. 14), it may be mentioned, the provincial franchises were adopted as the basis for the Federal elections in the respective provinces. In Ontario and the West the provincial franchise is practically universal after a certain term of residence; in the Eastern Provinces the suf-

the conservatism of our civic franchise, and certain regulations as to municipal patronage, through which political spoils are in part shielded from local politicians and in part removed to the more suitable field of the Province.

In the first place, municipal offices throughout Canada are filled, not by popular election, but through appointment by mayor and council. Moreover, as a rule, the appointments are not for a specified term, but in practice are permanent during good behaviour.

In one or two provinces police appointments, for example, have been placed in the hands of commissioners independent of the city council. Thus in the cities of Ontario the police are under a board of commissioners, composed of the judge of the county court, the mayor, the police magistrate and a permanent inspector appointed by the city council. The same system of control is also met with in Winnipeg, and again in the cities of British Columbia, though here the place of the judge is taken by an appointee of the Crown.<sup>15</sup> In Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, and St. John, New Brunswick, the police magistrate is appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor and is given general powers of supervision; otherwise and elsewhere in Canada the city council is the controlling body. St. John's, Newfoundland, is policed by the "Terra Nova Constabulary," a body controlled by the general government.

In the second place, the liquor-license patronage, as already observed, has been transferred in most of the provinces from direct municipal control to provincial supervision. Ontario began the march in this direction in

1876, by entrusting the granting of all liquor licenses to a board of three liquor-license commissioners, appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council,<sup>16</sup> reserving to each municipality the right to decide for itself how many licenses are to be granted within its limits. Manitoba followed in 1889, British Columbia in 1892,<sup>17</sup> New Brunswick in 1896, and the Northwest Territories in 1897. Quebec and Nova Scotia are accordingly the only other provinces of importance that preserve the older system of appointments. In Quebec Province, conformably to section 842 of the revised liquor-license law, the granting of a license is to be refused if opposed by a majority of the electors resident in the locality. In Quebec City the grant must be confirmed by the judge of the sessions of the peace or the city recorder; in Montreal, by the two judges of the sessions of the peace and the recorder, or any two of them.

It will not do to minimize the influence of these two sets of provisions—even though their application is not quite general—on the efficiency of Canadian city government. In fact, it is difficult to overestimate their importance for the cities of Western Canada, and, as regards liquor-license patronage, for those of New Brunswick as well. In Nova Scotia, where a strong "prohibition" sentiment prevails, the importance of this patronage is somewhat diminished.

Another problem that is now under vigorous discussion in the American Union is that as to the administrative

valiant workers in the municipal field of whom Mayor Lighthall of Westmount, Aldermen Ames and Laporte of Montreal, Mayor Parent of Quebec, and Mayor Howland of Toronto, may be taken as representatives.

<sup>15</sup>By Act of 1890 (c. 53) the Police Commissioners for any city of British Columbia are to consist of the mayor and two appointees of the Lieutenant-Governor, one of whom must be a member of the city council. The commissioners are appointed annually.

<sup>16</sup>According to the British North America Act of 1867, which is in effect the Constitution of Canada, the Dominion has exclusive powers in "the regulation of trade and commerce." It was, accordingly, for a considerable time uncertain whether the Dominion or the provinces had the right to grant liquor licenses. The decision of the Privy Council in England in 1884 finally settled the question in favour of the provinces.—Reference to this decision in Bourinot, *Manual of the Constitutional History of Canada*, new ed. (1901) ch. xiii, pp. 92 ff.

<sup>17</sup>By the act of 1899 a similar system to that outlined for License Commissioners has been adopted for Police Commissioners.



and financial relation between state and city. It is to be noted, at the outset, that the seven large provinces of Canada and the four organized territories are much more important, relatively to their cities, than are the forty-nine states and territories of the Union. This is more or less evident from their size alone. But up to the present there has been no pronounced attempt at administrative supervision, such as that afforded in England by the English Local Government Board. What measure of central supervision exists is exercised, as in the United States, solely by the legislatures. But, partly as the result of a vigorous local spirit, partly as the consequence of concentration of power and personal responsibility, in the various cabinets,—which is more marked in the provinces than at Ottawa,—the Provincial Legislatures have usually shown sufficient regard for the wishes of their municipalities. Although, curiously enough, in most provinces it has so happened that the majority of city members have been for a long time identified with the parliamentary opposition! The fact remains, however, that theoretically the provincial legislatures have an overshadowing power, as compared with cities, on whom is thus laid the burden of constant watchfulness in “safeguarding” their local interests. The present dispute with the telephone and telegraph companies as to their rights over city streets is an instance in point. Complaints have also been raised in several of the provinces that members of the provincial legislatures from rural constituencies are sometimes too easily brought into line against those representing cities.

The provincial power is brought to bear either through legislation or administratively through financial grants—as, for instance, in connection with education. Besides the regulations already cited for liquor and police patronage, there are also provisions for sinking funds—which are very complete in Ontario; for the limitation of municipal indebtedness—on the efficacy of which the recent financial history

of Montreal may be consulted,<sup>18</sup> for boards of health, etc. In connection with the question of provincial supervision, another matter suggests itself. I refer to the desirability of the province issuing systematic, reliable municipal reports. This is necessary both for legislative and general financial information. Of late years more attention is being paid to the compilation and publication of such statistics by several of the provinces, based on the auditors' reports from the various cities. Ontario is well in advance in this regard. British Columbia has begun to follow, and Quebec also, though very tentatively. With respect to taxation the relations between the provinces and their cities are still in an inchoate condition. These financial relations will demand more attention in the near future.

In the exercise of legislative control over cities, Ontario and Manitoba, where the circumstances permit it, pass with few exceptions only general laws. This is the case in the other provinces as well, so far as towns and cities not specially incorporated are concerned.<sup>19</sup> The question of special and general laws, however, has not yet become matter of public debate, though it is referred to in the Ontario Municipal Report for 1888. Mr. Wilcox, in his convenient book on *The Study of City Government*,<sup>20</sup> states that more than half the commonwealths of the United States require that cities be organized by general laws or forbid the legislatures to pass any special laws affecting city charters. In Canada the Provincial Legislature is sovereign. In Ontario especially the comparative equality of

<sup>18</sup> Cf. J. Roy Perry, *Public Debts in Canada* (University of Toronto Economic Studies, 1898), pp. 80-82.

<sup>19</sup> Cf. for Ontario, the Municipal and Assessment Acts of 1897; for British Columbia, Municipal Act of 1881; for Manitoba, Act of 1888; for Northwest Territory, Act of 1894; for Quebec, Act of 1888 and Municipal Code of Quebec, 1898; for Prince Edward Island, Act of 1870; for Nova Scotia, Act of 1895; for New Brunswick, Act of 1898 and amendments thereto.

<sup>20</sup> Pp. 87 *et seq.*



the cities has favoured the possibility and efficacy of general laws, with the result that changes in the municipal law have usually been followed with widespread interest, and the dangers of political pressure and log rolling have been correspondingly minimized. Where distinctions are made in the application of laws, population is usually the basis adopted. Toronto is the only city in Ontario that may be called of the first-class—of 100,000 inhabitants and over. Mr. C. R. W. Biggar, K.-C., late city solicitor of Toronto, now editor of *The Municipal Manual* (6th ed.), an expert on Ontario municipal law and legislation, has made the wise suggestion to strengthen the influence of such general legislation by lowering the limit of cities of the first-class to 50,000. Voices have also been heard suggesting the granting of special charters to the cities. At some future date particular charters may be advisable, but for reasons sufficiently apparent from a study of municipal development they are assuredly not called for now, nor for many years to come.

In 1897 an important innovation, in line with recent American reform policy, gained a footing in Canada by way of Toronto. The object was to fix responsibility for municipal policy, by separating the legislative and the administrative functions of the city council. To this end a so-called board of control was constituted, composed of the mayor as chairman, and three, later, to avoid a double vote of the mayor, four aldermen, chosen by plenary vote of the council.<sup>21</sup> This board has sole power to prepare and submit the estimates for the year. Its actions, however, are subject to revision by a two-thirds vote of the council. The mayor accordingly requires the support

of but two other members of the board in order to be fairly supreme in the general policy of the city. A secondary result, despite recent history, has been to increase the responsibility and raise the dignity of the mayoral office. At the recent revision of Montreal's charter<sup>22</sup> the adoption of a similar system was proposed, and was only defeated in the legislature after a spirited struggle. The charter now provides for a finance committee endowed with considerable powers. The committee is composed of seven of the aldermen, none of whom can be a member of another standing committee. It prepares the annual estimates and has the right to consider all recommendations involving financial outlay and the awarding of contracts. Its decision is subject to revision by a vote of three-fourths of the council. This partial centralizing of responsibility has not been thus far particularly successful, as the recent consolidation of Montreal bonds shows, though it has permitted a closer financial supervision than formerly. Yet the experiment in Toronto has certainly enjoyed a much greater measure of success. The constitution of the Toronto board is, however, not without its anomalies. It overlooks, for instance, the chairmen of the standing committees of council of whom it might almost have been expected to consist, and with whose duties there is often a clash. Moreover, the personnel of the board has not always been such as to inspire full confidence on the part of the citizens. Selection of controllers by general vote might conduce to a more representative body. An alderman in Toronto, it may be added, receives \$300, if he is chairman of a standing committee \$400, and if he is controller \$700.

The intricate topic of civic taxation I can only refer to. The extension of the income tax, the introduction of the franchise tax and its bearing on federal and provincial legislation, and the placing of the local improvement

<sup>21</sup>In Canadian cities, in contrast to the United States, there is but a single representative chamber. The number of aldermen is characteristically small, varying from nine to twenty-six, the largest number obtaining in Montreal. Toronto has twenty-four in its council. The adoption of a Board of Control was at first limited to cities of 100,000 and over, but later extended to those of 45,000, the city of Hamilton being specially excepted.

<sup>22</sup>Assented to March 10th, 1899. See Quebec Statutes, 62 Vic., c. 58.

(betterment) taxes upon a more permanent basis, are problems now coming to the fore. In Ontario there is a desire to reintroduce the tax on rentals in place of the present realty tax. The chief incentive to the change appears to be the desire to remove all danger of frightening capital and business to Montreal where the rental tax is still in force.

In the details of municipal administration one or two matters invite attention. There is, in the first place, in some cities a certain indefiniteness in financial supervision over moneys received as taxes or from other sources; and, in the second place, a lack of system in the care of sinking funds. But, as regards financial supervision, conditions are not so serious as many surmises might lead one to imagine. Taxes and other city revenues are mostly paid by cheque; and it appears to be the practice in the great majority of the cities not to cash paper payable to the corporation, but to deposit it and draw money only on direct order from the city treasurer. In some localities, however, the treasurer's control over the tax collectors, it would seem, might be placed on a more effective basis than at present.

In the care of their sinking funds, the cities of Vancouver and Winnipeg stand apart, in having each a board of sinking-fund trustees. In each case the board consists of three members, two of whom are appointed by High Court judges. In other cities, so far as I have been able to learn, the sinking funds are controlled by the city treasurers. In their recent report, the auditors of the city of London, Ontario, suggest that city debentures might be better safeguarded by bearing a stamp to make them non-negotiable in the hands of persons who may become fraudulently possessed of them, but available for sale in the open market. "The entire system of sinking-fund accumulations,"<sup>23</sup> they continue—referring, of

course, to their own city—"needs revision, and, as far as similar results can be otherwise arrived at, should be superseded." They refer to the difficulty in financing the funds for short periods, and conclude by a comparison favourable to the policy of issuing annuities. In Ontario such a policy has been followed for some time by the Province, but has given rise to a good deal of unfavourable discussion because of the resulting indefiniteness concerning the provincial debt. It is, accordingly, just possible that a proposal to introduce the system of annuities into municipal finance might not meet with popular favour. But the proposal, so far as it concerns sinking funds and not general liabilities, should not, for this reason, be prejudiced.

As regards the control of municipal franchises, it is to be noted, in the first place, that there has long been in Canada a marked disinclination to direct municipal management of public works with perhaps the one exception of waterworks. Though it must be said that in this respect a revolution in public sentiment has taken place lately in many parts of Canada. The difficulties experienced by municipalities in attempting to control enfranchised corporations and the danger of corporation influence upon the course of legislation have been potent factors leading to the change of front. In Ontario legislation has recently provided for the taking over of such corporation property and franchises. There are a few cities already possessing electric-light plants, *e.g.*, New Westminster, Three Rivers, Windsor, (until recently) Brantford, and now Winnipeg. But, with these exceptions, the various city franchises have been let usually as monopolies to private companies. With the growth of population and on the expiration of past contracts, the new franchises are being made to yield returns to the city, in the form of percentages on gross earnings. Hamilton, Ottawa, Toron-

<sup>23</sup>They have presumably in mind only the management, not the measures looking to the formation, of sinking funds; for in Ontario ample provision is made by general law for

repayment of loans by means of sinking funds within specific periods, varying according to the nature of the loan from three to twenty years.



to and Halifax, for example, receive percentages from their street-railway companies; and up to a few years ago Toronto received a percentage from the local branch of the Bell Telephone Company.

The term for which franchises are granted varies. For electric lighting it is usually ten years, but Quebec's recent contract with the Montmorency Company is for the long period of thirty years. For street railways it is from fifteen to thirty years, the latter period obtaining, for example, in Montreal and Toronto. London's street railway franchise is an old one, running for fifty years, of which thirty have already expired.

The prices obtained by the cities for the monopoly privileges have, on the whole, been favourable. It is rather interesting to note, in this connection, that in their standards for such prices Canadians have looked rather to England than to the United States; yet, as a matter of fact, with the possible exception of telephone charges, their prices are nearer to the American than to the English. The rentals for business and residence telephones in Toronto are \$45 and \$25, respectively; in London a telephone license costs \$10 (with a reduction to one or two professions, such as doctors and dentists), after which a small charge is made for each message; in Quebec a telephone costs \$35 per year, or \$75 for three years; the average cost in Montreal, where prices vary according to distance from a central district, may be placed at \$55. Along with the federal ownership of the telegraph system, which, if reports are to be credited, will probably be attempted within the near future, some voices have been raised for the provincial ownership of the telephones. A consideration of this question would not be inopportune.

Although there is an inclination in several cities to exert a pressure on the prices fixed by enfranchised companies—*e.g.*, in Toronto and Montreal on gas charges, and in Toronto on telephone rentals—no very successful efforts have been made. In Toronto, where the

Consumers' Gas Company has a perpetual charter and a present monopoly of the gas supply, an agreement was made some twelve years ago according to which the price of gas was to be reduced five cents per thousand feet when the reserve fund of the company had reached a certain figure. The experience of the city with the company, however, has proved but another illustration of the problems that arise in guarding public interests, even after the most careful legislation.<sup>24</sup> According to the report of the city auditor, the reduction in price since 1888—namely, from \$1.12½ to 90 cents—should have been considerably greater. A working agreement between city and company is, however, talked of as probable within the near future. In Montreal the price of gas per thousand feet is \$1.20 for lighting and \$1.00 for cooking purposes; in London the net price is 94 cents; in Hamilton it was lately reduced to \$1.00. In Montreal at the recent revision of the electric lighting agreement the price for electric lighting was cut in half, though the competing company which forced the break was not given the contract. The high price at which many of the enfranchised gas and other stocks are listed—some of the stocks, moreover, representing considerable "water"—goes to show the extremely healthy condition of the companies. At the time of writing, the cities of Ontario appear to have come off successful in their opposition to the now notorious scrap-iron assessments, under which, by a peculiar wording of a clause in the Municipal Act, unnoted until lately, the plant of companies situated in more than one ward could be assessed only in the ward in which it lay. Cut off from its headquarters much company plant could only be regarded as "scrap." Legislative amendment ought not to have been delayed so long.

As to municipal debts, the total indebtedness of Canadian cities has grown steadily of late years. But a con-

<sup>24</sup>Cf. W. D. Gregory, "Toronto, A Municipal Study," *The Outlook*, February 5th, 1898.



current reduction in the rate of interest from six and seven to four, three and one-half and three per cent. has largely counterbalanced these advances. The amount paid as interest or discount by the thirteen cities of Ontario in 1898 was less than in 1891, although the gross debt had risen from thirty and a half to forty and a half millions. At the same time it is worth noting that in the same Province the gross debenture indebtedness of counties and townships has been steadily declining, that of villages slightly advancing, and that of towns, which have a population of from 2,000 to 10,000, rising more rapidly than that of cities. In general indebtedness Montreal stands first amongst the cities, with a gross debt

on December 31st, 1900, of twenty-six and a quarter millions; Toronto second, with twenty and four-fifths millions, but with a sinking fund—for which Montreal makes practically no provision—of nearly five and a half millions. These debts are not extravagant for cities of their size, and the credit of both municipalities is high, though it is true that in both cities the outlay for non-revenue-producing purposes has been greater during the last few years than formerly. Accordingly there are some who claim that the debt-creating powers of council should be more strictly controlled. The following table allows a survey of some of the largest city debts :

	YEAR ENDING.	POPU- LATION.	TOTAL DEBENTURE DEBT.	FLOATING INDEBT- EDNESS.	SINKING FUNDS.	TAXA- TION PER HEAD.	MILLS ON \$.
The 13 cities of Ont. ....	31 Dec. '98	448,876	\$38,506,528	\$3,029,596	\$6,831,025	\$11.63	21.8
Toronto, Ont. ....	31 Dec. '98	193,246	21,603,473	1,126,388	5,640,563	13.83	21.
Ottawa, Ont. ....	31 Dec. '98	57,002	4,301,642	547,940	1,295,287	9.31	22.4
Hamilton, Ont. ....	31 Dec. '98	51,561	3,573,791	123,516	313,431	10.51	19.8
London, Ont. ....	31 Dec. '98	38,902	2,781,051	17,245	1,292,956	10.68	24.3
Montreal, Que. ....	31 Dec. '98	260,000*	23,744,401	2,273,010			
Quebec, Que. ....	30 Apr. '98	65,000*	6,940,033		278,848		
Sherbrooke, Que. ....	15 Dec. '98	10,470	497,000				
Winnipeg, Man. ....	30 Apr. '98	38,733	3,235,874				
St. John, N.B. ....	31 Dec. '98	26,000*	3,516,492	835,719	345,417		
Halifax, N.S. ....	31 Dec. '98	40,000	1,834,788	24,957			
Victoria, B.C. ....	31 Dec. '96	19,000	1,804,000		314,298		
Westminster, B.C. ....	31 Dec. '96	7,500*	995,000	97,261	70,000		
Vancouver, B.C. ....	31 Dec. '96	20,000*	2,003,100	9,702			

\*Estimated population. On December 31st, 1898, the indebtedness of the above-named four cities of Ontario was some \$962,000 less than at the close of 1896.

An analysis of these debts shows that almost all have been incurred for local improvements and other necessary public works. Waterworks and education are two of the largest items. The Ontario Municipal Commission of 1888 make the statement that expenditure per head and unit of wealth is less in Canadian cities than in the cities of the United States. But such general comparisons are of little value.

For the general success of city government it is, of course, to the stamp of men commanding that one must look. Capable city aldermen and heads of departments are called for. In the great majority of the cities two unnecessary obstacles shut out many able men from the council. In the first place are to be noted the losses and annoyances incidental to too frequent elections. As a rule,

mayor and council are elected annually by popular vote. There are, however, exceptions. In Quebec City the mayor is chosen from among the aldermen by a majority vote of the board, while in both Montreal and Quebec he holds office for two years. In Halifax the aldermen have a three-year term of office, one-third retiring annually; in St. John's, Newfoundland, two members of the council are appointed by the Governor-in-Council, and three elected by the ratepayers, all to hold office for three years. In Montreal and Quebec, in the two cities of Manitoba and in Vancouver, the aldermen sit for two years. A desirable general reform for all Canadian cities would be to increase the term of office of the mayors to at least two years. As a matter of fact, in cities where the office is an annual one it has almost become custom to re-elect a mayor who has been fairly satisfactory in order to allow him opportunity to develop his policy. As for aldermen, a two or a three year term is also highly advisable, one-half or one-third of them being elected each year.<sup>25</sup>

The second obstacle to representative citizens seeking aldermanic honours is the lack, in the vast majority of cases, of any fixed tradition of professional independence on the part of the chief municipal officials. The constant interference of aldermen in departmental routine cannot, in the long run, be other than harmful in the extreme to departmental work. At the same time the increase in aldermanic duties which such a policy makes inevitable, deters desirable men from entering the council. The demand on the time and attention of city repre-

sentatives should not be unduly heavy. Municipal administration is, after all, mainly a technical task; and Canadian cities still require to insist upon greater independence and responsibility on the part of departmental heads. Incidental with this independence and responsibility there should be a much more complete system of reports from each department than at present. The cost of well-edited reports and civic year-books is trifling in comparison with the services that such publications are capable of rendering to municipal government. The most complete civic financial report at present is that of Toronto. The usefulness of such reports would be much enhanced by a classification of receipts and expenditures to accord with the distinctions made in text-books on public finance, *e.g.*, receipts from sinking fund accounts, civic property, city franchises, fees and licenses, taxes, the province, fresh debenture issues, etc.

In bringing forward this matter of departmental publications I cannot refrain from remarking the absence in Canada of any manual on municipal government. Even the school and college histories contain only trifling references to the subject. And civic loyalty is a text heard almost as little out of as in school. One may, in fact, broaden the horizon and say that not alone in respect of local history but of Canadian history generally the teaching in the schools and colleges is often lacking to a surprising degree.

In several parts of Canada, however, more particularly in Ontario, where municipal institutions are furthest developed, a growing desire for a broader discussion of municipal problems is becoming evident. Besides the annual municipal convention for Ontario, which has met several times, a union of Canadian municipalities has just been formed largely owing to the efforts of the present mayor of Toronto. There is a great educational work for such an organization to do, and plenty of room for combined effort on the part of the municipalities.

On the whole, though perfection is

<sup>25</sup>In Ontario, during the last few years, many towns have abolished the ward system and adopted that of general representation. Recently advocates of the latter system have succeeded in obtaining its adoption in one or two of the cities as well. There is certainly some ground for dissatisfaction with the present ward representation; for in nearly all Canadian cities the wards are over numerous. St. John, New Brunswick, it may be mentioned, has a combination of the two systems, in that one alderman is elected to its council by each ward and two aldermen by the whole city.

not written across the face of city organization or administration in the Dominion, the basis of city government in Canada must be said to have been "well and truly laid." The conservatism of the urban franchise; the homogeneity of the city population, which the future will probably not affect to the same extent as in the United States; the general policy with regard to municipal patronage and the consequent absence in large measure of party politics in city elections; and, finally, the efficacy of "conservative innovation" and gradual growth and expansion of municipal legislation—these are features whose importance

cannot be lost sight of. The conditions for good city government seem, therefore, propitious. Certainly the phrase, "the one conspicuous failure," which Mr. Bryce attaches to the government of cities in the United States, will not be held applicable to city government in Canada. Though it will not do for Canadians to boast. They are not yet out of the wood. Foreign elements are coming more into evidence in some of the cities, and there are many problems yet to be settled concerning the relations of province and city, and important matters more directly affecting municipal organization still to be disposed of.

## A CALL FROM THE GORGE.

A STORY OF THE RIVERMEN OF THE OTTAWA.

*By John W. Daffoe.*

### I.

INDIAN River is the most turbulent of all the tributaries of the Ottawa. Rivermen have a saying that every drive on it pays toll with life; which means that it rarely happens that a lumber firm gets its winter cut of logs down to the mouth of the stream without at least one life being lost in the passage. So great is the fear of its treacherous currents and dangerous falls that wages are much higher on it than on any other river; and even with this premium there is often a difficulty in securing men. Tradition and superstition invest almost every mile of the stream's tortuous course with the glamour of a tragic past; and the Muse of the Backwoods has been called upon many times to commemorate in rude "Come-all-ye's" the grim incidents in its history.

Many of the weirdest tales cluster about the Devil's Gorge, as the narrow pass in the Laurentian Hills, through which the river descends to the plain, is known. Here the stream

is sharply contracted to half its width, between precipitous walls of enduring granite—the oldest and firmest rock formation in the world; and as the ground also falls away rapidly, the river for a mile and a half is one great roaring rapid. Finally the angry waters fall into a great circular pool enclosed by high cliffs. This huge bowl receives the tortured waters and gives them a taste of peace before emptying them into another canyon, less terrible than the Devil's Gorge, but forbidding enough. This pool is of great depth; the rivermen say that it is fathomless. It is ringed with bluffs, all of them bleak and bare, excepting that at the southwest corner there stands a group of noble pines. All their forest brethren for leagues around have fallen long since before the axes of the lumbermen; but they wave their plumes secure from the avarice of man.

A climb to the top of the cliff reveals the reason for this unusual self-restraint on the part of the lumber-kings. This is the graveyard of the Gorge. It is the



custom, received in the first instance from the Indians and confirmed by the practices of white rivermen for a century, to bury in this wild spot those who lose their lives in the rapids. It is the Law of the Stream, to be disobeyed at the peril of the peace of the dead; for rivermen will tell you that the Gorge's victims will rest quietly in no other place. To a doubting Thomas they tell stories of ghosts, who with accusing mien have been known to haunt kinsmen who disregarded the Law and took their dead to more conventional graveyards.

The deep pool at the foot of the rapids receives the bodies of the drowned, and after an interval, usually of five days, gives them up again. They are found almost invariably, as though placed by unseen hands, on a rocky ledge known as Deadman's Point, which runs out at the foot of the pool where the current sets in again. But sometimes the cavernous depths of the pool refuse to give up their prey; the bodies go down into the black waters and are seen no more by mortal eyes. The spirits of these are believed to haunt the Gorge during the hours of darkness, and rivermen can hear their voices calling for help in the still watches of the night. The prosaic outsider, not infected with the atmosphere of tradition which envelopes the river, will say that the mournful sounds which undeniably are to be heard, are compounded of the falling waters, the sighing of the trees, and the wind whistling through the clefts of the rocks, but such an explanation is always received with fine scorn.

A path runs steeply up from the water's edge to the burial spot. An atmosphere of desolation and decay hangs heavily over the scene. The graves are uncared for, and some of the mounds are now scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding sward. The rude head-boards, consisting of heavy pine slabs roughly carved, have fallen awry and rotted away, and their vanished inscriptions tell nothing of the dead sleeping below. To this tale

of oblivion there is one notable exception, for at the very edge of the cliff stands a simple broken column of white marble. And it is of the once fiery hearts that lie silent beneath this stone that the saddest tale of the river is told.

## II.

Thirty years ago the most daring riverman on the Indian River drive was young Ronald McDonald. His recklessness made a new record even among these men who held their lives cheap. He was always first to volunteer to break a jam or to run a dangerous rapid, he was equally ready to lead in the bloody combats when gangs of rival lumbermen met at the taverns or to risk his life in rescuing men caught in the grasp of the treacherous currents. He was a florid young Highlander, something over six feet in height, and straight and willowy as a young sapling. He hailed from Glengarry, where he belonged to a family of considerable local position. His father was a well-to-do merchant, who had looked with slight favour on Ronald's many youthful escapades, until the young man, in his twentieth year, had left home and found a field for the exercise of his wild spirits in the lumber woods and the river. Yet an inherent business ability marked him for early promotion, and his third summer on the river found him foreman of MacKenzie Brothers' drive.

The task of getting the logs through the Gorge was a difficult and dangerous one at best, and it always took time. During the spring that Ronald first acted as foreman the water was abnormally low, and many of the logs were "hung up" in a shallow stretch of the river. This detained the drive at the head of the Gorge nearly three weeks, and during that time Ronald met Katie Macgregor, fell madly in love with her, and had his affection as ardently returned.

Katie was the daughter of old Kenneth Macgregor, who twenty-five years before had pitched his tent on the banks of the Indian River at the head of the Gorge; and, taking up two hun-

dred acres of Crown land, had begun a dogged, stubborn fight against the great trees and rocks that covered his land, the poverty of the soil, the terrible winters, the summer frosts, and all the hundred difficulties that barred the way to competence. His helpmate had long since given up the fight, leaving behind her a family of small children, but Kenneth had set his teeth, put his shoulder to the wheel, and tugged so mightily that Fate had been forced to yield. Now Kenneth, in the late autumn of life, could see about him wide fields, and great barns bursting with fatness. But for all this he had paid heavily in mind, for the natural dourness and stubbornness of his temper had been so deepened by his long years of struggle that he was now an irascible, petulant and autocrat old man—one "gey ill to live wi'."

Only one person knew the stops of his humours and could play upon them—his daughter Katie, now a young woman of twenty, with a captivating air of womanliness, due in part to her responsible position as the foster-mother of her younger brothers and sisters. She admired her father's sterling qualities, of which he had many, and was a dutiful and affectionate daughter, even when greatly tried by his wilful harshness. And on his own part he had a love for his daughter none the less passionate for being so thoroughly disguised even from himself.

When, then, young Ronald came a-wooing, he had to reckon with Kenneth. No young man on such an errand could have hoped for a cordial welcome; but Ronald, in Kenneth's eyes, had not a single point in his favour. He was a riverman, which to him stood for immeasurable depravity and, perhaps, a still worse crime—shiftlessness. In addition, he was a Roman Catholic, whereas Kenneth was the bluest of blue Presbyterians.

So Kenneth put his foot down hard. He told Katie that he objected to Ronald, and forbade her to have further relations with him. But here his authority ceased; he might as well have forbidden the trees to put on their

spring greenery. The next day Ronald and Katie plighted troth as fervently as ever did hero and heroine of romance. Then he turned his face down the river on his long journey to Quebec; while she went back to her home duties. There was but this understanding between them: that they were to be all in all to each other; and that their marriage was to wait on happier times.

From that day Ronald lived a new life with new ambitions. He became reconciled with his father, and the latter bought him an interest in the lumber firm for which he worked; and he returned to Pineland as agent for the district extending from the Devil's Gorge backwards some forty miles into the hills. This enabled him to spend the winter near Katie's home; and he met her often. Old Kenneth still maintained his hostile attitude, chiefly from innate stubbornness, for all the material objections to the marriage had disappeared with the changed circumstances.

In his secret heart Kenneth was rather proud that his daughter should be beloved by the "agent" who, by virtue of his position, was the big man of the district; but jealousy of the man whom his daughter loved, dislike to Ronald's religion, and a blind determination to be master in his own house, and over his own children, kept him to all outward appearances as obdurate as ever. Nor in the face of his uncompromising attitude would Katie defy him to the extent of being married against his wishes, though often urged to this course by her impatient lover. Thus two years passed away.

### III.

It was the end of May once more, and again the river was dark with the logs of the Mackenzie drive. Half of them had already passed down the Gorge, and in a few days more they would all be through and well started on their journey to the markets of the world. Ronald was in charge. He was in no pleasant mood. He had been pleading with Katie to marry him



in defiance of her father, but without success; and his sullen and threatening visage told of a temper restrained with difficulty. In a week's time he would be far on his way to Quebec, and there would be no further chance to see Katie before the setting in of the next winter. He felt that he could not go away for so long a time without a more definite understanding.

So it happened that one afternoon he left the camp and walked briskly to the Macgregor homestead. He would, he swore to himself in Gaelic, stand this sort of thing no longer. Katie should choose once for all between him and her stubborn and cross-grained father. Striding along with black thoughts running through his head, he encountered old Kenneth hobbling along with his stick, and the two men glared at each other without speaking.

Ronald found Katie in the kitchen deep in the mysteries of pie-making. She greeted him gaily, but, noticing his expression, the lightness fled from her face and she sighed. She had thought that she had convinced him at their previous meeting that it was best to wait patiently awhile longer, and now the battle had to be fought once more.

Ronald did not take long in coming to the point. He sat himself on one end of the table, and began twirling his wide felt hat.

"Katie," he said, "I've been thinking this over. I can't stand it any longer. It's got to stop."

"What's got to stop?" Katie asked.

"This dilly-dallying and shilly-shallying. Here we have been engaged for two years. There is no reason under heaven why we should not marry, except that your father has a prejudice against me. He will never change his mind, or if he changes it he will never own up. I met him outside just now and he looked as though he would like to set the dogs on me. When you marry me you will have to do it in spite of him; why not now? I have come here to ask you to come away with me

at once and get married. You can come back here and stay with your father for the summer while I go on to Quebec; or I'll hand the drive over to the foreman and we'll go off for a trip. You'll come, won't you?"

Ronald's voice was all eagerness, but Katie shook her head.

"We must wait," she said.

"Wait! Good heavens! What have we been doing but wait for two years?"

"I have been happy to wait," Katie answered with some spirit. "I don't see why it should not be so for you, too. You do not see as I do how fast my father is breaking down. He is old and frail, and, curious though it may be, he is actually jealous of you, Ronald, because"—there was a pause, and then she went on proudly—"because I love you. It would, I am sure, kill him if I were to do as you say; and, besides, I don't like running away to get married to you as if it were something to be ashamed of. Why not go on as we were. Father may change his mind (Ronald shook his head savagely), or in any case the obstacle that bars our way will pass away soon—too soon." A sob rose in her throat.

"Can't you see, Ronald," she went on as he stood there silent before her, "that I owe my father love, affection, and even in such a case as this a certain measure of obedience yet awhile? We are both young, and waiting is so much the easiest way out of the difficulty."

"No, it isn't," Ronald answered sullenly. "And I don't intend to wait any longer. If you love me you will come with me—now."

"You know I love you," she answered warmly, "but I cannot go with you—now."

Ronald glowered at the little slip of rebellious womanhood, choked back the hot words that rose in his throat, and fearing to trust himself to words, turned quickly, ran out of the door and dashed along the road to the river. He never turned to look at the girl who, with tear-laden eyes, watched him



disappear down the road, but he met Kenneth, whose satirical grin at his self-evident discomfiture added another touch of madness to his frenzy.

He reached the river to find it deserted by his men. The cook who alone was to be seen, told him that the logs had jammed in the Gorge and they had all gone down to see what could be done. "Verra bad jam," he said; "de worst dis twenty year I've bin tole."

Ronald heard the news with a fierce joy. He was in the mood for some reckless deed, and there was nothing more dangerous than breaking a jam at the Gorge. He walked rapidly down the bank and found the rivermen gathered in silent groups by the water-side. Not one of them had courage enough to essay the task of loosening the formidable mass of logs that now, jammed together in one seemingly solid body, filled the channel from side to side. Its formation was plain to the eye. At the narrowest part of the Gorge, just above a furious rapid, half a dozen logs had caught sideways on the jagged points of rocks that jutted above the water's surface. The rear logs trembling and plunging in the foaming current struck the barricade with a roar, and in a moment a thousand logs piled themselves into the Gorge in one mighty mass. So closely wedged together were they that they formed a rude dam, through which the water came in dribbling spouts, and the stream below fell away to a mere rivulet revealing the cruel rocks that lined its bed. Above, the water rose by leaps and kept hurling new logs on the groaning and heaving mass that filled the Gorge.

The rivermen regarded the prospect as an appalling one. Jams they knew, but what was this? It looked like some malignant trap set for them by the angry river. To reach the logs that held the jam in place they must descend to the bottom of the Gorge, and were they successful in breaking it how were they to clamber up to safety again in time to escape the on-rush of the liberated logs? So they waited, hoping that the pressure of the current, every

moment increasing, would overcome all resistance and sweep the channel clear.

But the situation had no terrors for Ronald. After one sweeping glance he seized a cant-dog, slipped down the bank before his men could warn him, stuck his hook in a log at the bottom of the jam and gave one mighty heave.

The tremendous pressure of the water behind had been taxing the resisting power of the jam to the last pound, and at the first touch of Ronald's pike the whole fabric collapsed. With a reverberating and unearthly roar the angry river leaped forward, tossing ten thousand logs like so many chips on its tempestuous bosom, and in that rush young Ronald's life went out like a tallow-dip in a great storm.

#### IV.

Kenneth, gloating over the defeat of Ronald, wandered along the woodland path that afternoon until he reached the riverside. As he neared the camp he noted signs of some unusual occurrence. Men drifted about aimlessly, and formed little groups which broke up and formed anew. Some sat silent with their heads buried in their hands. As he stood trying to puzzle the meaning of it out, big Black Jack Mackenzie, the foreman, came up the road, and Kenneth saw with amazement that great tears were coursing down his cheeks.

"Mon! Mon! what's the matter?" he asked.

What Black Jack said to Kenneth need not be recorded here. He knew the feud that existed between the men, and he guessed the reason for Ronald's mad act. When he passed down the road on his way to the telegraph office he left the old man sitting, as if stunned, on a log.

"Deid! deid!" he kept saying to himself. "My God! it will break my bairn's heart."

The Furies of Remorse and unavailing regret gripped his soul. The shock swept his stubbornness away as an oak goes down before the hurricane. He looked at his broad fields and great barns; dear as they were to him he

would have given them all for a sight of the man whom he had looked at with scorn and hatred a short hour before.

Slowly he dragged himself back to his house, dreading as he had never dreaded anything in his life the breaking of the news to Katie. But he was spared this, for bad news flying fast had reached there before him, and he found Katie lying white and unconscious in the faint which had ended her paroxysms of grief.

Next day the girl was raving in the delirium of brain fever, and the wretched father, wandering like a ghost through the house, heard from her unconscious lips the story of her hapless love. "God forgive me!" he kept saying to himself, "for I never shall myself."

The local doctor held out hopes that her strong frame and her youth would overcome the fever, and a motherly neighbour woman watched and nursed her devotedly. There was nothing to be done but to wait.

Meanwhile, on the river an anxious watch was being kept for Ronald's body. It apparently had been swept along with the logs into the Pool, and if so there it still remained. When a week had passed away thus, the river-men began to shake their heads and say that the body would never be recovered.

On the seventh day Katie, white and weak, asked for her father in her natural voice; and when he hurried to her bedside demanded from him whether Ronald's body had been found. "I have had horrid dreams about it," she said.

Her father hesitated; and his hesitation told her all.

"I knew it had not been found," she said; "it is in the Pool."

She lay silent, tears running down her cheeks. Then the fever returned; her eyes became bright again; and again she babbled of happy bygone days.

Night fell—a beautiful, clear, mild moonlit night. The sick-room was on the ground floor; a window was open; the smell of the growing grass was heavy on the night air; the green fields, bathed in the mellow light, stretched away to the river. Far away the booming of the rapids could be heard.

Suddenly Katie sat up in bed; cried out in a piercing voice "Ronald is calling me!" and in a moment she had leaped out of bed, passed through the window and was running across the grass to the river.

"Yes, Ronald! I am coming! I am coming!" came back on the night air.

It was but a moment later that her brothers, Sandy and Andrew, were running hard towards the stream, but when they reached the shore they saw a white-robed figure standing upright in a canoe, paddling desperately into the mouth of the Gorge. And again they heard her glad cry: "I'm coming, Ronald!"

To take a canoe down the Gorge in broad daylight is a feat that has been done but rarely; but the Macgregor boys did it that night by the light of the moon. And ever before them danced that white figure like an *ignis fatuus*. It seemed as though a power not of this world guided Katie's craft aright; for she came in safety to the verge of the last fall and then, standing erect and waving her paddle in triumph she shot into the gloomy embraces of the Pool. Her canoe floating upside down was found a few minutes later by her brothers; but of her there was no sign.

Three days later her body lay on Deadman's Point and in her arms was the broken and bruised form of what had once been Ronald McDonald. When she took that wild plunge to death Fate guided her to the depths where her betrothed lay and in response to that cry for help which only the spirit had heard, she brought him to his desired haven.

They buried them together in the Graveyard of the Gorge in one coffin and one grave; and over them stands the broken marble column. The moss is growing over it now, but you can still read the inscriptions—their names, the years of their birth, and the dates of their deaths; nothing more to tell why they rest together in this quiet corner of the world. But while Indian River carries its lumber to the sea, the story of the unhappy lovers and their fate will be told around the camp-fires.

## THE LITTLE SHOP AT THE CORNER.

*By Alma Robson.*

THE innumerable crowd surged onward like a mighty river. There they were—old women, young women, strong women, weak women, beautiful women, homely women, women with babies, women with grown daughters, women wrapped in furs and women shivering in threadbare shabbiness. Some walked, some ran, some limped, some came in donkey-carts, others in golden chariots, and a few were even on crutches. What brought them forth to-day, a cold, raw afternoon in March? Briefly, it was this: Madam De Sreet had just re-opened her shop at the corner of Broad Road and Narrow Way, where she promised to repair for a reasonable sum all hearts broken or in any way damaged.

A quaint little shop it was, for it was exceedingly old—as old as pain itself—and all weather-beaten and gloomy, except for its great flaming sign, "Hearts Repaired Here," crimson with fresh blood-red letters. I was happy when allowed to enter, for Madam is always pleased to explain her work to an appreciative listener, especially if she have a heart in need of no repairs. Inside the shop was very different from anything I had ever seen. Madam had many assistants, each working ceaselessly and nimbly at her own little table and each with her own particular materials. Madam herself receives all the hearts, examines each carefully and determines to which assistant it shall be given.

Passing along she told something of the treatment of the different cases before us. Sometimes patients complaining of a broken heart were found to be suffering merely from different forms of dyspepsia or liver complaint. It is always a delicate matter to explain this, as they generally depart in anger and disgust, declaring they will seek a cure elsewhere.

The treatment of the first heart we observed was interesting. Apparently it had never been strong, but now it was broken almost in two. The assistant heated it over the fire of Enthusiasm and welded it firmly with Courage. At the next table they used Common Sense, at another Change of Scene; again I saw cures effected by the Critical Analyses of Illusions, farther on by Examinations of Clay Feet of an Idol; another hammered away industriously exchanging Material and Narrow Views for Wider and More Spiritual Ideas of Life. Another was repairing by means of Gold, and I was surprised to see that it was almost as successful an agent as Poverty, Works or Ambition.

But a few cases baffled all their attempts. These were generally those of long standing. Some way the whole life and mind seemed to have been too closely connected with the heart. The heart itself was so sensitive and delicate that a close inspection caused extreme agony. No wound was apparent, but an invisible arrow had pierced its very centre. This was a rare case—probably one in a thousand. Other hearts of coarser material were more common. We examined several. Generally a half score of old scars told of frequent but harmless lacerations. Madam probed one to find its centre. Her lance had gone one-eighth of an inch when she smilingly commented, "Easily mended. Only a flesh wound. The centre, you see, is hard and stony."

From among the cobwebs in a dark corner Madam had a dusty old box hauled forth. After removing the rubbish we discovered hundreds and hundreds of hearts, each carefully labelled with its owner's name, the date of its reception and the cost of repairs. Some had been there for ten, some for twenty, ay, and some for thirty years.



Their owners had been too busy to call for them, or perhaps they had long ago forgotten them.

The door of the next apartment stood

ajar. I intended passing through, but Madam laid a detaining hand on my arm. "Men's department. Strictly private, you know," she whispered.

## HALL CAINE'S LATEST NOVEL.\*

*By the Editor.*

IN Canada Hall Caine is one of the most popular writers of the period, and already "The Eternal City" has created considerable stir. This stir was to be expected, seeing that the book deals with Rome and the Pope, and that the Pope is the official head of the church to which two-fifths of Canada's population adhere. The Roman Catholics cannot be pleased with the liberties which Hall Caine takes with the Pope's temporal claims and with the confessional. There are also a large number of fair-minded and well-informed Protestants who will regret that Hall Caine has handled a delicate subject in such a cursory manner, and prognosticated wonderful changes without a sufficient basis of reason.

The English critics seem to be at sixes and sevens over the book; some praise it highly, others condemn it roundly. The *Review of Reviews* finds that "everything is forced, exaggerated, intensified, so as to produce a sensational effect on the mind of the reader. . . . The book is literature in the same way that the mammoth posters on a gigantic hoarding are art. . . . Mr. Hall Caine's book more directly challenges comparison with Zola's, with results that are in almost every respect detrimental to the English author." On the other hand the *British Weekly* thinks the author has given his very best, and written for permanent rather than popular success. The *Lady's Magazine*, which began to use the story as a serial, refused to complete its publication because of what the *Speaker* terms "the unbridled emotion, the luscious sentimentality,

the forced pathos, the dubious taste." The *Pall Mall Gazette* says Mr. Caine knows nothing of Catholicism, while several reviewers claim that the book is needlessly lengthy and hopelessly stupid.

The four chief characters are David Rossi, an Italian Deputy and Social Reformer; Baron Bonelli, the Prime Minister of Italy, wedded to the present monarchical and military régime; Donna Roma Volonna, a beautiful young woman who is a niece and a favourite of the First Minister, and eventually the one woman in all the world to David Rossi; and the Pope. The story opens with the social struggle against the Italian bread-tax, with David Rossi as leader of the reformers. The Ministry, under Bonelli's direction, uphold the tax, the Pope refuses to intervene, Rossi denounces both, and, incidentally, Donna Roma, reputed to be wearing both the Scarlet and the Gold. The woman attempts to entrap Rossi through her beauty, the Baron through investigation of Rossi's past. They each succeed, only at the last to meet defeat—defeat of very different character in each case.

The story is interesting, but the chief claim of the book is its discussion of the social struggle. Mr. Caine pictures Rossi as a younger and later Mazzini, without the revolutionary methods, and with such differences as might have appeared in the great Italian if he had been born half a century later. Rossi is a religious revolutionist who takes the Lord's Prayer as his charter. "Our Father who art in Heaven," expresses the brotherhood of

\* The Eternal City, by Hall Caine. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

man and condemns all government of man over man. To live as brothers is to live in peace and concord, therefore war is wrong, armies and national frontiers should not exist. "Give us this day our Daily bread," implies that the land is God's gift to man and individual ownership is wrong. "Thy Kingdom come," means that equality, peace and equal division will come on earth—else the Lord's Prayer is a delusion and a mockery.

He then deduces his creed: God is source of all power; governments exist to secure men their natural rights; governments derive their power from the people; no artificial differences among men; governments destructive of natural rights should be destroyed; all forms of violence are contrary to the spirit of God's law; prayer and protest are the only weapons; that it is the duty of all men to live according to the Lord's Prayer, and thus hasten the coming of the Republic of Man.

It is hard to distinguish between an anarchist and a socialist, and therefore Rossi suffered by being deemed an anarchist—only planning to kill. That he really saw how useless it is to destroy a King or a Prime Minister—the person rather than the position—did not avail to save him from banishment and disgrace. This is where Hall

Caine is strongest, though perhaps the strength of this feature of the book is nullified by the weakness of its other features.

Mr. Caine regards the Pope's temporal claim as one requiring him to have temporal power over the whole world, and hence believes it to be an impossibility. If the premise is correct, the deduction is not far wrong. There are many, however, who think that the Pope does not aim at world-wide temporal power, but simply at a restoration of his Italian estates. The discussion of this point must be left to more scholarly pens.

Perhaps the greatest weakness in the book is the use of the word "republic." Mr. Caine makes the Italian King abandon his throne, the Pope abandon his temporal claim, and sets up a republic in Italy. Now, republics as they have been worked out in practice are no more productive of social and political equality than monarchies. Mr. Caine should have chosen some other term for his ideal state, his Utopia. "Republic" is not yet a glorious term and it prejudices thinking persons against his ideal existence.

The book is worth a reading. If it had been less sensational, it could have been more highly recommended, for one does not look for close reasoning in a novel.

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#### BOSWELL.

O LITTLENESS that maketh greatness greater,  
And greatens thus thyself; prince of male wives;  
Scorned of the feeblest atom that contrives  
To stand tip-toe and challenge the creator;  
Wielder of genius; O superb sword-handle  
Hacked o'er by our dull mediocre knives;  
The least and most significant of lives  
That shows a star by an immortal candle.

What were the violet if she did not droop?  
What the disciple whose unlowered face  
No sense of human values should express?  
Chief conqueror among the rare that stoop!  
O yielding neck, bestow thy pliant grace  
On stout Conceit's unbending nothingness.

*Ethelwyn Wetherald.*

## WHAT THE CHURCH LACKS.\*

*By Rev. Charles A. Eaton.*

WHAT is it that the church lacks?

Not numbers, for, after all allowances are made, there is no doubt that a very large proportion of our population may be found at some time or other within the churches. Not social position, for the very best people, using the word in its good sense, are members of Christian churches. Certainly not money, for the leading financiers of the world are prominent members of Christian churches. Not learning, for our chief educational institutions are more or less under Christian influences. We do not lack the spirit of earnestness and sacrifice, for large numbers of good and true men and women, day by day, lavish their time and thought and means in Christian work. Nor do we lack skill and statesmanship, for in the church may be found the finest and strongest leadership. What, then, do we lack? We lack God. The churches are filled with reverent people who observe the forms of worship faithfully and give and sing and bow in prayer and listen attentively to the sermon, but who, for the most part, go to their homes apparently without the hush and thought of God upon them. The pulpit is interesting, learned, instructive, even impressive, but the same lack seems to be there. Women retire to their homes, but God is not there. He is not in the drawing-room; He is not in the boudoir; He is not in the kitchen. Occasionally, when death or calamity falls upon the family, God seems to draw nigh, but too often as an ominous avenging Presence, rather than as a loving Father. Men go to business, buy and sell, bargain and struggle, but God is not there. He is not in the office; He is not in the counting-house; He is not in the factory; He is not

upon the exchange. Men go to their studies, but God is not there. They investigate and measure and weigh, and criticize and analyze, and they find everything but God. This is the lack of the world. It is certain that God wishes to speak to men, touch them, give them His own life. He fills the universe with Himself; He becomes flesh and dwells among us, and we behold His glory full of grace and truth; in Him we live and move and have our being; yet still He is far from us.

Can this lack be supplied? Yes, if the conditions are fulfilled. Emerson says that sooner or later each man must take himself for better or for worse. There also comes a time when each man chooses between his higher and his lower self. He who chooses the higher, the spiritual, and is willing at all costs to "seek first the Kingdom of Heaven" may lose the world, but he will find his own self; he will find God. "Ye shall seek Me and find Me when ye search for Me with all your heart." To seek God with the whole heart involves a negative process. "They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh. To be carnally-minded is death, because the carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." "So they that are in the flesh cannot please God." The first step, then, is to break the bonds of the flesh. The flesh is all that region of our life from which God is excluded; it may be our refined pleasures, our highest intellectual pursuits, as well as the lowest passions. When we break with these which are the ruling power in our lives, we are seeking God with our whole heart. The Apostle describes certain who have "the understanding darkened,

\* Being a selected chapter from "The Old Evangel and the New Evangelism," by Charles Aubrey Eaton. Chicago, New York and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.



being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their hearts." The second step, therefore, in seeking God with the whole heart is an escape from a darkened understanding. That is, we must reject the world's standards of measurement and values and adopt eternal standards. The darkened understanding places things in a false perspective, makes that which is small and mean and temporal appear large and divine and eternal, and refuses to believe that the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are unseen are eternal. "Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin." Campbell Morgan in his recent work on the Holy Spirit, bases an argument for abandonment of self as a condition of spiritual power upon this passage; and, doubtless, herein lies the secret of finding God. We must deliberately turn from yielding our powers to the control of self and sin, abandoning every ambition, our own wills, our own desires, and like little children unquestionably come to the feet of Him who said: "If any man will come after Me let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me."

There are certain positive conditions without which no man can seek God with the whole heart. Nicodemus came to Jesus by night, disturbed in mind and spirit. He sought for solid ground upon which to rest, and Jesus told him that "except a man be born again, he cannot enter the Kingdom of God." This is God's way by which men may find Him. Intellectual acuteness, kindliness of disposition, philanthropy, morals, will not do. These things are real and good and right, but except a man be born from above, except the new life of God implanted in his heart in response to faith gives

him vision, he cannot see; gives him hearing he cannot hear; gives him understanding, he cannot enter into the secret of the Most High.

As the new birth is the initial step in seeking God with the whole heart, so receiving the Holy Spirit is the continuous condition of finding and knowing God. As the new birth is given in response to faith, so the spirit of power and wisdom and joy and peace is given in response to a humble, persistent, yearning faith. "Be filled with the Spirit," is a command to every believer. To deny the reasonableness of this command would be to cut out the entire New Testament history from the Day of Pentecost onward, and to throw grave doubt upon the promises of Jesus.

This is God's world, and He is in His world. He is anxious and willing to give Himself into the lives of men made in His own image. The world has wearied itself in the getting of knowledge. Nations hover upon the edge of war in their struggle to secure trade and territory. Political parties subject themselves to turmoil and conflict and even worse, to obtain power. Devotees of pleasure offer upon their chosen altar health and even character. But these all pass away. They are as unstable and ephemeral as the breathing of the winds. God alone abides. He is the only eternal possession attainable by man. He is the only object worthy of the most strenuous seeking. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near. Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." Surely He is not far from any one of us, for "in Him we live and move and have our being."



# WOMAN'S

Edited by

Mrs. Willoughby Gumming

# SPHERE

IN the days to come, even more than now, Canadians will count themselves fortunate in having been brought into personal touch with Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cornwall and York.

In those days, perchance when Her Royal Highness is Queen of Great Britain, the people in the distant parts of her Empire will have many personal remembrances, and many pleasing incidents to relate concerning the time when the "Princess May," as they like to call her, underwent the great fatigue, and the many dangers that necessarily attended the wonderful Imperial journey which she made with her husband the heir-apparent. The hearts of the people everywhere have turned to this Duchess, just as keenly as to the Duke himself, who, as the son of the King, would have come naturally first in interest and affection. The reason of this is easily understood, as one remembers the charming personality, the perfect naturalness, the quick and understanding sympathy, and the willingness at all times to be pleased with everything that was done for her which has been manifested during all these weeks.

Back of all this, however, there are reasons, or perhaps one ought to say sentiments, that have made the people of Australia, South Africa and Canada ready to greet Her Royal Highness, even before they saw her, with warm personal regard and affection. One likes to remember, for example, that she is another Victoria, and that of the many names bestowed upon her at her baptism she always likes these

two, "Victoria May." Then the Princess May was a very great favourite with her late Majesty, as her mother had been before her, and, remembering this affection, Canadians are the more drawn toward her.

Another little touch of sentiment makes one glad to remember that Her Royal Highness was born on the 26th of May, in that very room in Kensington Palace which is now almost sacred ground—the room in which her late Majesty was sleeping on the night when she was aroused to be told that she was Queen of Great Britain—the room which had been her nursery, and which now contains so many of her childish toys. It is of interest to remember also that when Her Majesty visited this room for the last time on the day before she presented these apartments to the people as a Jubilee Gift, she was accompanied by her god-daughter the Princess May, whom we may readily believe shared the feeling of Her Majesty concerning this apartment—a feeling which brought tears to her eyes as she took a last survey of this particular room.

Like her late Majesty, the girlhood of Her Royal Highness was spent in quietness and retirement, and like her also she had the inestimable blessing of a good and wise mother who attended personally to her daughter's education and training. Again, like the late Queen, the Princess May has happy recollections of the quiet home-life at the White Lodge in the lovely seclusion of Richmond Park. As she grew older her great delight was to assist her mother in the many acts of kindness and charity which made the

late Duchess of Teck so sincerely beloved by all with whom she came in contact. Through this means also the girlish Princess was brought into closer touch with the public than has been possible for any of the other members of the Royal Family. That the knowledge she gained in this way will be remembered and acted upon by her in the future none can doubt. There are those who think that the sorrow which came into her young life, when her lover the Duke of Clarence died just a month before their marriage was to have taken place, has set its seal upon her face, a face, however, which brightens wonderfully when she smiles. There are others again who maintain that while for reasons of State the Princess May was chosen to marry the elder son, yet her heart was already given to his sailor brother, Prince George, her husband, the Duke of Cornwall and York. Certain it is their marriage was immensely popular in Great Britain, and the occasion was made one of the grandest pageants London had ever seen.

The wedding took place in the Chapel Royal of St. James' Palace, in which also the love-marriage of Queen Victoria to the Prince Consort had been solemnized. As the bride and bridegroom were driving away for their honeymoon, the public were delighted by a very human scene when the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge and the Duke of Edinburgh, wearing naval uniforms, emerged from the Palace with some others and ran after the carriage, throwing handfuls of rice into it.

Life at York Cottage during the eight years, as at the White Lodge, has been, for Royalty, very quiet and homelike, and the four beautiful children that have been born to them have been very much with their parents. What a piece of real self-sacrifice it has been, on the part of the Duchess especially, to leave these dear little ones for so many months, especially when for such long periods she could not even hear of their welfare, only mothers can fully realize and appreciate.

The physical strain of this journey has been very great, with its constant receptions, functions and the like, and particularly with the ever-present feeling that every day, indeed almost every hour, during these months had been mapped out and arranged, and that the never-ending programme must be carried out to the letter, or that disappointment to loyal subjects would be the result. This strain has all been most cheerfully borne by our Royal Guests, and their uniform kindness and good nature has been much appreciated by those who have delighted to do them honour. That their home-coming may be full of brightness, and that they may find their children and all those whom they hold dear safe and well and happy, will be the earnest wish and prayer of many hearts in the Greater Britain over the seas.



The ladies-in-waiting who have accompanied the Duchess in her journeyings, have also made many friends on the way. Lady Mary Lygon (pronounced Ligon) is one of Her Royal Highness' oldest friends, and she has been with her as lady-in-waiting ever since she has had a "Household" at all. One who knows writes of her :—

"Lady Mary, as everybody knows, is a sister of Earl Beauchamp, and not long ago, did the honours of Government House in Sydney, getting from the Duchess a reluctant 'leave of absence' for that purpose. She has held, too, a public position at home as Mayoress of Worcester, when her brother, acting on the Disraelian axiom that 'the gentlemen of England were no use unless they were the leaders of the people of England,' accepted the civic chair. Madresfield Court, Malvern Link, the family seat of the Beauchamps, is one of the 'show' places of Worcestershire, and in its ballroom Lady Mary Lygon has often been the admitted belle as well as the best dancer. She has, besides, a marvellous power of saying 'No.' Hence it is that she has reached the age of thirty-two and managed to remain single. Her two younger sisters have both 'settled' in life—one as the wife of Lord Amphill, a private secretary of Mr. Chamberlain, and the other as Lady Susan Gordon-Gilmour—her husband a captain of the Grenadier Guards. Lady Mary



has always declared that she wants to 'see more of the world' before settling down for better or for worse. She has now her wish literally fulfilled."

Lady Katherine Coke (pronounced Cook) who was not well enough, unfortunately, to continue with Her Royal Highness during her Canadian tour, is the elderly member of the party. The same writer says:

"She is a daughter of the second Earl of Wilton. Lady Katherine Grey Egerton was very young when she married in 1861 the Hon. Henry John Coke, son of the Earl of Leicester. Her father bore the name of Grosvenor before he assumed that of Egerton, and her mother was a Stanley, a daughter of the 12th Earl of Derby. Lady Katherine was lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Teck, and has seen as much of 'Princess May,' almost from the time of her birth, as if she had been her own daughter. Lady Katherine has two good-looking sons, who both served in the Scots Guards, and one daughter, Sybil Mary, married in 1887 to Lieut.-Col. Chas. Crutchley, also of the Scots Guards, who lives up to his name rather disastrously by being too lame to walk without supports. Mrs. Crutchley is a very well known woman in society, having the reputation of being the best amateur actress alive, barring, perhaps, Miss Muriel Wilson. The talent is hereditary, for Lady Katherine Coke was herself distinguished on the private boards. She has always been devoted to music, punctual at concerts, unfailing, too, at picture 'private views.' She was one of the earliest friends of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and perhaps the sincerest mourner at his funeral."

The Hon. Mrs. Derek Keppel, who however, only acted as lady-in-waiting during the absence of Lady Katherine Coke, joined the Royal Party, and was indeed a very welcome addition to it, because her indispensable husband, Major the Hon. Derek Keppel, did not care to go away for so long a time without her. Mrs. Keppel is about the same age as the Duchess, and does not look unlike her at times. There is an additional bond of sympathy between them from the fact that the Hon. Mrs. Derek Keppel had to leave a young infant behind her. When her friends with unintentionally cruel inquisition asked her, "Are you taking baby with you?" the conclusive reply, made sometimes with pathetic intonation, was "The Cornwalls are not

taking their own." As the Hon. Bridget Harbord before her marriage, she was the youngest daughter of Lord Suffield, Lord of the Bedchamber to the King, and formerly lord-in-waiting to Queen Victoria, and one of her militia aides-de-camp. He was the chief of the staff on the Prince of Wales' famous visit to India.



In speaking of matters pertaining to the burning question of Domestic Service, concerning which something appeared in these columns

last month, the name of  
WOMEN one woman, Frau Lina  
WORKERS. Morgenstern, of Ger-

many, must stand out distinctly as that of one who has done very much to show how the problem may be solved for many in other countries as well as in her own. True it is that Frau Morgenstern's idea when she evolved the plan of "People's Kitchens," and carried her ideas into effect as long ago as 1866, was to aid the poor labourer, and, still more, to aid his struggling wife by making it feasible for them to procure at least one good, satisfying meal at a less cost than they would pay for the bare ingredients of the less nourishing repast they would otherwise have to be contented with. How this can be done is briefly explained by Frau Morgenstern as follows:—

"1st. A large number of people, say from 300 to 1,000, can be supplied with good meals by the use of but one Kitchen, and one fire, under the superintendence of a comparatively small staff, from four to eight persons respectively. While under ordinary conditions hundreds of housewives in hundreds of kitchens absorb time and strength over the preparation of inferior food at greater expense.

2nd. We secure advantageous purchase of first-rate foodstuffs at wholesale prices, while the poor, as a rule, have to pay dearly for second-class goods.

3rd. We supply well-flavoured food, selected and prepared according to tested receipts, and blended on scientific lines, with a view to efficient nutritive strength, and prepared under the supervision of excellent cooks. The ideal of a wholesome and plentiful food supply for the masses of the people can be realized more readily by large humanitarian associations, working with ample means and securely

counting on enormous consumption, than by small capitalists, who are obliged to work each particular eating-house on the narrow lines of securing the largest possible profit for themselves.

4th. The People's Kitchens can so vary their daily menu that not only the healthy, but the sick, not only adults, but young children can be readily served with suitable dishes."

The great success which has been attained by the Berlin People's Kitchens shows that these words of Frau Morgenstern are no idle boast, and this is equally true of the working of her plan in other cities in Germany also. The scheme is carried out by means of a central office and to this office the returns are made daily by the workers in the various kitchens which are situated in the several districts in the city. The manager and the cook in each of these kitchens are held responsible for the good quality of all the food. Each course is tested by the superintendent or her substitutes, and by the honorary lady visitors, one of whom is always present during the serving of the meal, to supervise the cleanliness and correct quantity of food served out to each customer. She also receives the ticket which each one must purchase from a paid officer of the kitchen stationed at the entrance. When the meal is over she examines the food that is unsold, together with the number of tickets distributed, and hands over the unsold tickets to the clerk, whose duty it is to carry them, together with the account books, etc., to the central office, where the day's transaction is finally controlled and settled. The meals are bought at these kitchens and are carried to the home, or taken to the working man while they are fresh and hot.

Such a scheme as this admits of enlargement and variation, and might, and possibly may some day, be adopted with advantage for small families other than the labouring classes, whose means are limited and who are unable to obtain domestic servants. Such a series of kitchens established in the larger cities of Canada would, indeed,

be a boon to thousands of homes and to thousands of housewives, and should be financially as successful here as they have been in Germany. A Canadian Frau Lina Morgenstern will be eagerly looked for.

E. C.

#### TECHNICAL EDUCATION FOR GIRLS.

In the *Fortnightly Review*, Honnor Morten pleads for Technical Education for English Girls, and a summary of her arguments may be interesting to readers of this department.

According to the last census, there were 1,104,000 more women than men in the United Kingdom; and 11,757,000 women were returned as single—this, of course, included some young girls. The number of women returned as "occupied" was over four millions, and roughly was classified as follows:—

Commercial.....	35,358
Agricultural .....	52,026
Professional .....	257,743
Domestic.....	1,759,555
Industrial.....	1,840,898

From the reports of the Board of Trade, it is evident that the number of occupied women has greatly increased in the last decade, especially in the industrial world. From the returns of the Registrar-General, it is evident that the preponderance of women to men, particularly the preponderance of unmarried women, is steadily increasing. So that without waiting for this year's census it is safe to assume that there are at least four million of women in the United Kingdom who have to earn their living; and that there are two millions of these who are unmarried, and that there is a growing number of women for whom no male will provide a living. That is the first point; that there are many women who must work or starve; that there are in England not enough husbands to go round, and that the spinster is always numerous.

Now, the second point is that in the great struggle for life the woman is at present in the position of the hindmost,



and is therefore constantly being claimed by the devil. For details of the wretched work done by woman, the late report of the Women's Industrial Council on "Home Industries in London," gives the fullest and most fatal details. Brush-makers, box-makers, flower-makers, and fur-pullers constantly earn only 1d. an hour, and many cannot make more than 7s. a week. The tale has been told again and again—the filthy rooms, the slowly starving women; the girls who have to eke out their scanty wage by going on the street. There is no use in repeating it; the man or woman of feeling knows the facts too well. That is the second point: the bad work and poor wages of the women; and the third is a query as to why girls should not be trained to earn their living? If they must work or starve, then in order not to handicap them in the struggle for existence, more than their sex and physical inferiority already handicaps them, let them be taught their trades and industries; give them that "equality of opportunity" for which we are all crying out.

In the commercial world, in the art world, women have their place, and should have their chance of training equally with men. Even little Finland's nine state-subsidized commercial schools are open to both sexes. In France, Belgium, and Denmark particularly the free tuition for girls in flower-making, designing, lace-making, dressmaking, embroidery, textile trades, pottery, silver work, etc., are well organized; and in Germany toy-making, weaving, basket-making, and agriculture find a place. Austria has free trade schools for girls in straw work, wood-carving, musical instrument making; and Italy has courses in telegraphy and typography.

In October, 1893, the board started classes with the object of training girls as "home-makers." It, therefore, gives five months' training to children of thirteen who have just left the board

schools. Now, all girls in the London board schools get a smattering of cookery, laundry, and housewifery, and to give them another five months' smattering is not technical training. In Paris the domestic economy course is three years; in Belgium it is three or four years; at Milan and Rome—in the schools the late Queen Margarita did so much for—it is four years. And, of course, these foreign schools turn out trained young women of seventeen years of age, not conceited little girls who can scarcely reach a table, and certainly are not strong enough to handle a flat-iron. There is no attempt in England to train professional cooks, efficient house-maids, skilled nurses; there is no specializing, there is no thoroughness, there is no technicality about it at all. That is the case as it stands:

- (1) The preponderance of women.
- (2) The low wages and bad work of English women.
- (3) The enormous proportion of money spent on technical training for boys.
- (4) The waste of money on amateurish teaching for women.
- (5) The disadvantages in competing with continental women due to our inferior instruction.



#### "LIFE AND DEATH GO FORTH EACH DAY."

By GERALDINE MEYRICK.

Life and Death go forth each day;  
Which one would you meet?  
Death is grim, but Life is gay;  
Hey, but Life is sweet!

Yet, when Fate hath adverse mind,  
Many cry with heat:  
"Life is cruel, and Death is kind;  
Hey, but Death is sweet!"

Life or Death—what need to care  
Which it is you meet?  
Death is kind, and Life is fair;  
Hey, but both are sweet!

—Selected.



# Current Events Abroad

BY THE EDITOR

OFFICIAL France was preparing for a visit from the Czar when the news of the assassination of President McKinley reached Europe. The officials of the two countries were thrown into consternation, but only for a moment. The preparations for this important meeting of the heads of the Dual Alliance were carried on with increased zeal and every precaution to prevent outrage was taken—successfully taken as the sequel proved.

On his trip to France—a repetition of the 1896 journey—the Czar met the Kaiser at Dantzig. Each sovereign was accompanied by his Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the meeting was thus something more than a personal exchange of cordialities. A new Russo-German commercial treaty is soon to be laid before the German Parliament.

About ten o'clock on the morning of September 18th, President Loubet, accompanied by M. Delcassé, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, M. Deschanel, and Admiral Gervais left Dunkirk on board the *Cassini* to meet the Czar on board the *Standart*. This boat carried the autocratic Czar and the democratic President through two lines of warships—an exhibition intended to show that France was not a mean naval power. At Dunkirk President Loubet welcomed the illustrious visitors in the name of the Republic, the Mayor presented bread and salt, while the women gave the Czaritsa bouquets and a golden fish with diamond eyes. From Dunkirk the royal visitors proceeded to Compiègne, where they witnessed a military review the next day. Four army corps, numbering 120,000 men, under General Brugère, paraded before their Imperial Majesties. On the same day the Czar and Czaritsa visited the Cathedral at Rheims. September 20th was spent quietly, and on

the 21st there was another great review. Their Majesties intended to visit Paris, but to the capital's great disappointment, it was considered best to abandon that event.

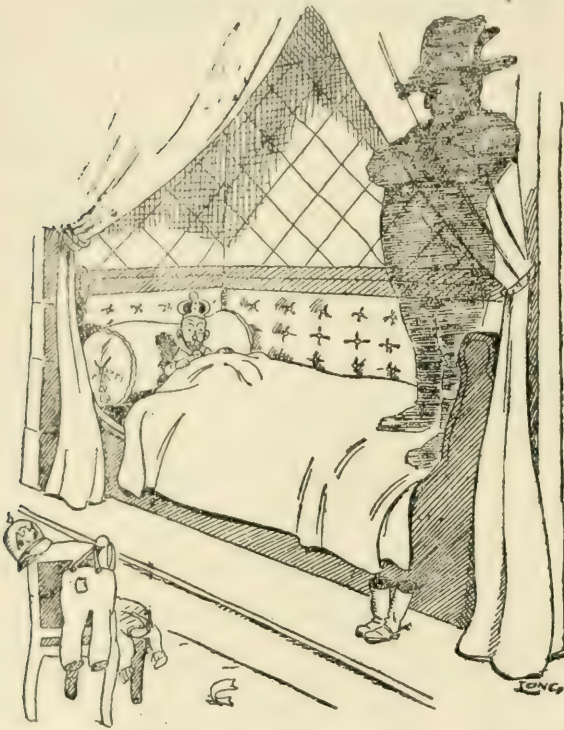
The quiet day referred to above was spent in a discussion of European politics, and the results will, no doubt, tend to prolong the peace of Europe. Both the Czar and President Loubet took pains, when making public speeches, to affirm the pacific attitude of the Dual Alliance. The impression intended was that the Alliance is purely defensive—a guarantee against aggression.

This meeting is important mainly because it reaffirms the alliance between the two countries and indicates that the Dual Alliance is still a strong force in the political world. The world hopes, and not without some reason, that the Alliance, though based on armies and navies, really makes for justice, peace and progress.



Russia's attitude is especially interesting just now owing to the death of the Ameer of Afghanistan, a country which stands between Russia and India. Abdur Rahman Khan was a great prince, and because he was great Russian aggression towards India was delayed. Russia's progressive tactics work best when weak princes occupy the thrones of the buffer states which lie along her frontier. With Abdur Rahman Khan on the throne there was little Russianizing of Afghanistan. He was once a refugee in Russian territory and was well treated by the Russian Government, but it is doubtful if he would ever have been Ameer had not the British Government adopted him instead of the irreconcilable Yakoub. He was given a subsidy of twelve lakhs of rupees a

## AN IMPERIAL MISFIT



When at Compiègne the Czar occupied the bed once used by Napoleon.

THE CZAR : "GADZOOKSKI, BUT I FEEL RATHER OUT OF IT"  
—*London Express*

year, and his treasury was thus always full of English gold. In 1893 the grant was increased to eighteen lakhs when the Anglo-Afghan frontier was delimited.

The Ameer left four sons, the eldest being Habiboullah Khan, who succeeds to the throne. The son is not of high birth, but is allied by various marriages with the chief families of the leading tribes. There is at present every prospect that he will be able to hold the tribes together as did his father, but the future conceals her tale. Lord Curzon has recently created a new province along the frontier, and when this is well established Afghan troubles will be less feared.

Russia, however, seems to have stolen a march on Great Britain in

Persia. By virtue of a loan made to Persia at the beginning of last year, Russia has acquired effective control over the customs service of the Shah's country. Since India practically annexed Baluchistan, Persia borders on British territory, and the overland trade from Quetta, the great western outpost of India, across the deserts of northern Baluchistan to the great Persian trading centres, Birjand and Meshed, is on the increase. The Indian Empire is thus as much concerned in the affairs of Persia as of Afghanistan. Russia apparently does not view with pleasure the extension of British trade with Persia. She is hampering the Indian merchants who desire to send their wares into Eastern Persia, and is thus, in some quarters, weakening the native Indian faith in Great Britain. The *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* says : "British policy with regard to Persia

has been too long of the hand-to-mouth order. Unless our position there is to go from bad to worse, this policy of drift must be abandoned, and England must make up her mind upon a definite course of action and adhere to it resolutely." The Britisher seems to be living in a lively fear of Russian aggression on the Indian frontier.

September 15th was the date at which Great Britain's war in South Africa changed in policy to the suppression of a rebellion. Ten leaders arrested since that date are to be banished. Another rebel leader from Cape Colony has been tried and shot. The iron hand has commenced to close its grip. Hopes of a future peaceful and united South Africa have held it open, but as the hope becomes more distant



the hold on the iron hand relaxes. It is now closing with that severity and ruthlessness which has so long been advocated by those on the edge of the political circle.

The first days of the new regime were marked by increased Boer activity, and one fight on the Zululand frontier was the bloodiest of the war. Less than three hundred entrenched British bayonets held four thousand Boers at arm's length for nineteen hours, when the latter retreated, leaving 600 dead behind them. The British fought nobly as did their foes, but maxims and bayonets were inexorable, even in the presence of daring and fanatical attacks. Two or three battles of this nature would end the war, but it will likely be some time before the Boers make another such attack. It is not the kind of work for which they are best adapted.

The British are still finding the war expensive, but not so fatal. The deaths from disease during the second year of the war have been reduced from 30 to 15 per 1,000, or as low as that experienced by the army on foreign service in time of peace. The hospital accommodation is better, and guerilla warfare is nothing as compared with engagements such as Belmont, Modder River and Spion's Kop. The total deaths from disease and accident for the two years (up to Sept. 30th) have been 10,738 as compared with 6,371 killed in action. The number of wounded during these long weary months were about 30,000, of whom 1,500 were officers.

There will be at least another trying year in South Africa. Lord Kitchener has completed nearly twelve months of his weary task, and he has only about one-half of it accomplished.

## THE PIPE OF PEACE



"The nation's tobacco bill grows steadily."—*Express*.

J. BULL: "THE PIPE'S ALL RIGHT; BUT THERE'S NOT MUCH CHANCE OF PEACE WHILE THAT MOSQUITO'S AROUND"

—*London Express*

He has been hampered by difficulties of every kind—official and otherwise, and progress is necessarily slow. In time, there is no doubt, he will complete his task with full satisfaction to everybody but himself. When he has completed his work there, he will likely be broken in health and strength. It is said that five years in Wall Street will unfit any broker for active life. What then of two years of South Africa? Even the Man of Iron will be broken. Kitchener, the great, the strong, the mighty organizer, the saviour of British North Africa and British South Africa, will—but stay! Napoleon and Wellington lived through some trying years, and perhaps Kitchener will too. Alas, there are cables and telegraphs now, and one year is as twenty.

The murder of Baron Von Ketteler



## A CLOUD IN HIS SKY



THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK: "YES, IT LOOKS A LITTLE THREATENING, BUT I HAVE SEEN IT JUST AS DARK BEFORE WHEN IT DIDN'T AMOUNT TO ANYTHING"

—*Toronto World*

apology. The difficulties—which may or may not have been correctly published—were eliminated diplomatically and Prince Chun presented the missive. The Kaiser received him at his new palace at Potsdam on September 4th. The Kaiser was in military uniform and remained seated during the severe interview. Prince Chun was received without bows or honours of any kind. In his reply the Kaiser said: "If in future His Majesty the Emperor of China governs his great Empire strictly in the spirit of international law, his hope will be fulfilled, the sad consequences of the troubles of the past year will be overcome, and once again permanent relations of peace and friendship will be established between Germany and China, relations which will prove a blessing to both nations and to the whole of civilized mankind."

has been diplomatically expiated. The Emperor of China sent a letter written on yellow silk to the German Emperor. The "great Emperor of the Ta-Tsing Empire," as he styles himself, "regrets most profoundly that Baron Von Ketteler came to so terrible an end, and we regret it all the more because our feeling of responsibility makes it painful to us that we were not able to take preventive measures before it was too late." The Emperor has ordered that a monument be erected on the spot where the murder took place, and cherishes the hope that the former feelings of friendship may be restored.

Prince Chun, the nearest blood-relation of the Emperor, bore this letter to Germany. At first there was a disposition to refuse the letter unless accompanied by the ignominious "kotow," and by a more severe form of

New York has a mayoralty election every two years, and another is soon due. Mayor Van Wyck's term is almost up. When Seth Low was a candidate for the office in 1894, a lawyer and pamphleteer named Edward M. Shepard was one of his strong supporters, and said: "I shall support Seth Low for mayor. I shall support him with thorough enthusiasm, though he is a Republican and I am a Democrat. . . . The Tammany ticket represents the most insolent and audacious, as well as the most reckless, assault we have yet known on the welfare of the greater New York and of the masses, and especially the less fortunate masses, of its people." The same Lawyer Shepard has received the Tammany nomination for the coming elec-

tion, and New York stands aghast. The *Sun* declares that Mr. Shepard has surrendered his good name for the sake of a chance to get office.

The Tammany organization seems to be so perfect and so powerful that ambitious men hesitate to remain inimical to it. The average American desires to win—because the average person applauds only the winner. The honest man who does not make millions, who does not win political battles, is a non-entity, a person to be overlooked and forgotten. This is even truer in the United States than in Canada. Consequently the ambitious man makes such alliances as he deems necessary to success without much considering the morality of the bargain. Mr. Shepard is a type of the class too common in the United States and not unknown in this country.

The Sampson-Schley official investigation has brought out one curious fact. The Spanish fleet reached Santiago harbor on May 19th, and Admiral Schley did not discover it until May 26th, showing that Schley had not been very successful or energetic in locating the enemy. Whether it was Schley's own fault, or whether it was due to the jealousy of some other offi-

cers who desired to have the honour of discovering and fighting the Spanish fleet, has not yet been made clear. It is quite evident, however, that the United States navy was not well organized, and that there was an evident looseness of discipline which marks the whole American system of administration.

It may interest Canadians to know that President Roosevelt's first book was entitled "The Naval War of 1812; or the History of the United States Navy During the Last War with Great Britain." It was published in New York in 1882, or two years after his graduation from Harvard. He has written an article on the Monroe Doctrine which appears in his volume (1897, Putnams) entitled "American Ideals; and other Essays, Social and Political." Altogether he has issued a half-dozen serious works in history and biography, notably his "Oliver Cromwell," three original works on hunting and ranch life, and a considerable number of essays. This is an excellent recommendation for a man barely twenty years out of college, sixteen of which have been spent in active public service.

## PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

THE power of bestowing Imperial honours is one of the features of the Royal visit which makes it a State visit. The list was announced before the Duke had done more than visit Quebec and Montreal. From this it is evident that the list was not prepared by him, and if revised by him, the revision could apply only to Quebec and Montreal. If the Mayors of Quebec and Montréal were omitted it may have been because the Duke was not fully impressed with the bearing of

these two gentlemen; but when the President of the University of Toronto was passed over and the Presidents of McGill, Queen's and Laval remembered, it could not have been the fault of the Duke. The weight of evidence and common sense, however, are in favour of the view that the Duke had nothing more to do with the list than to give a gracious assent. The list was, no doubt, compiled by the Governor-General, after taking the advice of the Premier. There can be little



doubt also that it was a compromise list. The Governor-General may have made nominations to which Sir Wilfrid objected; and Sir Wilfrid may have made nominations not acceptable to the Governor-General. Neither gentleman is in a position to affirm or deny this, so that the real truth of the case must remain concealed for some years.

The highest honours went to Lieutenant-Governor Jetté and Sir John A. Boyd, Chancellor of Ontario, who were given K.C.M.G.'s. Sir Louis Jetté once defeated Sir George Cartier in Montreal on the Confederation issue. That he now accepts knighthood shows that he has changed his mind about the value of Confederation to French Canadians, and that its success has won him from his opposition. Sir Louis and Sir Wilfrid were once fellow-students at L'Assomption, where Sir Louis was born, and it must have been pleasing to Sir Wilfrid to recommend the friend of his youth for such distinction. Previous to January, 1898, when he was appointed to his present office, he was a leading advocate and journalist, a lecturer on Civil Law at McGill, and a Judge of the Supreme Court of Quebec.

Sir John A. Boyd was educated at Upper Canada College and the University of Toronto. In 1881 he was made Chancellor of Ontario, and six years later President of the High Court of Justice. His reputation as an honest and dignified judge won him the honour of knighthood in 1899, and this additional distinction now.

Mr. Thomas G. Shaughnessy is made a Knight Bachelor, and is now Sir Thomas. He is of American birth, but has been connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway since 1882, having succeeded Sir William Van Horne as President in 1898. He is a great organizer, possessed of the clear and determined mind which can shape and control the destinies of a large financial corporation.

The rank of C.M.G. has been given to Dr. William Peterson, President of McGill University; Dr. G. Munro Grant, President of Queen's Univer-

sity; the Rev. Oliver Mathieu, Principal of Laval University; Mr. Joseph Pope, Under-Secretary of State; Mr. O. A. Howland, Mayor of Toronto; and Major F. S. Maude, Military Secretary to His Excellency the Governor-General. The appointments are all pleasing to the people with, possibly, the exception of the last named. Major Maude has had a trying task during the Royal visit, and he has been unsuccessful in pleasing everybody. Dr. Peterson has made a host of friends in Canada since his arrival from Edinburgh in 1895, to succeed Sir William Dawson at McGill. Dr. Grant, of Queen's, is an able and gifted educationist, whose Imperialism justified even higher Imperial honours. L'Abbé Mathieu is a worthy representative of the Quebec educationists. Mr. Joseph Pope has been in the Civil Service since 1878, was Private Secretary to the late Sir John A. Macdonald and edited his Memoirs, and has filled his present position since 1896. Mr. O. A. Howland is a son of Sir William P. Howland, a barrister by profession and a publicist by choice.



As the months roll along, the census returns are becoming more satisfactory. The population of Canada is larger than was estimated. But what does Canada intend to do about this slow growth of population? Are we to sit idly by for another ten years without seeking or devising a remedy for this trouble from which we are suffering? Why not have a Royal Commission to inquire into the whole matter, and see if some plan for increasing our population more rapidly cannot be formulated? The matter is urgent and important. A Royal Commission, composed of such men as the Hon. J. W. Longley, Senator Ellis, L. O. David, George Johnson, Dr. Grant, Lieut.-Colonel Denison, Premier Roblin, Premier Haultain, and Premier Dunsmuir would assuredly bring us some plan for future action. If our country requires advertising we should know it. If our immigration department is





SIR JOHN A. BOYD, K.C.M.G.,  
CHANCELLOR OF ONTARIO



SIR LOUIS JETTÉ, K.C.M.G.,  
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC



SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY, K.B.,  
PRESIDENT CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY



DR. WILLIAM PETERSON, C.M.G.,  
PRESIDENT MCGILL UNIVERSITY

RECIPIENTS OF IMPERIAL HONOURS

working on wrong principles, or is hampered by parliamentary niggardliness, it would be well to inform the public. If there be a lack of co-operation between the provinces and the federal authorities, some common plan of action might be devised. Surely the matter is deserving of prompt and thorough attention.



When estimating the progress of a country it is usual to estimate the growth of, 1. foreign trade; 2. population; 3. money in circulation. These are the three great tests used by the journalist, the politician and the statistician.

Yet there are other tests. The growth of fire insurance risks and of life insurance business are two of these.

In a recent issue of a Montreal financial journal, Mr. E. P. Heaton, Manager of the Guardian Insurance Co., points out the importance of fire insurance in relation to banking. The banks would make no advances on wheat, butter, lumber and other merchandise if they were not guaranteed against loss by the fire insurance companies. The banks and the commerce of the country are dependent upon the fire insurance companies for a solid guarantee. Mr. Heaton thinks the whole business of the country would stagnate if it were not for the fire and marine insurance companies. The conclusion may not be justified, but he makes his point very strong by presenting it so forcibly.

In 1869 there were twenty-five insurance companies doing business in Canada, and the insurance in force was slightly less than \$200,000,000. In 1900 there were thirty-eight companies, and the risk carried was five times as great as in 1869. When Confederation was formed, Canadians were paying about a million and a-half for fire protection, now they are paying over eight million. Is that not an index of growth? People would not pay fire insurance premiums if they had not property to protect.

Mr. Heaton further points out the growth of the life insurance business.

In 1869 there were twenty-two companies, and the insurance in force was about 55 millions. In 1900 there was one company less, and the insurance in force was sixteen times as great—559 millions.\* Is not this also an index of Canadian growth and progress? In 1869 we were paying only \$1,200,000 as insurance premiums for the benefit of our posterity; now we are paying over \$15,000,000 a year, or if we add the assessment companies, \$16,000,000.

One peculiar feature of these two classes of insurance is that in fire business Canadian companies have not been as successful as we might wish; while in life insurance Canadian companies control the large percentage of the business. In 1869 there were five Canadian fire insurance companies; in 1875, eleven; and now only nine. Twenty-one British and nine United States companies do business here.

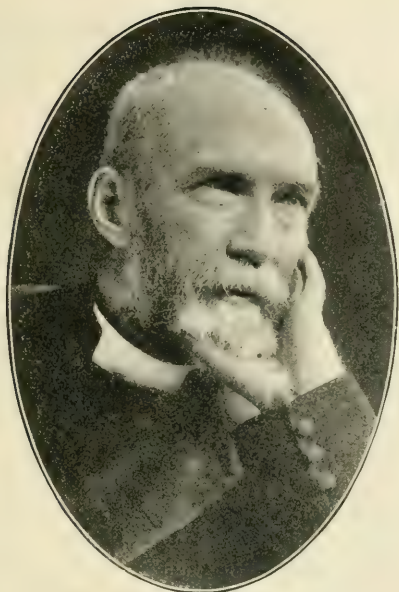
In life insurance the growth is all the other way. The *Bulletin* (Toronto) in a recent article shows that of the new policies issued in Canada last year, 55.9 per cent. were affected by Canadian companies,† and 44.1 by British and United States companies. In 1870 there was only one Canadian life insurance company, while in 1900 eighteen of them were doing business. The Canadian companies should be proud of this.

\* Mr. Heaton's figures are obtained by adding together the insurance carried by line companies, 431 million, and that carried by assessment companies, 128 millions.

† The following is a list of the chief of the Canadian companies:

Company.	President.	Manager.
Canada Life.	Hon. Geo. A. Cox.	E. W. Cox.
Confederation.	Hon. Sir Wm. P. J. K. Macdonald.	Howland.
Dominion.	James Innes.	Thomas Hilliard.
Excelsior.	David Fasken.	
Federal.	James H. Beatty.	David Dexter.
Great West.	Alex. Macdonald.	J. H. Brock.
Home Life.	Hon. Richard.	A. J. Pattison.
	Harcourt.	
Imperial.	* Hon. Sir Oliver.	F. G. Cox.
	Mowat.	
London.	John McClary.	J. G. Richter.
Manufacturers.	Geo. Gooderham.	J. F. Junkin.
Mutual of Canada.	Robert Melvin.	Geo. Wegenast.
National.	H. S. Howland.	R. H. Matson.
North American.	John L. Blakie.	Wm. McCabe.
Northern.	Hon. David Mills.	John Milne.
Royal-Victoria.	James Crathern.	David Burke.
Sun Life.	Robertson.	
	Macaulay.	

John A. Cooper.



DR. G. M. GRANT, C.M.G.,  
PRESIDENT QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY



LABBÉ OLIVER MATHIEU, C.M.G.,  
PRESIDENT LAVAL UNIVERSITY



MR. O. A. HOWLAND, C.M.G.,  
MAYOR OF TORONTO



MR. JOSEPH POPE, C.M.G.,  
UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE

RECIPIENTS OF IMPERIAL HONOURS





# BOOK REVIEWS

## GILBERT PARKER'S NOVELS.

WHAT are the qualities which have given Mr. Gilbert Parker's novels their place in current fiction? It is no inconsiderable place, and there is a host of other claimants for favour. We are inclined to think that a certain deep feeling and a dramatic force constitute the strongest elements in Mr. Parker's writing. Allied to these, and aiding them in no small degree, is his comprehension of the French-Canadian. In the new novel\* we find the scene laid once more in a small Quebec community where several types of the *habitant* lend picturesqueness to a tale which could easily have had a different background. In *Beauty Steele*, the brilliant lawyer, who bears another's sin and hides himself away from the world as a tailor in this remote Arcadia, we have a character who might have played his part anywhere. The cold and selfish woman, with whom he is uncongenially mated, believes him dead and marries again. He falls in love with Rosalie Evanturel, a pious and passionate maiden, who returns his affection. The situation is dramatic, therefore, since Steele cannot reveal his identity, cannot marry Rosalie, and struggles constantly against his tendency to drink. How he retrieves the past, wins the respect of the village, and lives forever a hero in Rosalie's heart is the purpose of the tale. The artistic sense saves the author from a commonplace ending. It is impossible with such materials to have other than

the tragic. But the Seigneur, the curé and the village gossips relieve the tension. We are deeply concerned with Charley's fate from the first to the last, and, on the whole, in several of the scenes Mr. Parker is at his best. The author explains that the "Right of Way" was written before he announced to the public in the dedication to his previous book that he would write no more of French-Canadian life and character.

28

## THE WASHINGTON WAY.

Canadians do well to keep an eye on new books dealing with the foreign policy of the United States. They are one means of knowing the trend of our neighbours' diplomacy. Mr. J. B. Henderson has written a bulky volume on the most important of outstanding diplomatic questions.\* He outlines in considerable detail the history of several issues in which Canada has a direct interest. The book, we imagine, is not intended to be controversial, and no doubt the author has been at some pains to be impartial. In the main—and we have confined our reading to the chapters on the Atlantic Fisheries, the Behring Sea dispute, and others in which Canada figures largely—the book is useful and informing. There are occasions, however, where the author has, it seems to us, fallen short of the standard that the writer of a work of this kind should strive to attain. In referring, for example, to the forged documents which formed part of the

\*The Right of Way: Being the Story of Charley Steele and Another. By Gilbert Parker. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

\*American Diplomatic Questions. By J. B. Henderson. New York: Macmillan & Co.

United States case, and had to be withdrawn from it when the Behring Sea Commission met in Paris, he says (page 37):

"Reliance has been placed in evidence afforded by certain Russian documents to establish Russia's prescriptive right to jurisdiction over the waters, and as a natural sequitur the similar American rights acquired by purchase. The testimony in question, upon closer scrutiny, was found to be false...."

This is not a candid statement. One might readily infer that the Russian evidence was false, whereas it was the United States translator who was at fault. Why is this not frankly admitted? There is also a distinct tendency to stigmatize British policy as "stubborn" and "stolid" because it did not at once abandon its ground at the demand of Washington politicians. There is an equally plain desire to defend the Washington view of things, and the barbarous law regarding the introduction of sealskin jackets is not condemned. In the Atlantic fisheries dispute, we are told, the "colonies vented their displeasure by an increased naval force to patrol their waters and terrorize American fishermen." Surely this is a childish way of describing a community's right to protect its in-



"THE FACE WAS THAT OF ROSALIE EVANTUREL"

ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE RIGHT OF WAY"

shore fisheries against poachers. In another place (p. 522), the *David J. Adams* and other American vessels seized for the clearest violations of the Treaty of 1818, are called "alleged culprits." They were either culprits or they were not. It is regrettable to find a work which has evidently involved much labour so faulty in tone as to



"STEADY, DOG-WOLF, STEADY," ADMONISHED SHAG, "THIS IS A FRIEND OF MINE."

ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE OUTCASTS"

maintain the American side of every question, except where an International Commission declares it to have been wrong.

28

#### NOVA SCOTIA ARCHIVES.

By the authority of the Nova Scotia Legislature a second volume of selec-

tions from the manuscript archives of the Province has been issued. The first volume was published, also at the expense of the Province, in 1868 by the Commissioner of Public Records, the late Dr. T. B. Akins, and is now a scarce book. The new volume \* is edited and arranged by Prof. MacMechan, of Dalhousie College, and contains documents chosen from the very oldest in the possession of the provincial authorities. There are three in all, two being letter-books of the governors of the colony, 1713 to 1742, and a commission book, 1720 to 1741. Some of the correspondence is calendared in the Canadian archives for 1894, but the present issue is fuller

and more interesting. The documents have been calendared with skilful intelligence by Prof. MacMechan, whose notes make the collection additionally valuable. A complete index has been given. The period covered by the cor-

\* Nova Scotia Archives Vol. II. Edited by Archibald M. MacMechan, Ph.D., Halifax, 1900



respondence is remarkable for the evidence it affords of the constant conflict between the English possessors of the colony and its Acadian inhabitants. The publication of these papers is creditable to the provincial authorities.

28

#### THE PORTER OF BAGDAD.

"Fantasies" is the name which Prof. MacMechan gives to the brief sketches collected together in this dainty volume.\* They are the product of a gifted and cultivated mind, and there is as much charm in the thoughts and pictures that have flashed through his brain as there is in the finished literary style in which they are imparted. That some of them are not in melodious verse is due to the author's decision, not to his lack of power. There is a fine sensibility and a facility of expression which could easily link themselves to rhyme and rhythm. Often, too, a flash of wit reveals a temperament that is distinctly human. For an hour's enjoyment, if you are in the mood, the book is well conceived.

28

#### KIPLING'S NEW BOOK.

In India Mr. Rudyard Kipling is thoroughly at home, and he possesses not only a perfect knowledge of the native races and the various religions of the people, but also the power of making us understand them. His new novel,† therefore, is as fascinating as any previous work from his pen. Kim, its hero, is a sharp-witted kind-hearted Irish boy, an orphan, who has been brought up amongst half-caste and no-caste natives, has seen the worst side of life, but stands out from it as much as white parentage can differentiate such a wicked and attractive little imp from the viler elements about him. Around Kim, with his hundred pranks, his cleverness, his courage, and his restlessness the whole story revolves. He

becomes the disciple or childish devotee of a picturesque old lama or priest from the mountains, who wanders about looking for a miraculous river, and who adores Kim. The lama is a pious and innocent old soul, in strong contrast to the wickedness about him. Kim's parentage as a white child being established he is, through the lama's munificence, put to school, and receives the education suited to the son of a British soldier. His remarkable acuteness marks him out for the Secret Service of the British Govern-



W. A. FRASER, AUTHOR OF "THE OUTCASTS"

ment. His training for this, and in fact every episode in the tale, brings us close to the marvellous complexity and mysticism of modern India. The whole theme is worked out by a master-hand. The glimpse one gets of the police system, its complicated and elaborate machinery for keeping the authorities in touch with native plots and threatened rebellions, is enough to suggest material for half a dozen novels. If this book were published anonymously it would be recognized, for its insight

\*The Porter of Bagdad, and other fantasies. By Archibald MacMechan. Toronto: Morang & Co.

†Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. Toronto: Morang & Co.

into the conditions of India, as the work of Mr. Kipling. Kim, after one or two minor exploits, successfully takes part in an affair of some moment in which Russian spies, travelling about the northern hills to make maps and glean information about the country, are deprived of their baggage and the labours of eight months. The innocent old lama expounds his simple creed at every stage of the story, and we leave him with Kim at the last in the hope that more will be heard of both. The unique illustrations by Mr. Lockwood Kipling, from clay models, are in keeping with the story.



"Tilda Jane"\* is not a title which the ordinary pursuer of literary fame would choose for a novel. It is the title Marshall Saunders has chosen for her novel, therefore Marshall Saunders cannot be ordinary. Her story "Beautiful Joe," won her much fame—but not literary fame. "Rose à Charlitte" brought her less fame, but the fame was nearer to being literary. "Tilda Jane" is not strong literature—it is the simple story of an orphan and two dogs. Those who love children and dogs will find it a magnificent story for boys and girls—a story which will hold their fancies and stir their better feelings. "Tilda Jane" will live in their imaginations while little, three-legged Sippie and big, beautiful Poacher will be to them real dogs. The breath of the book is nobility, although the author does not preach.



W. A. Fraser has done nothing better than his description of a buffalo hunt—the driving of the animals into "the jaws of a converging stockade." The swift Indian rider in front; a half thousand angry, frenzied buffalo behind; shouting Indians at the sides and in the rear; the cruel pit to which all are heading—this is wonderfully outlined by this strongest of all Canadian pen-artists. The whole book is a magnificent piece of work.

\*Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth; 287 pp.; illustrated.

Although not so ambitious as Mooswa "The Outcasts"\* is a title worth adding to the list. It is redolent of the prairie. A'tim, the Dog Wolf, and Shag, the outcast Buffalo Bull, tell many instructive tales and make many interesting journeys. The tale leads up to and ends with an explanation of how there came to be Buffalo in the spruce forests of the Athabasca Lake—a district far north of the habitat of the Buffalo of the West.

The illustrations by Heming are magnificently done—even better than the drawings which he did for "Mooswa." The buffalo pictures alone are worth the price of the book.



Ernest Seton-Thompson's volume, "The Lives of the Hunted," has just been issued by Morang. It contains five stories of animal life and three of bird life. The same publishers announce Crockett's new book, "Love Idylls;" F. F. Montresor's "The Alien;" Mrs. L. P. Heaven's "An Idol of Bronze;" Julia W. Henshaw's "Why Not Sweetheart;" Cyrus Townsend Brady's "The Quiberon Touch;" an illustrated edition of "Bob, Son of Battle;" a decorated edition of "John Foster," by Hamilton Wright Mabie; "Bird Portraits," by Ernest Seton-Thompson; "Bird Homes," by A. R. Dugmore, and "Bob, the Story of a Mocking Bird," by Sidney Lanier, and illustrated by A. R. Dugmore.



Dennis Edwards & Co. of Cape Town, have issued a handsome illustrated souvenir of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to that city. Its price is one shilling.



Knox Magee, the Canadian who wrote "With Ring of Shield," has a new book ready. "Mark Everard" is a romance of Charles II's time, but with less history than his former book. It will be issued in this country by McLeod & Allen, Toronto.

\*Toronto: William Briggs. Illustrated by Arthur Heming.



# IDLE MOMENTS



BEFORE THE CADİ.

"**M**ASHALLAH—God be praised!" said the cadı, as he settled himself comfortably on the carpet of justice; "I am glad that hot wave has passed. What is the first case on the docket, Mustapha?"

"The Christian Scientist who let his two young children die for lack of medical attention."

"The Christian Scientist! What is a Christian Scientist, Mustapha?"

"I do not know, oh, Fountain of Justice, except that they seem to be, for the most part, simple-minded purchasers of religious gold bricks sold to them by clever knaves who work on their credulity. It would be well, Highness, to ask the man himself."

The curtains were separated, and through them was thrust a weak-eyed, small-chinned individual, with woolly side-whiskers. He bore a resigned and martyr-like expression, as though he expected the worst and was glad because of it.

"So, slave, thou hast permitted thy two small children to die in agony because thou wouldst not permit them to receive the medicine which would have saved their young lives. What sayst thou?"

"It was not agony, oh, Fountain of Mercy, but an evil thought—nor are they dead; they have simply become one with the oneness of the one."

"Where didst thou learn this gibberish, son of Shitan?"

"From my mother."

"Who is thy mother?"

"Mary Baker G. Eddy."

"Well, thy mother, instead of teaching thee such foolishness, should have spanked thee soundly, with the idea of pounding into thy system the common sense thou lackest in thy head. Where didst thou first learn of this cult, slave?"

"From my wife, Sublime Highness. The blessed faith of self-absorption in the truthfulness of good came to me from her. She had been a believer and a buyer of books from our mother for a long time, and finally rescued me from error and brought me into the oneness of the them."

"And why didst thou do nothing to save thy children's lives?"

"Because I did not believe they were ill, but that they were suffering from error."

"So, in thy silly mind, thou hast dared to assume that thy delusion, or belief as thou callest it, would take the place of the castor oil which would have saved thy children's lives. Mustapha! Thou art justly entitled to any shekels Mother Eddy may have left in this fool's keeping. After thou hast secured them, see that he is fed, daily for the next three years on nothing but green apples and overripe cucumbers. Should he express any opinion of their effect on his system, let him be assured that what he experiences is not a pain, but an evil thought, or an error. And, by the way, let his fool wife be subjected to the same treatment. But, Mustapha, let not their books be taken from them. They have paid good prices for them and are entitled to all the comfort they can get out of them.—*Life*."



## A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

It was in a Pullman sleeper, and just across from the bachelor's berth was a handsome little woman and her three-year-old boy. Early in the morning the two were laughing and playing together, and the good-natured bachelor smiled to himself as he arose to dress. Suddenly a little foot peeped out from the curtains of the opposite berth, and, with a twinkle in his eye, the bachelor





HOW IT LOOKED.

BEGGAR.—“Sir, I am starving and have n't a penny to my name!”

CITIZEN.—“Huh! You're one 'o those guys that's been giving away his money before death, I suppose?”—*Puck.*

grabbed the plump toe and began: “This little pig went to market, this little ——” “That is my foot, sir,” said the indignant voice of a woman. The silence which followed could be heard above the roar of the train.—*Selected.*

#### THE SANCTITY OF CATS.

A Sunday-school teacher in Carthage, Ill., has a class of little girls, and it is her custom to tell them each Sunday of one little incident that has happened in the week, and request the children to quote a verse of scripture to illustrate the story. In this way she hopes to impress the usefulness of Biblical knowledge upon the little ones. One Sunday she told her class of a cruel boy who would catch cats and cut off their tails. “Now, can any little girl tell me of an appropriate verse?” she asked. There was a pause for a few moments, when one

little girl arose and in a solemn voice said: “Whatsoever God has joined together let no man put asunder.”—*Selected.*

#### CAUSE AND EFFECT.

“He's quite a prominent politician here, is he not?” inquired the visiting baron.

“Oh, no, he's a statesman,” replied the native.

“Well, what's the difference?”

“A statesman, my dear sir, is one who is in politics because he has money. A politician is one who has money because he is in politics.”—*Selected.*

#### HIS FEAR.

“An old South Lanarkshire farmer, who had led a very wild and dissipated life, was lying on his deathbed, and the parish minister was called in to see him. ‘Your career has been a very ungodly one,’ remarked the clergyman as he observed the anxious and perturbed look on the face of the dying man; ‘but do not give way to despair, my friend; there is hope for you yet, as I perceive that you are sensible of your offences against your Maker, and are afraid to meet Him.’ ‘Na, na,’ returned the old sinner, solemnly shaking his head; ‘it's no Him I'm feared for; it's the ither birkie.’”—*Selected.*

#### JUST ABOUT.

Uncle Jason (*at the seaside hotel*). —“What's the difference between the American and European plans, John?”

Galey—“Oh! About the same difference as between embezzlement and robbery.”—*Selected.*





FROM A DRAWING BY W. GOODP

## CHRISTMAS SHOPPING



# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVIII

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No. 2

## THE FAILURE OF THE PAN-AMERICAN.

*By the Editor.*



THE failure of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, different explanations will be given. The citizens of the Bison Town raised by popular subscription one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and spent it on a fair which has left them with a deficit of three millions. It may be that the illustrated newspaper, the picture-filled magazine, and the trade paper have made the World's Fair a thing of the past. When Chicago exhibited its White City to the admiration of the world, the daily newspaper was illustrated mainly with line cuts, the ten cent magazine was undiscovered, and the trade paper was in its infancy. Now these journals keep the world well posted with regard to inventions and progress.

Or the failure may be due to the fact that the Fair was organized and built in eighteen months—a period which is all too short in which to popular-

ize an idea throughout a continent. From Greenland to Patagonia is a far cry, and the man who would in eighteen months reach all those who live between must travel millions of miles and speak many languages.

Or the failure of the Exposition may be due to the fact that it was one huge advertisement. Every man who had something gaudy to advertise and had money enough to advertise it, went to the Pan, while the large manufacturer with higher ideals stayed at home. The proprietary article which is required in all households was met at every turn. Even the railway engines



CANADIAN BUILDING AT THE PAN



ONTARIO'S MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF FRUIT AT THE PAN

were displayed as advertisements, and not in such a way as to disclose the mechanical progress embodied in the latest types. The Pan was a country fair on a large scale, with the "fakes" enlarged to suit the occasion.

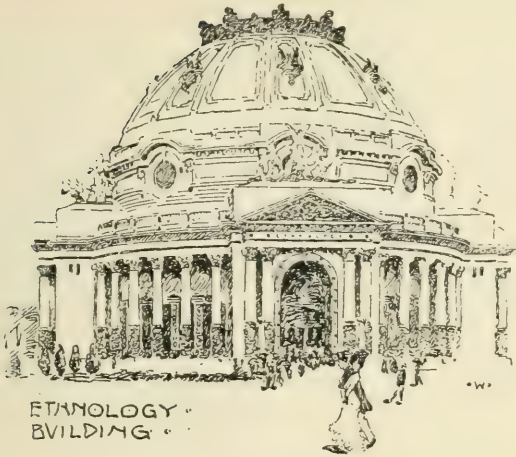
Before describing the most striking features of the Pan-American in detail, it may be well to glance for a moment at Canada's exhibit. One would suppose that when the Canadian authorities decided to have a building there they would proceed to collect for it all the evidences of our industrial, commercial and agricultural progress. They would be expected to write to our bookmakers and publishers for sam-

ples of their books and journals; to the boot and shoe manufacturers for samples of their products; to our cotton, woollen and carpet manufacturers for specimens of their handicraft; to our founders and machinists for examples of our iron and steel products, and so on. But that is just what the Canadian Commissioner did not do, in spite of the fact that all that such a display would have cost would be the transportation there and back. The Canadian building was a neat little home for Canadian visitors, with an exhibit of wheat and a case or two of stuffed animals. Our manufactures and our commerce were unrepresented.

Even Chili, which is far behind us in industrial and commercial progress, had a building and an exhibit such as Canada might have been expected to have. Her building contained boots and shoes, iron ores, electrical machinery, artistic household furnishings, and other evidences of industrial progress. Canada is supposed to be a great furniture manu-







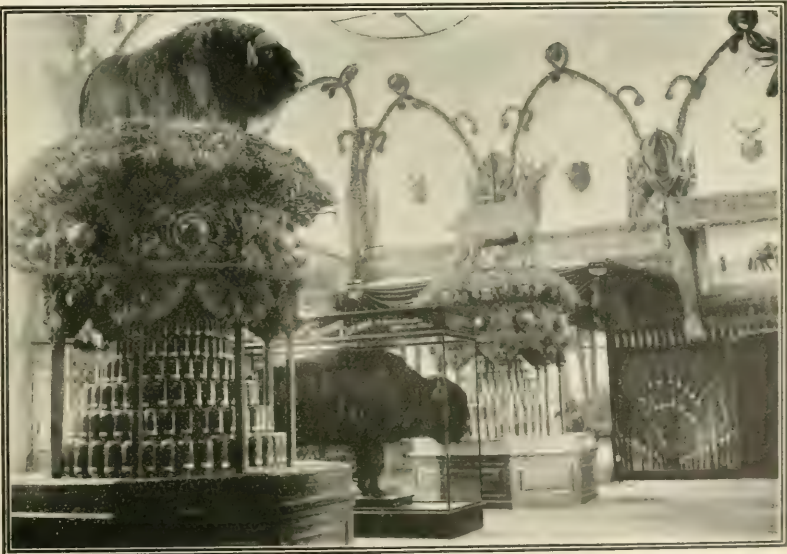
facturing country, but there was little of it in evidence. In the Chili building was a handsome chair, labelled: "Sold to Mr. —, of Toronto." What irony of fate!

The various provinces had some excellent exhibits scattered through the larger buildings, and the provincial Governments are to be congratulated. Ontario's exhibit of fruit, cheese, cattle, sheep, and minerals was excellent, and the Province will certainly be much benefitted commercially.

The idea of the Pan-American was to fittingly illustrate the marvellous development of the Western hemisphere. On the Propylæa was the wish "that the century now begun may unite in the bonds of peace, knowledge good will,

friendship and noble emulation all the dwellers on the continents and islands of the New World." Even the architecture of the building was a free treatment of the Spanish Renaissance as a compliment to the Latin-American nations. The idea was admirably conceived, and if all the countries of the New World had been adequately represented, both in exhibits and in attendance, the good accomplished would have been difficult of estimation. It is much to be regretted that the idea was not productive of greater success and more tangible results.

Nevertheless, in spite of failure writ large, the Pan-American must have considerable effect. It will strengthen the relations between American countries. It will influence the work of artists, painters and sculptors. It will influence the industrial and commercial future of the continent. It must raise Buffalo to a higher position among American cities. No one could enter by the Elmwood gate and wander through the Park side of the Exhibition to the Triumphal Causeway with its four Pylons, each



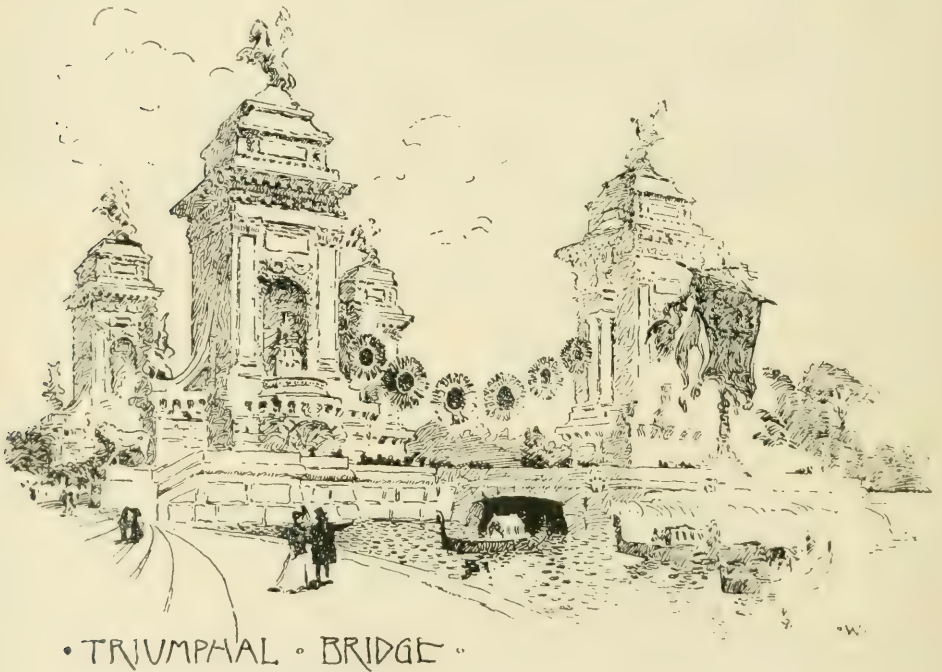
INTERIOR CANADIAN BUILDING AT THE PAN



surmounted by a huge equestrian statue, and each pair connected by festive garlands of shields and coloured flags, past the curved pergolas which connected the Pylons with the Esplanades, and reach the Court of Fountains with its magnificent buildings along each side and the imposing electric tower at the end, without realizing that system had guided genius in creating a magic fairyland. Nature and art were blended into a picture which must remain forever in each educated eye

a scheme of brilliant illuminations. The total height was 389 feet, and the square at the base was  $77\frac{1}{2}$  feet, while the colonnades had an extreme width of 255 feet.

When that tower was about to be illuminated each night, thousands of eyes were turned toward it. The lights about the Court of Fountains, along the Plaza and in the Sunken Gardens faded out. There was a momentary pall of darkness. Then a pale subterranean blue appeared in the water



• TRIUMPHAL • BRIDGE •

which saw it—a picture with an elevating influence.

The focus of the main group of buildings was the electric tower. The other buildings were purposely kept somewhat smaller in scale and less monumental in character in order to give the tower its full value. As this is the age of electricity, it was fitting that the tower should symbolize that feature of modern development. It was designed to afford an opportunity for a lavish display of electric power in the form of a majestic fountain and

niche and suffused the central fountain. It grew stronger. Pale pink began to show in the thousands of bulbs so artistically combined in the four brooches above the water niche. It spread over the tower, along the walks, over the buildings, along the eaves and ridges, steadily growing in strength and intensity. Finally the whole glory of the electric city bursts forth, and the greatest fairyland yet produced in this electric age is seen in all its dazzling, scintillating glory. The dull white and garish colours of the staff buildings,

the rough finish of the various statues, the cold barrenness of the Plaza are softened and warmed by the touch of an electric angel. The immortal war between man and nature has passed another stage; Niagara has been harnessed to glorify the work which man has produced for his own pleasure and education.

Just after the illumination one evening a visitor heard and records the following dialogue between an elderly

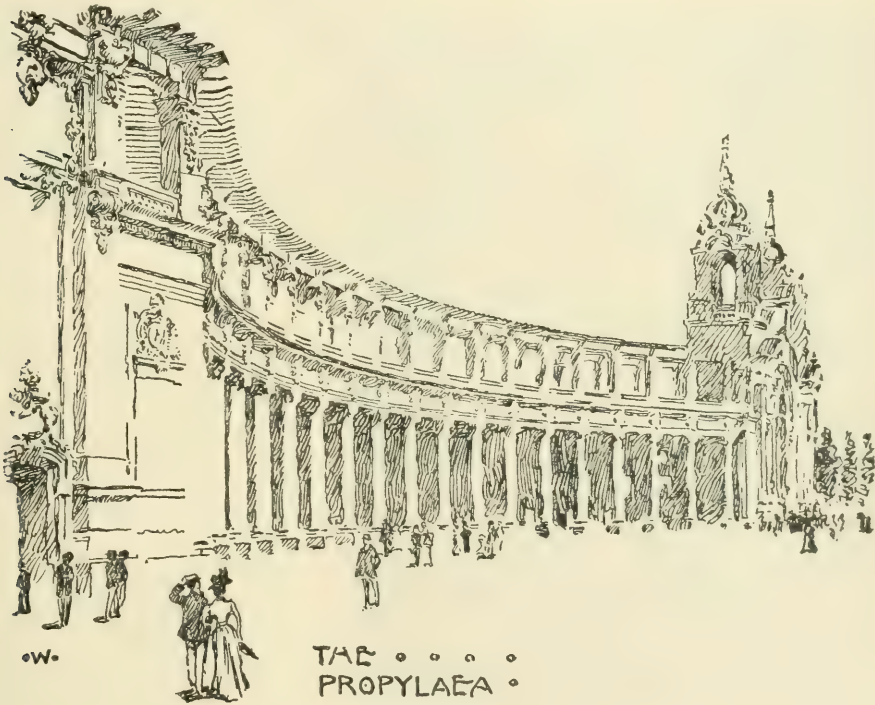
## INSCRIPTIONS FOR THE PROPYLÆA

## PANEL I

Here, by the great waters of the north, are brought together the peoples of the two Americas, in exposition of their resources, industries, products, inventions, arts and ideas.

## PANEL II

That the century now begun may unite in the bonds of peace, knowledge, goodwill, friendship and noble emu-



couple: "If we were to live another twenty-five years, what shouldn't we see?" said the man. Her gentle reply was: "You *will* see something like this—the golden city." The scene had elevated her thoughts until the glories of the illuminations merged and vanished in the imaginative glories of the city of her God.

One of the best features of the Pan was the carefully prepared inscriptions on the various buildings. These are worthy of a perusal, and were as follows:

lation all the dwellers on the Continents and Islands of the New World.



## INSCRIPTIONS FOR THE STADIUM

## PANEL I

Not ignoble are the days of peace, not without courage and laureled victories.

## PANEL II

He who fails bravely has not truly failed, but is himself also a conqueror.

## PANEL III

Who shuns the dust and sweat of the contest, on his brow falls not the cool shade of the olive.

INSCRIPTIONS FOR THE GREAT  
PYLONS OF THE TRIUMPHAL  
CAUSEWAY

(On the Pylons were statues of Courage, Liberty, Tolerance, Truth, Benevolence, Patriotism, Hospitality, and Justice.)



LYRIC MUSIC A YOUTH INSPIRED BY EROS, THE GOD OF LOVE, IS SINGING TO A MAIDEN.

## PANEL I

The spirit of adventure is the maker of commonwealths.

## PANEL II

Freedom is but the first lesson in self-government.

## PANEL III

Religious tolerance a safeguard of civil liberty.

## PANEL IV

A free state exists only in the virtue of the citizen.

## PANEL V

Who gives wisely builds manhood and the State—who gives himself gives best.

## PANEL VI

To love one's country above all others is not to despise all others.

## PANEL VII

The brotherhood of man—the federation of nations—the peace of the world.

## PANEL VIII

Between nation and nation, as between man and man, lives the one law of right.

## DEDICATORY INSCRIPTIONS

Agriculture Building.

## PANEL I

To the ancient races of America, for whom the New World was the Old, that their love of freedom and of nature, their hardy courage, their monuments, arts, legends and strange songs may not perish from the earth.

## PANEL II

To the scholars and laborious investigators who, in the Old World and the New, guard the lamp of knowledge, and, century by century, increase the safety of life, enlighten the mind and enlarge the spirit of man.

Machinery and Transportation Building

## PANEL I

To the great inventors and far-seeing projectors, to the engineers, manufacturers, agriculturists and merchants who have developed the resources of the New World and multiplied the homes of free-men.





LOVE RIDING ON A SNAIL

## PANEL II

To those who in the deadly mine, on stormy seas, in the fierce breath of the furnace and in all perilous places working ceaselessly bring to their fellow men comfort, sustenance and the grace of life.

Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building

## PANEL I

To the explorers and pioneers who blazed the westward path of civilization, to the soldiers and sailors who fought for freedom and for peace, and to the civic heroes who save a priceless heritage.

## PANEL II

To the prophets and heroes, to the mighty poets and divine artists, and to all the lightbearers of the ancient world who inspired our forefathers and shall lead and enlighten our children's children.

Electricity Building

## PANEL I

To those painters, sculptors and architects, tellers of tales, poets and creators of music, to those actors and musicians who, in the New

World, have cherished and increased the love of beauty.

## PANEL II

To the statesmen, philosophers, teachers and preachers, and to all those who, in the New World, have upheld the ideals of liberty and justice, and have been faithful to the things that are eternal.

The Pan differed from the Columbian Exposition most markedly in the use of colour in the buildings instead of a pure white city. The whole colour scheme was worked out under the direction of Mr. C. Y. Turner, who was chosen by the U.S. National Society of Mural Painters. The Triumphal Causeway, where the visitor passed from the Park side of the grounds to the Exhibition side, was treated in strong primary colours, suggesting the earliest state of man on



STANDARD-BEARER—PLACED ON EACH OF THE FOUR PYLONS OF THE TRIUMPHAL CAUSEWAY. HEIGHT OF HORSE, 33 FEET



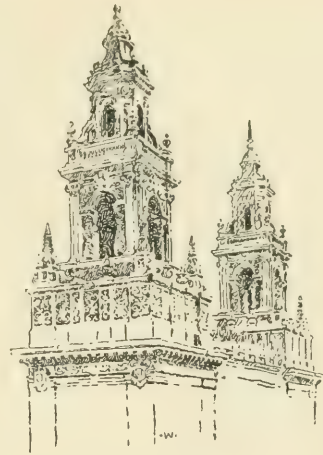
THE SUNKEN GARDEN BETWEEN THE ELECTRICITY AND THE MACHINERY BUILDINGS

one side and primitive nature on the other. As he advanced up the court into the Exposition, the colours were more refined and gayer, reaching a climax at the tower, which was the lightest and brightest. Thus, for the first time, a general scheme of colour was undertaken and carried out for an exposition. Mr. Turner has thus described his work :—

“The Horticultural group has orange as a basis for the colour of the body of the building. On the Government Building a warm yellow is used for the plain surfaces. For the Music Hall, I have used red, quite pure, as the foundation colour. On the Ethnology Building, golden orange. On the Machinery and Transportation Building, green as the basis. Opposite it, across the Court, the Liberal Arts Building is a warm gray colour. The Electricity and Agricultural Buildings are different shades of light yellow, while the Res-

taurant and entrances to the Stadium have a French gray as the basis, with a lighter shade of the same tint on the Propylæa. For the Electric Tower I reserved a light ivory. The buildings of the Sunken Gardens are of a darker shade of ivory. In the Horticultural group I have used blue and white largely in the ornamental portions of the panels, pilasters, spandrels, etc., relieved now and again by brighter shades of rose and deep yellow. The Government Buildings have a mild gray for the structural portions to relieve the yellow, and in this building, where it is possible, the green note is introduced in the sashes and doors; blue on the dome, and gold on the smaller domes. Blue-green is on the dome of the Temple of Music, and is repeated again on the Ethnology Building. On the Machinery and Transportation Building, red, yellow, and green are introduced in the great door-

ways and corner pavilions, and also are distributed through the towers, while blue and gold play a large part in the detail work of the Liberal Arts Building, especially on the ceilings of the colonnades and east and west entrances, and in the great pediments of the north and south entrances. The yellow of the Electricity Building is relieved by gray trimmings and green doorways which are elaborately enriched in their ornament by delicate shades of the prevailing tones used throughout the Exposition. The Agricultural Building is warmer, and there are blue, yellow and ivory, and stronger notes of red and green in the entrances. The Restaurants are ivory and French gray. The sashes and doors are painted green, and the minarets and pinnacles are tipped with gold. The Propylæan which curves across the north end of the grounds has a wide open arcade, the panels of which are enriched with brilliant red where white statues are placed, while the panels above are a bright yellow. The ceilings are blue, and the trellis above is made a strong violet hue. Violet occurs again at the entrances from the Railway Station through the great Arch. The Railway Transportation Building is in a French gray with green roof and ivory and gold trimmings, while the Stadium, one of the most imposing buildings of the Exposition, will be a light ivory-gray, with pale blue-green sashes and doors. The Tower, as I have said before, is a very light ivory, and is enriched in the capitols, brackets, finials, stars, pinnacles, etc., with gold, and is crowned with a gilded figure of the Goddess of Light.



TOWERS OF  
MACHINERY  
& TRANS'N  
BUILDING.

The panels have the brightest fresh blue-green we could make, and is intended to suggest the water as it curves over the crest at Niagara."

The Pan was a failure, and yet a glorious failure. The men who were connected with it, and of whose genius it was the result, have some things to regret, much to remember, and some pleasant memories to retain. If Canada ever has a national exposition, the lessons of the Pan will be useful. Not too much haste, not too much expenditure without justification, a greater permanency in building and decoration, more attention to exhibits which educate and interest, a greater attention to the processes which underlie modern development, and less freedom to the fakir, the hawker and the advertiser.





# The Yukon River Tragedy

By Henry J. Woodside



CHRISTMAS DAY, 1899, is the date of one of the greatest tragedies known to Canadian history, and the Yukon River was the scene of a most deliberate and cold-blooded crime. It occurred in a wild, sparsely-settled mining country, in the shade of the Arctic circle, at a point on the Yukon known as Pork Trail, which is near Fort Selkirk. This Fort is 175 miles south of Dawson, and 200 miles north of Whitehorse which is the terminus of the railway from the Lynn Canal to the Yukon River. The tragedy happened about half way between Whitehorse and Dawson at a time when the only communication between these two points was a lone telegraph wire and a long stretch of snow and ice.

The winter of 1899 came early, and many scows loaded with supplies, meat or machinery for Dawson and the Klondike Mines, had been stranded on bars or caught by the early ice to-

ward the end of October. The steamers had ceased running, so that most of these goods were placed on safe ground and "cached" or surrounded by log walls and covered by tarpaulins to keep off the snow. A watchman was in most cases placed in charge, but in some cases the cache was placed in charge of the nearest detachment of North-West Mounted Police. These detachments of two or three men are scattered along the trail at intervals of about thirty miles, and patrol to and fro between their posts. These caches were a temptation to the few loose fish who might be on the trail, and considerable stealing was done from them.

At intervals of from five to fifteen miles along the whole winter road are scattered comfortable roadhouses built of logs. At intervals along the bank of the river are scattered the camps or cabins of the woodchoppers cutting wood for the use of the steamers during the season of open navigation.

Minto roadhouse is twenty-four miles south of Fort Selkirk, and Hutchiku post, N.W.M.P., is about fifteen miles farther south of Minto. When the river closed up in November, a Mr. Powell and party began to sled freshly killed pork from his scows at Lake Laberge down the river toward Selkirk and Dawson.



THE MYSTERIOUS CAMP

Between Hutchi-ku and Minto he found an open place in the river and was obliged to abandon the ice for three miles and cut a trail overland. This trail was called the "Pork Trail," and in places ran close to the Dominion Government telegraph line between Whitehorse and Dawson.

On Christmas Day, 1899, three men, Clayson, Relfe and Olsen, started about 8 o'clock, a.m., from Captain Fussel's roadhouse at Minto, to go to Mackay's roadhouse, some miles past Hutchi-ku. Clayson was pushing a bicycle which he had ridden from Dawson nearly to Selkirk, and had broken the treadle. Bicycles are much used on the hard snow trails in Yukon. Clayson and Relfe had come from Dawson. Olsen was the line repairer for that section of the Government telegraph line. He was expected to have his dinner of roast turkey by invitation with Corporal "Paddy" Ryan in command of the detachment at Hutchi-ku. None of the three men were ever seen again alive. When the mail convoy reached Minto about 2 p.m., coming down from Mackay's, they had not met the travellers, much to Capt. Fussel's surprise.

Olsen's non-arrival for dinner surprised Corp. Ryan, and after a couple of days made him quite uneasy. Fearing that the repairer had fallen from a pole and injured himself, Ryan determined to search for him. It was customary but not imperative that a policeman should accompany the lineman, in case of accident. In his search for Olsen on the 31st December, Ryan traversed the Pork Trail. About midway along it he noticed a trail leading off over the flats toward the hills. Connecting this trail with certain disappearances from caches on the river, he followed it six hundred yards, and found a camp composed of low log walls covered with a canvas roof, the whole about eight feet square. It had evidently been occupied by two men, considering the double bunk and outfit of dishes for two. He noticed a rifle in a case suspended from the ridge pole.

He reported his discovery at the

post that night, and learned that it was thought that two other men had disappeared from the trail. A watch was set on the tent, but no occupant appeared. A further search in it revealed a small pile of canned goods marked "McKay Bros., Dawson," evidently taken from a cache on the river near the northern end of the Pork Trail. The Winchester rifle was found to be 40-82 calibre. A bag of ammunition for it was found, and also a pair of pincers or telegraph pliers, a file and a knife. These were afterwards identified as being the property of Olsen.

And now began a search which lasted for months. News of the mysterious disappearance of Clayson and his companions was wired to his brother at Skagway, on the Lynn Canal, and in February, McGuire, a United States detective of note, arrived to assist the police. Inspector Scarth, a

clever young officer of the N. W. M. P., who has since received a captaincy in the South African Constabulary, was sent from Dawson to take charge of the search. It was prosecuted most actively during the months of March and April. Day after day the searchers crept around on their hands and knees sifting the fine snow between their fingers around the deserted tent, and along a new hidden trail near the

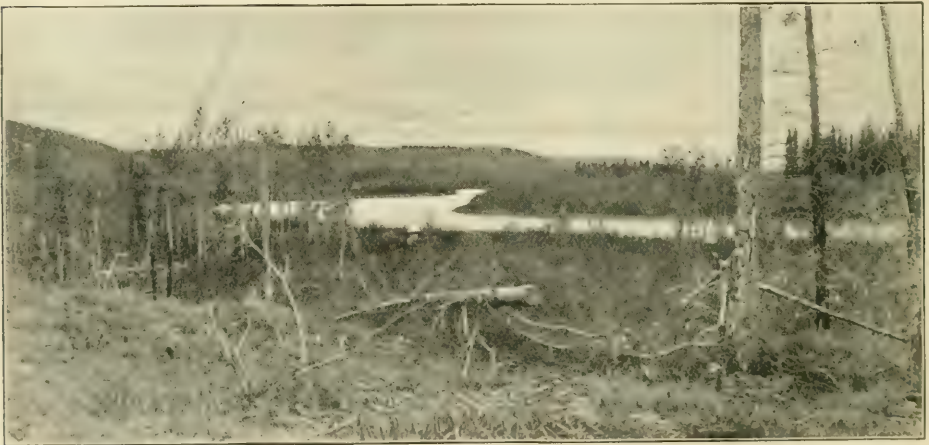


CLAYSON AND HIS BICYCLE

river bank, where evidence of shooting had been found.

The ashes of the sheet iron stove were found to contain moccasin eyelets and buttons. Among the ashes of a bonfire outside the tent were found charred pieces of clothing and iron buttons. Around this fire in a semi-circle at various distances, as if a man had stood and thrown them, were found buckles, keys of safe drawers, an oil bottle, pieces of an electric belt, and a pearl-handled penknife. The buckles were found among the brush of a windfall forty yards from the fire. The oil bottle and electric belt were identified as the property of Olsen.

tion to a lookout point, and in the other to the top of a cut bank forty feet high, where there was an open place in the river into which tell-tale objects could be thrown. The people who had occupied the now deserted hut had cut down some trees at the "lookout" so that they were able to command a good view of the river. They could mark the coming of any person from Dawson and note whether he branched off on the Pork Trail or came along the ice. In either case he had to pass close to one of the branches of the concealed trails which connected the lookout, the cut bank at the river and the hut.



THE LOOK-OUT—THE TREES WERE CUT DOWN HERE BY THOSE WHO LIVED IN THE MYSTERIOUS CAMP IN ORDER TO GET A CLEAR VIEW OF THE YUKON RIVER

The pearl-handled knife and safe drawer keys were easily proved to be the property of Clayson. One of these little articles was found in the tangled grass of a "nigger head" or lump of earth. Most of the articles were found when the snow was going off in the spring.

In the meantime the detectives had discovered a system of trails cleverly marked so as to attract no attention from any one except those using them. One led back from the river bank at a point where the ice trail ran within thirty feet of it, to other intersecting trails, leading in one direc-

It seemed quite clear that people with evil intent had camped there and had waited for victims. Three men had disappeared. Were they victims of those who had lived at that now deserted hut? The articles found around the hut clearly indicated that the clothing of the missing men or some one of them had been buried there.

But it was on the short trail running back from the low bank of the river that the most gruesome finds were made. Here under the upper snow there were pools of frozen blood. If the three men were murdered there,



why had they left theriverice? Were they compelled at the point of a rifle to leave the safe and open trail? Bullets were found in the trees; empty shells were picked up in the snow; a receipt in the name of Olsen for a meal at Minto was discovered; and numerous other articles and evidences of the tragedy or calamity which had marred that Christmas Day.



TOP OF THE CUT BANK ABOVE THE RIVER

What had become of the bodies of these men if they had been murdered? Evidence pointed to their having been dragged to the cut bank and thrown down on to the river ice. Was the ice cut and were the bodies forced down into the cold waters? It was the only explanation. Some shallow places in the river were uncovered but no lodged bodies were found. A water glass was used without result.

During the month of June, or a few weeks after the ice had gone from the river, the Yukon yielded up her dead. They were found one after the other at different places below Minto, in shallows and on gravel bars. The cold water had preserved them remarkably well, and the friends of the murdered men were able to easily identify them. Clayson and Relfe were found to have been shot through the breast and head. Olsen was shot through the head and had his

skull crushed. His body was the last recovered and the face was disfigured. He was identified by the formation of his teeth, and the fact that he never had more than fourteen teeth in each jaw, instead of the regulation number, sixteen, a fact he had discussed with a policeman.

The arms of each as well as their sweaters or knitted shirts were turned up over their heads, showing that their clothing had been carefully rifled by the ghouls. The clothing on the men were identified, particularly a pair of



THE CUT BANK ON THE YUKON

cavalry trousers that Relfe wore. The broken bicycle is possibly at the bottom of the river. No doubt the confederates drew the bodies from the slaughter trail to the open space after night, and threw them into the water. The extra clothing carried by their victims was drawn to the tent, and after being carefully searched and the lining ripped open, was burned at the bonfire outside.

Three men had been murdered. Who were the murderers? In November and December two men had been seen singly or together, and at different times on the trail south of Fort Selkirk. Mr. Powell, who cut the Pork Trail had seen one of them, and two of his men had visited the cabin and seen the two men. A policeman had also visited them. A Mr. and Mrs. Prather, going down from Dawson to Whitehorse, had travelled over the Pork Trail by mistake on December 27th. They were confused and not sure whether they were on the right trail. They met a man who was also lost, so he said. This man travelled with them for some days, and though pretending to be poor, Mrs. Prather saw him by the light of a lamp counting a large roll of bank notes while sitting in his sleeping-bunk.

Later, this same man, with his yellow dog, turns up at Whitehorse with a team of horses and a pair of bob-sleighs. He wants to engage in freight business, but is refused permission by the superintendent of the railway who controls the only road. He then starts off for Tagish. One night he gets permission to stable his horses in an unfinished police stable. The robe on his sleigh attracts the attention of the police, to whom he was known as "O'Brien," and by order of Major Wood he is placed under surveillance until Dawson is communicated with, and his story of its issue to him is confirmed by wire. But the name is familiar at police headquarters, and a few hours later a telegram comes to Tagish that O'Brien is wanted on a charge of steal-

ing. That will hold him for the present.

In the meantime the individual has gone back to the Indian roadhouse with a damsel called "Dawson Jenny," and prepares to spend the evening at her cabin. When the dogs announce the coming of some one he asks Jenny to blow out the candle, as it attracts the attention of the dogs. The two policemen pass by to the roadhouse, and then return to the cabin, which they enter, after taking the precaution of getting one of Jenny's Indian friends to tell her to open the door, so that O'Brien will not understand. They find O'Brien sitting behind the stove, arrest him and take him back to the post.

When he and his effects are searched, a considerable list of articles are found in his possession. Among them are a 30-30 calibre Winchester rifle, two 41 calibre Colts revolvers, and plenty of ammunition for the same. On his person was found a pair of silk gloves. The money found on him only amounted to fifty dollars. It was during a later search of his effects, after McGuire's arrival, that the heel pads on his German socks were ripped off, and, underneath them two \$100 bank-notes were found.

The prisoner, to account for the money, claimed that it was part of one thousand dollars sent in, or returned to him by a brother on the outside. He also admitted having taken some goods from caches. He was taken under strong guard to Fort Selkirk, where, after a preliminary hearing on the charge of stealing, he was sent on to Dawson.

Was O'Brien the murderer of the three men, and where was his companion known as Graves? George O'Brien was born in England, and served a sentence there for murder. Nothing more of him is known until he made proposals at Juneau to a miner to go into the highway business in Yukon. He was a short, jaunty, dark-complexioned man, and nervy, in the sense that he did not appear to have any nerves. He was always ready to use a firearm. He was given



a term in jail in Dawson for stealing in 1898, broke jail during that winter, and was recaptured a little below Dawson, after having tried to use his rifle; was given six months extra for jail-breaking, and being released in September, 1899, went up the river. Graves, his companion in crime, had been a fireman on one of the numerous river steamers, and was a small, sandy-complexioned man with freckled face. Graves was never seen after O'Brien started up the river from the scene of the Christmas tragedy. He may have gone down the river into Alaska, but no trace of him has ever been found.

Detectives who visited Alaskan camps since could not find him, though some people have thought that they had passed him and his black dog on the trails.

During the long interval between O'Brien's arrest and trial he was held first on the charge of stealing, and later, on the charge of murder, being up for examination several times. But neither he nor the public learned any of the

proofs in the possession of the police except some that developed at the inquest on the bodies, until the guilty man was confronted with a mass of evidence of which he never dreamed. Dawson has three live daily newspapers, but the police and the crown prosecutor kept their peace well, and the success of the case is largely due to that. Nothing of all the circumstantial evidence already outlined in this article was reported until the trial.

O'Brien made little or no effort to hasten the trial. He thought no doubt that time was in his favour, as it would be almost impossible to have the wit-

nesses kept together or available, and that was the difficulty the prosecution laboured under. Witnesses were averse to be bound over for an indefinite period. Mr. Prather had business at Nome, and went down the river in a small boat, but Mrs. Prather was not so fortunate. She had taken her passage on one of the lower river steamers. The police became aware of it and she was taken off under a formal summons as a witness. She was kept in Dawson during the summer, and on her giving her word of honour to return when required she was allowed to spend the winter in her California



POLICEMAN SEARCHING ALONG THE TRAILS AND AMONG THE  
"BLAZED" TREES

home. She proved to be a valuable witness for the crown.

The trial opened on the 10th of June, 1901, and lasted for twelve days. In Yukon Territory only six jurors are necessary to try a case. An excellent jury, representing by birth, Canada, Australia and the mother country, was selected in a couple of hours. Mr. Justice Dugas, chief justice of Yukon Territory, and a Montreal jurist of repute, presided over the court. The prisoner was defended by Mr. Bleeker. Mr. Fred C. Wade acted for the crown. The prisoner was in charge of Sheriff Eilbeck and of the N.W.M. Police.





THE PRISONER O'BRIEN AS HE APPEARED AT FORT  
SELKIRK

The case attracted wide interest. Unfortunately the new court house at Dawson was not completed, and the old log one was jammed to suffocation, while the open windows were filled with listening heads. The proceedings were conducted with the quiet but impressive dignity of a British court of law. The prisoner, although believed to have committed an atrocious crime was given a fair trial, and the benefit of the doubt when doubtful evidence was concerned.

There were nearly one hundred and fifty exhibits arranged on a table, which looked like a combined museum and arsenal. The prisoner was always under the eye of two red-coated policemen, armed and ready. Some seventy witnesses had been gathered, but as the court sustained

the objection of the prisoner's counsel against his being tried for all three murders at once, only half of them were available, or those who could give testimony

regarding Relfe, whose death was selected by the crown as the basis of the prosecution. As the three travelled together the day of the murder, and were presumed to be murdered together, it followed that most of the circumstantial evidence collected by the crown was used.

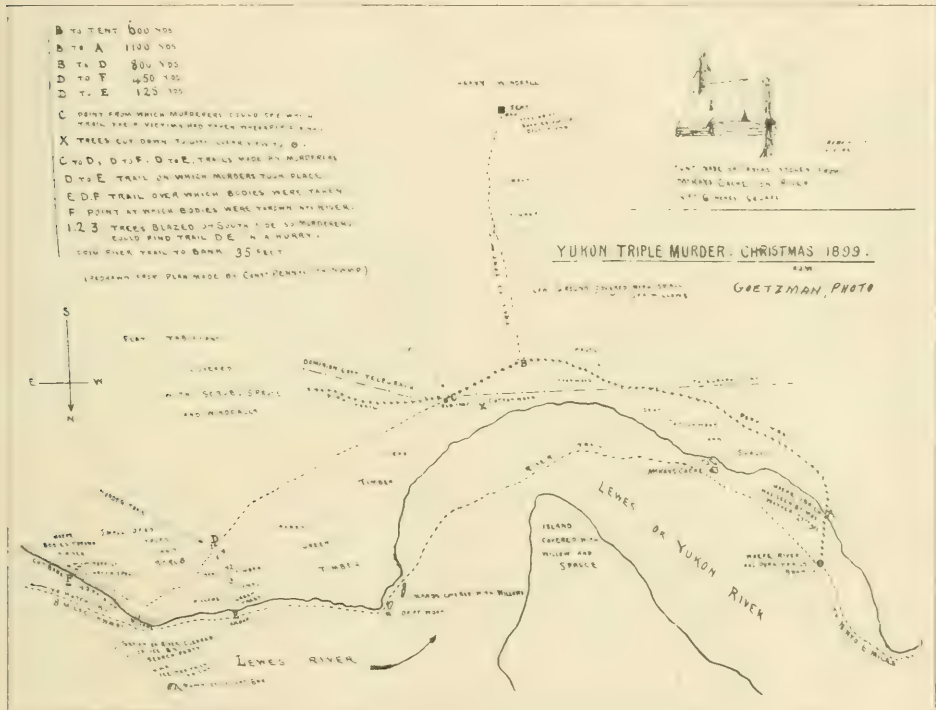
"Kid West," a young burglar serving a five year sentence in the Washington State Penitentiary, was the most interesting witness. He was



DAWSON'S OLD COURT HOUSE AT THE TRIAL NEW COURT  
HOUSE BEYOND

loaned by the Washington authorities, from which state Clayson hailed, to the Canadian authorities. He had served a sentence in Dawson for stealing during the winter of 1898-99, and had met and talked with O'Brien while there. O'Brien made a proposition to him to establish on the winter trail when they got out, hold up people and throw their bodies into the river. West was opposed to murdering people as he held

not quick enough. While the policemen were turning his sled around, one of them cut a gash in his hand on a sliver projecting from the handle of the axe. The sliver was cut out later, and the scar on the handle remained. When O'Brien was liberated, the axe and the sheet iron stove, which was afterwards found in the tent, were returned to him. When the confederates were perfecting their lookout place near Pork Trail,



MAP OF SCENE OF THE YUKON RIVER TRAGEDY

that, if discovered, it jeopardized the burglar and highway profession.

Among the exhibits a double-bitted axe was the chief. It was found under the snow near the tent. It was recognized by the police as the property of O'Brien. When he escaped from jail in 1898, he was recaptured just below Dawson by two policemen. O'Brien was sitting on his sled, with his rifle across his knee. The police, in civilian clothes, passed him, then turned suddenly and sprang on him. O'Brien made an effort to use his rifle but was

they cut down twenty-seven trees to get a good view, and the stumps of many of these trees were sawn off and shown in court. The nicks in the blade of the old axe could be readily fitted to marks on the stumps, and the work too was the work of amateur choppers like the pair.

It was proved the crown of a tooth found in the snow under one of the blood patches fitted on the top of a tooth taken from Relfe's recovered body—the deadly bullet had broken it off. It was shown that two trees

standing close to the camp had been used to chain up two dogs. Big yellow dog hairs were found under one and O'Brien's yellow canine companion was proved to be the owner. The detectives had taken the dog near the site and bidden him sharply to go home. The experiment worked well, the dog being found later lying under this particular tree, where he desired to remain. Capt. Fussel, in charge of the nearest roadhouse, testified to having seen smoke from the cabin on December 26th. Splinters of skulls were found near the places where the men had been shot. Combs, cigars, pocket pieces, gloves, rifles, pliers and bullets, all added their testimony.

The combined circumstantial evidence went to show that after sighting the approaching party from the lookout, and having got into place on the short trail, one of the murderers remained concealed, while the other, presumably Graves, went down on the river trail and compelled the three at the point of his rifle to climb the bank. Then one of the party had given the word to run for it, or else the murderers opened fire because the unfortunate men started to scatter in different directions. But their flight was short. Graves, standing midway up the low bank, put a bullet from his 40-82 Winchester through Clayson's body before he got twenty feet from the edge of the bank, on the right side of the trail, as he ran for a thicket. It was known that Graves stood midway up the bank, because an empty shell from his rifle was found where he stood, and the trace of his bullet was found in a tree

nine feet from the ground some distance beyond and in line with the spot where Clayson fell. Experiments with a rifle and target proved the fact.

Relfe got about forty feet away on the opposite side of the trail when he fell with a bullet through his heart.

Olsen, a powerful Swede, was evidently met by O'Brien, who used his revolver on him without effect at first. Eventually he was shot or beaten down, as he had a bullet wound through his head, which was terribly crushed, and the skull fractured. Several of his ribs were also broken.

To make sure of their work, Relfe and Clayson were shot through the head as they lay on the ground.

Constable Pennycuik, the able N.W.M.P. detective, had drawn a set of plans of the river and trails, and the location of the finds, that were much praised for their clearness. Corporal Ryan, a clever amateur photographer, made a set of views of the locality. By means of these and the accompanying directions, the judge and jury understood the locality as if they had been over it.

After all the evidence was in for the crown, the defence did not offer any in rebuttal. After the addresses by the counsels, and the judge's charge, the jury spent two hours in carefully going over the evidence, and then brought in a verdict of "Guilty." O'Brien did not apparently manifest any concern then, nor when the judge sentenced him to be hanged on the 23rd August, 1901. His real name is not known, and he is believed to be a Cornishman.





# Christmas Games in French Canada

By J. Macdonald Oxley



NO people enter with keener zest into their social enjoyments than do the light-hearted folk of French Canada, and as may be readily supposed the special season for such innocent gaiety is the Christmastide when they celebrate Noël with a joyous fervour not to be outdone elsewhere.

For the merry meetings that then while away the long winter evenings, besides the lively dance, or the more sedate game of cards, they have a number of games which they play with great vivacity, and from which they derive abundant amusement.

## LA GEOGRAPHIE.

Thus there is "La Geographie" whereof the manner of playing is as follows :

Each player has paper and pencil, and all take seats in a row, or better still, in a semi-circle. The head of the line then calls out, say, "Countries—Asia," and at once writes "Asia" at the top of his paper, the other players imitating his example. The player next to him must then before ten is slowly counted call out the name of another country whose initial letter is the same as the final letter of "Asia." Suppose he or she calls out "America." Very good; "America" is jotted down, and now the third player has to call out a country whose name begins with A. After some thinking "Africa" suggests itself. All right; down goes "Africa," and still the demand is for a country beginning with A. But the fourth player introduces variety by calling out "Afghanistan," so that number five has to seek a country

beginning with N. Happily "Norway" soon comes into the mind, although it leaves an awkward nut for number six to crack.

Thus the game proceeds, the penalty for failure to supply a name or town being whatever may be agreed upon—a forfeit, being sent down to the foot, etc. Cities, rivers, mountains, etc., may be treated in the same way, or if the players find it too difficult to confine themselves to one geographical feature the whole field of geography may be thrown open, the only requirement being that each new name should begin with the last letter of the preceding one.

## LA MAIN CHAUDE.

Of a more lively kind is "La Main Chaudé"—the warm hand—a suggestive title, whose complete appropriateness will appear from the following description :

One of the players takes his seat in a chair. Another is blindfolded, and, either kneeling down before the sitter or simply bending forward, as he may prefer, rests his head on the other's knee. Behind his back, with palm outstretched, he holds his right hand. The game is now ready to begin.

The other players range themselves round the blindfolded one whose palm lies so temptingly open, and in turn give his hand a smart slap with theirs. It is the business of the unfortunate wight thus being slapped to guess who strikes him, the sitter determining the accuracy of the guess, and the instant he guesses correctly, the person whom he has thus found out takes his place, and the game proceeds.

When not too roughly played a great deal of fun may be had out of "La Main Chaudé," but of course such undue violence must be guarded against as is illustrated in the famous French picture which represents a lot of monks diverting themselves with

this lively game. The blindfolded victim is evidently a novitiate, and a great coarse monk with a cruel grin upon his bloated countenance is just about to smite the extended hand with his heavy wooden sabot, while a gentle-faced brother is lifting his hand in shocked protest. It is a powerful picture, and a good lesson against cruelty in itself.

#### THE GIRLS' GRAND LODGE.

Not without its spice of malice, and yet after all harmless enough in its way, is "The Girls' Grand Lodge of Oddfellows."

In this the girls take entire possession of the parlour, placing a guard at the door to prevent any male intruder from surreptitiously effecting an entrance. The boys are then permitted to offer themselves one at a time in the alphabetical order of their names for initiation into the lodge. Let us suppose that Arthur Anderson is the first candidate. On being admitted into the mysterious parlour he finds the girls standing in a semi-circle at the farther end of the room with the piano stool in front of them. There is an inside guard, who conducts the candidate to this stool, and, seating him thereon, proceeds to blindfold him with one large handkerchief, and to tie his hands behind his back with another. She then announces that one of the smiling semi-circle, taking advantage of his helpless condition, will venture to testify her regard for him by kissing him upon the cheek, and if he is able to guess which one of them it is he has the privilege of returning the salute.

Of course so tempting an inducement is quite sufficient to cause the candidate to sit as still as a statue, with pulses throbbing expectantly, and ears attent for the approach of the ruby lips toward his cheek. There is much suppressed giggling and then amid a rustling of skirts, which however, betrays nothing, a soft warm kiss is gently but firmly planted on the candidate's cheek.

The next moment the bandage is removed from his eyes, and he eagerly

wheels around—to find the girls standing precisely as they were before, and doing their best to control their merriment. Three guesses are allowed him by the guard as to the identity of the one who gave him the kiss. He does his best, but without success, and is told to take his stand at the other end of the room, and see how succeeding candidates fare.

Bob Burns is next admitted. He is seated, blindfolded, handcuffed, and given the same directions as his predecessor. Then to Anderson's mingled amazement and chagrin the secret is revealed. Out from behind the row of laughing young ladies appears a *little boy*, who under cover of their giggling and rustling creeps up to the unsuspecting candidate, and gives him the kiss which he fondly imagines comes from feminine lips. And thus candidate No. 1 finds consolation in the befooling of candidate No. 2, and the fun proceeds until all the boys have been initiated.

#### SCHOOL TEACHER.

In the game called the "School Teacher" there is larger field for the exercise of one's wits, and if properly played it is very bright and entertaining. The players seat themselves in a semi-circle, with the exception of one who is the Teacher. They are numbered from the top down to the bottom, and each one must be careful to remember his or her number. The Teacher then standing before them so that all may hear distinctly says something like the following: "This morning shortly after school opened, No. 3 reported to me that No. 5 has pinched her." On this accusation being announced No. 5 should at once jump up and say: "Not I, Sir" (or Ma'am) as the case may be. "Oh! yes it was *you*," retorts the Teacher. Whereupon No. 5 should immediately reply: "No, Sir, Not I, Sir—No. 6," or any other number of a player. Then No. 6 has to reply exactly as No. 5 has done, using the precise words each time, or in default thereof being compelled to change places with the Teacher, who

takes the lowest chair while all who were below the one who missed move up one chair, and of course at the same time take a higher number.

Only the words stated, viz: "Not I, Sir" and "No, Sir, Not I, Sir—No.—" can be given in reply to the accusation (which by the way should always relate in some way to school doings) the slightest deviation being punishable by having to exchange with the Teacher.

It is of course the ambition of each player to work up to No. 1, and it consequently happens that Nos. 1, 2 and 3 are the most frequently assailed, while the lower numbers are simply spectators, but there is plenty of fun for all if the game is smartly played, and it should always be the object of the Teacher for the time being to make the accusation as mirth-provoking as possible.

LAWYER.

A still livelier and perhaps somewhat more difficult game is called the "Lawyer," and this is the fashion of it:

The players are seated in two rows *vis à vis* with the exception of the one who enacts the part of Lawyer, and he (or she) walks up and down the middle, eyeing the others critically in order to select a good subject for cross-examination. Suddenly he fires a question at

one of the players, and then the *vis à vis* of the person thus attacked must at once make some sort of a relevant reply. This response may be as ridiculous or as serious as the framer of it sees fit, but it should have a perceptible connection with the question, and it cannot be merely "Yes" or "No."

If the player questioned attempts to answer, or the *vis à vis* hesitates unduly, the player, or the *vis à vis* exchanges places with the Lawyer, who is then released from further cross-examining, which duty has to be assumed by the other.

This is a game that calls for presence of mind, and alertness of wits in an especial degree, and only requires that the players should give their whole attention to it to be made highly enjoyable. Personal questions of an annoying character are of course debarred. By bearing in mind that the answer has to be given by the *vis à vis* and not the player addressed, the Lawyer may often by a sly question add an extra spice to the merriment.

The foregoing games, being free from all objectionable features, may be commended to the attention of hostesses who hold scruples against cards and dancing. They will be glad to find in these simple French-Canadian games the means of entertaining their guests in a spirited and pleasing way.



THALIA.

THE glory of the night was in thine eye,  
 And thou wert fair beyond my wildest dream ;  
 Strayed round thy brow the full moon's mystic beam ;  
 An echo found the soft wind in thy sigh.  
 Did'st thou not hear my spirit's longing cry?  
 Nor see within my heart the love-lights gleam ?  
 Ah, thou did'st see ! And seeing did'st but deem  
 My heart's out-cryings vain, that were so high.  
 Lonely the way and far the shadowed goal—  
 No helping hand to ease me of my woe :  
 Gone is the warmth of love from out my soul ;  
 The blood within my heart is beating slow—  
 For all the road is weariness and dole  
 To such as on life's journey loveless go.

F. W. Erol.





## A CHRISTMAS ODE.\*

(From the German of Friedrich Rückert.)

IN Bethlehem the Lord was born  
Whose birth has brought us life and light,  
On Calvary that death of scorn  
He died, that broke Death's cruel might :  
I wandered from a western strand  
And sought through many an Eastern land,  
Yet found I greater nought than ye,  
O Bethlehem and Calvary !

Ye wonders of the ancient world,  
How hath your pomp been swept away,  
And earthly strength to ruin hurled  
By power that knows not of decay !  
I saw them scattered far and wide,  
The ruined heaps on every side ;  
But lowly glory still I see  
Round Bethlehem and Calvary.

Ye Pyramids are but a tomb  
Wherein did toiling mortals build  
Death's utter darkness ; 'tis His gloom,  
Not peace, wherewith your depths are filled.  
Ye Sphinxes, to the world of old  
Could Life's engima ne'er unfold ;  
'Tis solved for ages yet to be  
In Bethlehem and Calvary !

O Syria's earthly Paradise,  
Fair Schiraz' gardens of the rose,  
Ye palmy plains 'neath Indian skies,  
Ye shores where soft the spice-wind blows,  
Death stalks through all that looks so fair,  
I trace his shadow everywhere ;  
Look up, and Life's true Fountain see  
In Bethlehem and Calvary !

Thou Kaaba, black desert-stone,  
Against which half the world to-day  
Still stumbles, strive to keep thy throne  
Lit by Thy Crescent's pallid ray ;

The moon before the sun must pale,  
That brighter Sign shall yet prevail,  
Of Him whose cry of victory  
Is Bethlehem and Calvary !

O Thou, who didst not once disdain  
The childish form, the Manger poor ;  
Who once to take from us our pain  
All pain didst on the Cross endure ;  
Pride to Thy Manger cannot bend,  
Thy Cross doth haughty minds offend,  
But lowly hearts draw close to Thee  
In Bethlehem and Calvary !

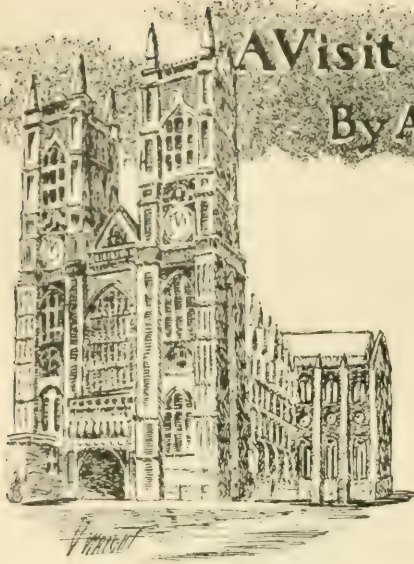
The Kings approach, to worship there  
The Paschal Lamb, the Shepherd race ;  
And thitherwards the nations fare  
As pilgrims to the Holy Place ;  
The storm of warfare on them breaks,  
The World but not the Cross it shakes,  
When East and West in strife ye see  
For Bethlehem and Calvary !

O not like those, with weaponed hand,  
But with the Spirit let us go  
To conquer back the Holy Land,  
As Christ is conquering still below ;  
Let beams of light on ev'ry side  
Speed as Apostles far and wide,  
Till all the Earth draws light from thee,  
O Bethlehem, O Calvary !

With pilgrim hat and staff I went  
Afar through Orient lands to roam,  
My years of pilgrimage are spent,  
And this the word I bring you home ;  
The pilgrim's staff ye need not crave  
To seek God's Cradle or His Grave,  
But seek within you, there shall be  
His Bethlehem and Calvary !

O Heart, what helps it to adore  
His Cradle where the sunrise glows ?  
Or what avail to kneel before  
The Grave whence long ago He rose ?  
That He should find in thee a birth,  
That thou shouldst seek to die to earth  
And live to Him ;—this, this must be  
Thy Bethlehem and Calvary !





# A Visit to Westminster

By Albert R. Carman

THREE years' service in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons at Ottawa has given to my too few visits to the historic House at Westminster the added interest of comparison. This game of comparison began at once—and not too pleasantly—when the Canadian Commissioner's office met my modest request for a ticket which would give me daily access to the galleries of the House with an astonished—

"Absolutely impossible, my dear fellow ; absolutely impossible !"

Then I learned that the "one visitor, one ticket" principle usually obtained ; but that in my case, I being a "newspaper chap," they would try to get three or four tickets for me during my stay in London. And two days later there came four tickets for four successive days to the gallery of the Commons and one for a place "below the Bar" in the Lords. We are hardly so exclusive at Ottawa ; but at Ottawa the relations of the supply of space and the demand for it are far different. Here is a Commons sitting in a chamber into which all of its members could not possibly get at one time, and with only one small gallery for the accommodation of "the public" of an Em-

pire—and, in the tourist season, of a Republic. They run a railing across it midway, so that they may pretend to have two galleries ; but one of the end galleries at Ottawa would hold at least as many people as both together.

To get into the gallery you pass five policemen, two officials, and one turnstile, and, at the turnstile, you sign your name. But you may carry in your umbrella and your overcoat—something you may not do at Paris or Vienna. The Continental Houses are said to be nervous about Anarchists, and so exclude coats, under which a bomb might be concealed. The British Government has apparently no such fear, or, possibly, the Ministers reason that a bomb from the public gallery would probably fall "below the gangway," among the Radicals or the Irish Nationalists, or their own young Tory "Hooligans." The authorities, at all events, are not to be intimidated by any such contingency. I must hasten to explain that "Hooligan" is not used here as an epithet, but that it is the recognized title of the active group of young Conservatives who sit "below the gangway," and are a great source of discomfort to the Ministry. Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., is perhaps the "Hooligan" best known in Canada.

As the Canadian enters the gallery and sits down, the first thing that strikes him is the smallness of the chamber—then its richness. He is in a large board room rather than a Hall of Parliament ; but a board room that oak panelling and Gothic ornamentation and stained glass have crowded to the last recess with a beauty that is jewel-like in its minute wealth, and never florid. Below, the long, leather upholstered benches march down the chamber, with never a desk in front of



them for papers or blue books ; and just now, when we have entered at the opening of the sitting, they are largely empty, for the Speaker is running through the preliminary business. The Speaker wears a wig which a lady has likened to a "fascinator" with both ends loose ; and two clerks sit in front of him with curled wigs. But this is the total of formality, so far as the man in the members' gallery can see. For the members have not quite forgotten the ancient similarity of the House of Commons to a club, and we shall presently see the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour leading the House by sitting on the small of his back, with his head quite below the top of his bench and his left foot on the edge of the clerks' table. Opposite him will recline Sir William Harcourt, in an attitude he might assume in a barber's chair and his hands comfortably folded over what is generally regarded as an aldermanic qualification. The "front benches" of both parties usually take advantage of the ampler floor space at their feet to make as easy as possible "the seats of the mighty." Mr. Chamberlain did not stay in the House long enough at a time during my four days to enable me to learn much of his waiting attitude, but he is a brisker and more alert "sitter" than most of his colleagues, and rivals the Speaker in the lightning quickness of his interventions. It is never necessary for him to waste a second in waking up.

The quickness of Mr. Speaker Gully is at first a surprise, and always a challenge to your admiration. He is in this respect such a Speaker as the late D'Alton McCarthy would have made. Smooth-faced, firm-lipped, a little cherubic in effect from the enwreathment of the wig, he seems to insert his rulings in the very joints of the harness of debate with a swift and unerring thrust. A member will arise—even an Irish member, long practised in fence and naturally quick of tongue—to call the Speaker's attention to something he has possibly overlooked in a ruling. The Speaker watches him with immobile face, and, the moment

he has finished, shoots out his reply so quickly that your mind appears to get the impact of the question and answer simultaneously. And all so courteously, in such illuminating and precise English, with so thorough an understanding of the question and so perfect a respect for the questioner, that you feel that "Mr. Speaker" has very much to do with the smooth working of this not too harmonious House.

Naturally, in this Parliament of the "cloture," the Speaker and the Chairman of Committees keep the members very rigidly to the question before the House. Our by-and-large talkers in the Canadian Commons would be amazed at the carefulness with which the debate is watched. For example, one day when the Education Bill was up, the Committee was considering a clause which the Opposition contended would limit the power of school boards to do work of the higher sort. One member, in the course of the debate, said that he thought the "board school" curriculum was too heavy already. I deemed this to be right in line with the argument, and was surprised to see the Chairman look warningly at the speaker ; however, he did not stop him. Then the speaker went on to illustrate his point by relating how, a few days before, he had heard in St. James's Park a little girl tell a still smaller brother that Nelson's Monument stood in Trafalgar Square because Nelson had fought the battle of Waterloo there. When the little fellow had demurred, she had crushed him with, "But my teacher told me !" Now, I again thought that story quite apropos—and quite old enough to know its proper place—but the Chairman ruled it out of order and admonished the teller. Another case recurs to me. In the debate on the sugar duties, a member was arguing that this particular tax was not rendered inevitable by the war, for there were many other things the Government might better have levied upon for revenue. He asked leave of the Speaker to mention some of them—at Ottawa such leave

would have been taken for granted. The Speaker ruled that the member might mention these other forms of taxation, but that he could not point out wherein their advantage lay—a pretty close ruling! My Single Tax friends will be glad to know that the first of these better sources of revenue he mentioned was a tax on land values.

"Question time" is, in the British House, often the most sensational of the day. Most of the Ministers are then present and the House is pretty full, and both of these are far rarer sights than at Ottawa. The Ministers do not "do duty" in the Chamber as ours do, neither do the Opposition leaders. But the question paper is a Ministerial roll-call, and each man is there to face the music—generally an Irish air. On an order paper I have before me as I write, there are sixty-nine questions, of which thirty-two were put from the Irish benches. If I were not afraid of straying into politics in a mere traveller's tale, I would be tempted to say that it seemed to me during my four days that the real Opposition in the Commons is a compact body sitting "below the gangway" and led by one John Redmond, who gets certain sporadic assistance from groups of Welsh and Radical members who assemble from time to time above the gangway. There is no such constant leadership anywhere as prevails in the Canadian Houses, and there is very much more freedom of criticism of the "front benches" by the rear benches than we would think compatible with party cohesion. Two of the most important debates that I heard were on the Government's Education Bill and a proposal of Mr. Dillon to strike the sugar duty from the Budget scheme. In the former, most of the Government supporters who spoke criticised the policy of the measure, and gave the Ministers much advice about a promised future bill; and in the latter, the Liberal speeches seemed to be largely made up of vigorously expressed regrets that Sir William Harcourt had "given their case away"

by stating that he felt compelled to vote for the duty. There are a lot of men, such as our Weldon of Albert used to be, in the British Commons.

Naturally, I found myself looking for the old Parliamentarians of whom I had so long read. The first speech I heard was by "Tim" Healy, and I never would have known him if the Speaker had not called him by name. He is a much larger and heavier man than I would have fancied from his photos, and he speaks with a calm reserve approaching that of Mr. Goldwin Smith, though his voice is the voice of Nicholas Flood Davin. To him replied Mr. Austen Chamberlain, leaning at ease on a box on the clerk's table, and smiling on the Irish phalanx through the hereditary monocle. And very thoroughly he appeared to understand his case. This younger Chamberlain had a good deal to do during my four days, and he seemed to be always informed, and he certainly stayed in the House more patiently than any other Minister. He speaks clearly and suavely, but without enthusiasm, and has many of the mannerisms of a civil case lawyer.

Then came John Dillon, with his motion against the sugar duty. If all Canadians were known to each other, I could make myself very much better understood by saying that Mr. Dillon is very like Mr. E. G. O'Connor, of Montreal; and that Mr. T. W. Russell, the "new Unionist" from Ireland, is own brother to Professor John Macoun, of Ottawa. As for Mr. Dillon, he is explanatory in style; tall, greyed, determined in appearance. It is hard to believe that he could make people think they had a grievance when they hadn't, which is the common explanation of Irish agitation; but he looks like a grim, tireless fighter—such a soldier as I should like to have enlisted in the service of any cause I held dearly at heart. Mr. T. W. Russell represents a new idea in British politics. He is a staunch Unionist, and opposes Irish "Home Rule," but he well-nigh outruns the Home Rulers in publishing Irish grievances and de-

manding their redress—by the British Parliament. That is, he has more confidence in the wisdom of British justice, provided it can be prodded up, than he has in that of a Government led by Mr. John Redmond. He is an energetic debater, sitting below the gangway on the Conservative side, in a seat exactly corresponding to that of Mr. John Redmond across the House; and the rumour is in the air here that the Ministry think of adopting—to some degree—his kind of Unionism.

The two heavy guns who were heard in this sugar debate were Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Sir William Harcourt, the financiers of the two parties, and they declared their intention of going into the same lobby. Sir William was not in fighting form—he was, in fact, almost tearful. This was a bad tax for a bad expenditure on a bad war, but he felt constrained to vote for it as the country had voted for the war. Sir Michael, whom I heard very often, spending one night with him and the Welsh members on the coal duties, was impatiently explanatory and exceedingly dogmatic. A question from the Ministerial benches seemed to make him snappish. Just as the back benchers are free in their criticisms of their leaders, so the leaders take little pains to deal smoothly with the men behind them. One feels that this Parliament is composed of serious men doing serious business, the execution of which is delegated to the Ministers, who see no reason for feeling grateful for the choice.

Mr. Balfour and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman were not much in the House, though they exchanged civilities once or twice—a sort of competition in smiling politeness. Mr. John Redmond, the other party leader, I heard make a set speech on the Irish Board of Education—from which Archbishop Walsh has just resigned—a plain, clear statement, not without touches of eloquence. So far as appearances show, Mr. Redmond has the enthusiastic confidence of his party and the respect of the House—both significant facts when it is remembered that he is the new Parnell. Another

man who got the ear of the House was John Burns, the labour member, who spoke without any of the circumlocutions of formality, but with force and sense, his manner suggesting at times the debates in the Toronto Trades and Labour Council.

But the temptation to chatter on about individual members must be resisted if space is to be got for this sketch. Mr. Blake, I know, was about the House, for I caught several glimpses of him; but seeing him come in one day with the black “bag” of the law suggested how he might be spending his time in the neighbourhood of the Chamber. When sitting in the House, he had the same expression of pained aloofness he habitually wore when leading the Opposition at Ottawa. I should very much like to know how, in his most secluded judgment, he compares the two Houses. There is no leader here who pretends to do a fraction of the work he did—no man who rivals his tremendous speeches. I even doubt whether the general standard of speaking is much higher here than with us. The British member has the great virtue of brevity, which exorcises the Parliamentary sin of tediousness; but much of the back bench speaking is certainly no better than the same thing at Ottawa. Then I would back Sir Richard Cartwright and Hon. George E. Foster against Sir William Harcourt and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach so far, at least, as debating talent goes, and I fancy the Canadians would have something to spare to put over against the probably wider experience of the great English authorities. But this is, perhaps, a sort of comparison which no Canadian is qualified to make with fairness.

Leaving the gallery, one repasses the five policemen and the two officials, emerges into the central hall from behind a statue of Mr. Gladstone, and then walks down the old hall of St. Stephen, where Parliament once sat. On either side are white marble statues of great statesmen—Hampden, Walpole, the Pitts, Fox, Grattan, Burke—and then one sees to the right the ancient Hall of Westminster, begun



by William Rufus, where Charles I was condemned and Warren Hastings tried. A policeman waves you on, and you pass out by what might well be a drawbridge, beside which the statue of Cromwell keeps watch ; and as you

look in his determined, unswerving eye, and think of the free Parliament within, you realize that England has travelled a long way since he trod these halls. And what hand, so much as his, made clear the path?



## THE ACQUISITIVE MAN.

*By Xerxes.*

A CANADIAN newspaper has of late been publishing portraits and inviting its readers to send in queries as to the characters of the men thus portrayed. In a general way the results may be said to be destructive of faith in physiognomy. In the case of a certain portrait nearly every correspondent expressed the belief that it was that of a man eminent in good works, a philanthropist, a missionary, a clergyman. Instead it was that of a noted Western outlaw, murderer and stage robber—a man valiant in every vice and with a record all black. Yet his portrait beamed as mildly from the printed page as that of a Peabody, a Livingstone or a Wesley. It may be that human countenances reveal much of character to those trained in reading such documents, but more profess knowledge in this matter than possess it. As a rule, it is after, and not before a man reveals his character in some conspicuous act that those familiar with him find in his face indubitable proof of his tendencies. Czolgosz had no sooner shot McKinley than experts showed conclusively by means of facial and cranial diagrams that he was a man shaped by nature to perpetrate just such a sensational crime—a useless, a too-late service this on the part of the physiognomists; very like many another service done mankind by excessively wise but unpractical persons.

If it is hard to judge of a man's character by peering into his face, it is equally hard to estimate his capacity for success in life. Among the most successful business men in Canada

are some whose talents are despised by those who meet and measure them. Prosperous businesses have been founded in the city by men who, in the towns and villages whence they came were rated lightly and thought to give no promise of success in any direction. Yet here they are enjoying power and place while many of whom much was expected have accomplished little or nothing.

Certain Canadians have won the V. C. and other coveted decorations in the South African war, but if, when the troops were departing, it had been foretold that a given number of these honours would be won, who would have chosen those who actually received them as among the probable winners? So far as physiognomy and that knowledge of human nature of which so many people talk are concerned, there were many others much more likely to perform daring deeds and win high rewards than those who, in the actual hazard of war, won them. And this not in disparagement of the men who won honours—in their praise rather, but in frank contempt of that widely prevailing, but erroneous idea, that the character and power of men can be discerned by scrutiny of their features. The hero projects himself unexpectedly on public notice; when a crisis occurs often the unlikeliest man rises to grapple with it. If a man will carefully enquire into his own preferences he will find that the male countenance which he approves as denoting character, is of the same type as his own. It is an unconscious egotism that

guides him in his judgment of other men by their looks. Every day men who are trusted betray those who rely upon them; and every day men of forbidding aspect prove themselves possessed of sterling qualities.

Nicholas Flood Davin has closed his career by his own hand, his life a self-confessed failure. Yet he was a man of whom much had been predicted—a man of wide learning, of brilliant parts, and possessing all the qualities that make for popularity. By taking violent leave of this world he reproaches it with having ill-used him, and I doubt not that it did. He offered the country talents greater than those which, proffered by other men, were accepted. Why is it that the late Mr. Davin was not called to the Cabinet when his party was in power? He was the friend of Sir John Macdonald. He saw men, dull of mind, scant of learning, pass him and enter the Ministry. It is said that he was unstable. But was this a cause or a consequence? Left in a position of irresponsibility, encouraged in the making of speeches more amusing than useful, too warm-blooded to withdraw from the centre of events, what could happen but that he should erect the reputation of being a man lacking in stability and ballast? A man colder than he but otherwise of the same equipment might not have earned this rating. Is not this the fact, that Nicholas Flood Davin was so generous a heart that his party leaders could have full use of his talents without haggling—without giving him a portfolio, without being pressed by him into a corner in moments of difficulty? Men not his equal in natural talent nor in training, and certainly not in generosity of character made cold bargains to their own advantage. Safe men, these, not likely to get their party into trouble nor out of it, not likely to affect it in any way, but certain to be the docile supporters of the man or two who did the thinking for the Government of the day. Sir John Macdonald filled his Cabinet with men of two kinds: those who preferred his opinion to their own, and those whom

he could not trust away from his daily influence. Davin belonged to neither of these classes.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier chose his Cabinet largely from the ranks of the Provincial Premiers presumably in order to free his Government as much as possible from responsibility for the principles laid down in the exigencies of politics during eighteen years of not always skilful fighting in Opposition. By reaching far and wide he secured a good Cabinet, but signs indicate that vacancies, as they occur, will be filled about as they were in Sir John Macdonald's time—by men who are docile or who will smash the door in if it be not opened unto them.

The chief defect in the character of Davin was his lack of acquisitiveness. Had he possessed this in a reasonable degree, it would have served the purpose of ballast, and would have given him stability of purpose. Acquisitiveness! Not only the faculty of making and keeping money—that is but one expression of acquisitiveness. It expresses itself in many ways, and does more than genius to make men successful in life—in business, in politics, in the professions. The man who lacks this faculty loses what his other powers gain for him. He sows in many fields yet reaps in none. The acquisitive man retires each night with something his that was not his when last he sought his couch—money, land, property in some form, a desirable acquaintance, a new business connection, a book, a knife, an idea, a cheer from an audience, a smile, a compliment with meaning in it, something, anything. No day is empty. He acquires not only material things, but aids to material things which others do not know the value of, and so he builds, brick on brick, the edifice of his fortune. This is as true in the field of politics or in a profession as it is in money-making. The man who succeeds in life is the acquisitive man, not the so-called genius whose brilliance is in spots, whose ability spends itself in gusts, whose course describes pendulum-swings.

## Walter Savage Landor, 1775-1864 \*

By G. MERCER ADAM

THE statement will hardly be challenged that the general reader knows almost nothing of the career and work of Walter Savage Landor. Even the student of literature, unless he is specially well read and himself a classicist, is apt to know little of the author of "Count Julian," "Gebir," and the "Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen" and his rare devotion to the Roman Muse. Nevertheless, he was in many respects a remarkable figure in the literary life and activities of his age, an unrivalled prose writer, and a poet of the motherland of many and great gifts, of whom so high an authority as Swinburne affirms that "he has won for himself such a double crown of glory in verse and in prose as has been won by no other Englishman but Milton." The eulogy may seem extravagant; but it comes from one who can well appreciate the rare craftsmanship of a fellow poet and man of letters, for Landor, whatever he lacked in imagination, had an incomparable literary style and did much fine creative work, however wanting it was in continuity, in unifying power, and in the qualities that inflame, inspire and abide in the human heart. With all his defects, which, however, are mainly those of character and temperament, Landor is nevertheless worthy of high honour, and his genius should win for him a more exalted place in the annals of letters. What a new century may do for him and his reputation it would be idle to speculate upon. Hitherto he has sung but to "the few and fit," and with all his accomplishments he has, in great meas-

ure, failed to win the ear of the world, or to be known save, for the most part, through anthologies and treasuries of choice prose. And yet Landor, we recall, was, in his own day, not unaware that his writings were a sealed book to the multitude, and that he sang but to a small though select circle. This, however, did not distress him, as it might have distressed a vain, or a poor man, dependent for his bread upon popular applause; for he remained cheerful through all discouragements, and to the close of his long and laborious life was proudly content and confidently satisfied with himself and his achievements, as the following quatrain of his felicitously shows:—

"I strove with none, for none was worth my  
    strife;  
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;  
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;  
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

To understand Landor's work, one must know something of the poet's history and mental characteristics. Though, like most Greek and Roman writers, after whom he patterned himself, little of Landor's personality is to be gleaned from his writings—he was nevertheless an Englishman of a robust, independent, and even radical type. Born in 1775 of good sound parentage, he inherited a sturdy physical frame, with a fondness for outdoor life which contributed to health and mental vigour, and kept him vigorous till his death in 1864.

Dowered with wealth, he received, also, an excellent college education, which his incorrigible schoolboy moods and untutored habits somewhat short-

\* From Introduction, by Mr. G. Mercer Adam, to a Selection from the Writings of Walter Savage Landor, issued in the "Universal Classics Library," published by M. Walter Dunne, New York, 1901.



ened, though not before he could write English prose with remarkable force and fluency, and give vent to his impatience with college Dons in strong, scurrilous, and sometimes in defamatory, Latin verse. When he left Oxford, he had the reputation of being an extraordinarily good classic, besides acquiring fame by his Oriental effusion, "Gebir," and by the publication of a miscellaneous collection of verse. His father dying early he came into the possession of large estates, which he erratically mismanaged, and soon after selling them set out, in 1808, for Spain, then invaded by Bonaparte. There he raised and equipped at his own expense a body of troops, designing to take the field with them against the arch-enemy of his country; but being piqued at some slight offence he threw aside his patriotic enthusiasm and speedily returned to England. Of two follies he was guilty soon after his return to his native shores, one of these was the sinking of a large sum of money in an ambitious estate in Wales; the other was his hasty and ill-assorted marriage with a maiden in her teens, sixteen years younger than himself. Meanwhile his pen had been hard at work, and its product at this time was the fruit of his chivalrous expedition to Spain — the lofty tragedy entitled "Count Julian." This dramatic poem deals with sombre incidents in early Spanish history. It did little, however, to enhance Landor's fame, even when its authorship was avowed, though like all the author's work it has many magnificent passages, but which were entirely unsuited for the stage.

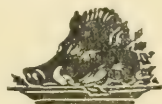
"Count Julian" was followed by a collection of Latin poems, and by the initial series of the delightful "Imaginary Conversations," which, with his prose poem, "Pericles and Aspasia" — constitute his chief claim to immortality. The epistolary form of "Pericles and Aspasia," though dealing with an attractive Greek theme, is apt to repel the ordinary reader; but in spite of the dialogue method and its occasional heavy disquisitions, its artistic beauty and its felicitous setting, of

glorious English prose, ought to win for it many and ever-recurring readers. The vast range and variety of subjects treated of in the "Imaginary Conversations" must make this extensive instalment of Landor's creative work of high value, at least to the historical and literary student. Here he pours out, in copious streams, the riches of his intellectual stores, with the added gifts of fine reflective thought, rare powers of character-drawing, and an abundance of discursive talk. The affluence of thought and ideas throughout these volumes of conversations and monologues cannot fail to strike the most careless reader. The series is a treasure-house of apothegms and axioms, and though the author's ideas are often disconnected and the plan of his work lacking in any definite scheme or purpose, its interest is great, and one meets repeatedly with passages of striking, felicitous, and often noble beauty. Besides the culture manifest in these writings and the evidences, on almost every page, of a marvellously wide and choice range of reading, one is struck also by their author's phenomenal power of character-sketching and the dramatic interest of much of the matter; while the volumes are here and there lit up by some piece of pungent satire and by frequent overflows of wit and humour.

While these "Imaginary Conversations" were being penned, Landor, it should be said, was a resident of Italy, for there the poet delighted to find his home, the landed gentleman of Wales being a rôle which, were he less erratic than he was, he could not content himself with filling. At Florence, therefore, he pitched his tent, and there he chiefly abode, industriously writing to a green old age, with occasional interruptions and distractions incident to his stormy domestic life. Here were written, besides more of his poems, and their finely-finished Latin versions, with some translations from the Arabic and Persian, "The Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare;" "The Pentameron;" "Pericles and Aspasia;" two series of "Hellenics,"

a collection of "Heroic Idyls," and in his later years "The Last Fruit of an Old Tree," "Dry Sticks Fagoted by W. S. Landor," and further volumes of the "Imaginary Conversations." This immense and varied body of literature, the toil of a high, heroic, and at times seraphic soul, alas, met with no wider audience than that of a small circle of learned scholars, *littérateurs*, and immediate friends. Nor did his artistic verse attract—not even the gem-like quatrains and idyls, with all their finished beauty; for Landor, as it has been said, like the maiden in the fairy tale, could not speak without now and then dropping pearls and diamonds. But authorcraft is full of similar instances of depreciation and neglect; and Landor, as we have already remarked, was little affected by the lack of popular applause. In this respect he fared no worse than did Coleridge, De Quincey, and others of

his scholarly and industrious contemporaries. One chief reason of this is that Landor, by his training and tastes, did not address a popular audience; and like the classical writers, as we have hinted, failed to put his personality into his work. With all his exquisite gifts as a writer, he rarely touches the heart, his appeals being chiefly to the artistic, rather than to the poetic, sense. He is, moreover, lacking in passion, and is too highly and serenely intellectual to be eloquent and appealingly, burningly, intense. Only to the few choice minds, who can appreciate his wondrous intellect, the power and majesty of his sonorous prose, and the grace and melody of his idyllic verse, does he effectively appeal; though he wrote for far more than such, including the patriot and man of action, as well as the idealist and the idle, desultory reader.



### A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

**H**ARK! the herald angels sing  
 "Glory to the new-born King,  
 Peace on earth and mercy mild;  
 God and sinners reconciled."  
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies;  
 With angelic hosts proclaim  
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"  
 Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;  
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
 Hail the incarnate Deity!  
 Mild He lays His glory by,  
 Born that man no more may die;  
 Born to raise the sons of earth,  
 Born to give them second birth.  
 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
 Light and life to all He brings,  
 Risen with healing in His wings.

—Charles Wesley.







FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR BEALES

### HER FIRST LETTER

HER SOLDIER LOVER HAS GONE TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY. HIS FIRST LETTER HAS ARRIVED,  
AND SHE READS IT AT THE OLD TRYST



PHOTO BY NOLMAN

THE OPHIR AND WARSHIPS AT HALIFAX

## AFTERMATH OF THE ROYAL VISIT.

*By Norman Patterson.*

WHY shouldn't Canada have as a permanent Governor-General, some member of the Royal Family? The present system of appointing a Governor-General every six years is old-fashioned and out-of-date. The exigencies of politics in Canada and in Great Britain are bound to clash when London sends a placeman to govern a country which is proud, restive and independent. Major-Generals commanding have been sent home to London—not theoretically, but practically—because their ideas and those of Canada's elected rulers did not agree. If no Governor-General has yet been asked to resign before his term was up, it was only because Canadian Cabinets and London Colonial Secretaries have been afraid to resort to extreme measures. Respect for vested authority and respect for British connection have caused Canadians to swallow certain lumps in their throats. To avoid an outburst of indignant grief, some change is advisable.

A member of the Royal Family as permanent Governor-General would be worth considering. A Royal Governor-General would benefit more than an appointed Governor-General from the rule, "The King can do no wrong." He would be less open to criticism because of his Royal blood, and because of his more intimate connection with the Royalty of London and its policy. He would come amongst us and be of us. He would be the Prince

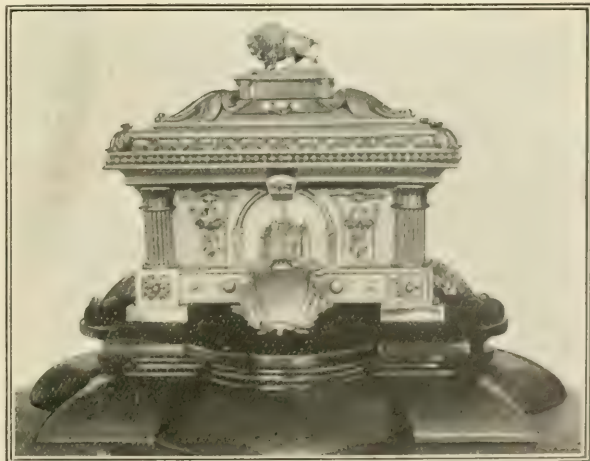


PHOTO BY HENRY FRY, WINNIPEG CAMERA CLUB

WINNIPEG CASKET CONTAINING CIVIC ADDRESS



PHOTO BY STEELE & CO., WINNIPEG

WINNIPEG—SCENE IN FRONT OF THE CITY HALL

of Canada, his wife the Princess. He would not be a King because he would be responsible to his Overlord the King of Great Britain and Ireland, and his office would not descend to his son as of right.

With a member of the Royal Family living at Ottawa, Canada would take on new dignity. A Governor-General appointed by a Colonial Secretary can never be much greater than the power which appointed him; a member of the Royal Family selected by the King would be a genuine Viceroy, the representative of the Throne rather than of the dominant political party. It is an anomaly to clothe an unroyal body with a royal garment. The beggar in a royal robe is still a beggar, and demands little more than a beggar's respect. A commoner with a G.C.M.G. star upon his breast is a greater commoner because he wears a commoner's badge of honour; a commoner with a royal robe is an impostor, a sham, a delusion. If Canada is to have a ruler, let it be a Royal ruler—a Prince of the blood.

These suggestions are bred of the recent Royal visit, and the success which came to it as of right and necessity. Canada met the Duke with all the enthusiasm of a loyal people, with all the respect of a monarchical nation. The Duke met the people as a royal prince should meet them—appreciative, interested, anxious, gracious, and yet with the bearing of the son of a King, the dignity of an heir to the world's greatest throne.

When the Duke left Halifax he addressed a letter to the people of Canada in which he thanked them for their warm-heartedness and cordiality. He expressed his gratitude for "the generous feeling which has prompted all classes to contribute towards that hearty and affectionate welcome which we have met with." He recognized all this "as a proof of the strong personal loyalty to the throne, as well as a declaration of the deep-seated devotion on the part of the people of Canada to that unity of the Empire of which the Crown is the symbol." What a strengthening of these bonds there





PHOTO BY STEELE & CO., WINNIPEG

#### WINNIPEG—OPENING OF NEW UNIVERSITY BUILDING

would be, if there were a Prince of the Royal blood permanently resident here!

The Duke was impressed with Canada. His address goes on to say: "Short as, unfortunately, our stay in Canada had to be, it was sufficient for us to understand something of its boundless possibilities, and the scope which it affords to those who, with a spirit of enterprise, determination and willingness to work, desire to seek a wider, less crowded and richer field than that offered by the congested industries and professions of the Mother Country. I trust that these possibilities may be taken advantage of in the future, and that suitable emigrants from the Mother Country may come in large numbers." And may not one reasonably assert that the Duke of York could do much to attract attention to Canada if he were permanently domiciled here? As the individual must assert himself, so must the nation. It is hard for a nation to assert its greatness, its individuality, unless it has some person of noble origin and

superior qualifications to represent it among the nations of the world. A Governor-General of Canada in Europe would be of no higher rank than a Carnegie or a Morgan; a Prince of Canada would be a representative who would command attention and respect of the highest order.

In a closing paragraph of his carefully prepared address, the Duke says:

We wish it had been possible to remain longer in Canada, and by availing ourselves of the many pressing invitations received from different centres, to become acquainted more intimately with its various districts and their people; but we have seen enough to carry away imperishable memories of affectionate and loyal hearts, frank and independent natures, prosperous and progressive communities, boundless productive territories, glorious scenery, stupendous works of nature, a people and a country proud of its membership of the Empire, and in which the Empire finds one of its brightest offspring.

Our hearts are full at saying farewell. We feel that we have made many friends in all parts of the Dominion, and that we owe and gladly extend to its people our sincere friendship and good wishes. May the affectionate regard which all races and classes



PHOTO BY NOTMAN & SON

#### VANCOUVER—THE ROYAL PARTY LEAVING THE STATION

have so generally shown us knit together the peoples of Canada and strengthen the existing tie that unites the Empire.

One would think from reading these paragraphs that the Duke himself felt that Canada should have a Royal Prince as her official head—a man whose whole life and career would be bound up with the progress of the Land of the Maple, whose every thought, every ambition, every desire should be for the country over which he was the temporal chief. A Governor-General on a small salary, staying here but for a term, responsible to nothing and nobody in Canada, dependent not a whit on Canadian popularity or influence, cannot be anything but a fifth wheel on a four-wheeled vehicle. Instead of being an influence for unity, he must be a continual source of discord. Canada has had good Governors-General, but her success has been in spite of them rather than due to them.

#### II.

In order to supplement the record in last month's MAGAZINE, it is neces-

sary to review briefly the closing events of the Royal Tour. At eight o'clock on the evening of October 2nd, the Duke and Duchess set their faces eastward from Victoria, returning to Vancouver on the *Empress of India*. At the latter city the Party remained only two hours to receive an address from the Port Simpson, Squamish and Mission Indians, the former travelling 800 miles to present their greatest heirloom, "the hat of the chiefs," a relic so old that its origin is unknown.

On the 4th, the Party reached Banff, where the Duchess remained to enjoy the mountain air and scenery, while her husband went on to Manitoba to try the duck-shooting. On the 6th, the Duke reached the shooting lodge at Lake Manitoba, where a couple of days were pleasantly spent. On the evening of the 8th, the Party was again speeding eastward. With a few short stops, the trip was continuous to Toronto, where they arrived on Thursday, October 10th. Amid a drizzling rain, the Royal Party was welcomed at a specially-erected station, was

escorted through streets lined with soldiers and people, and welcomed at the City Hall by the Mayor and Corporation, a chorus of 1,200 voices, and a great concourse of people.

On the following day occurred one of the greatest events of the Canadian tour. This was a Royal Review of 11,000 Canadian militia, the largest collection of militia ever seen in Canada. The troops paraded for inspection and march-past at 11 o'clock, under Major-General R. H. O'Grady-Haly, C.B., D.S.O., General Officer Commanding. The Cavalry Brigade was in one division, consisting of Governor-General's Body-Guards, 1st Hussars, 2nd Dragoons, 4th Hussars, Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, and the Toronto Mounted Rifles, and even Canadians were surprised at the numbers and quality of the mounted troops of Ontario. The brigadier was Colonel F. L. Lesard, C.B., A.D.C. Next came the Artillery Brigade, under Colonel C. W. Drury, C.B., A.D.C., consisting of three brigade divisions and totaling ten batteries of six guns each—the largest body of artillery ever seen in this country. Then came the Infantry, in



PHOTO BY H. M. HENDERSON, VANCOUVER

VANCOUVER—THE ARCH ERECTED BY THE JAPANESE CONSUL AND RESIDENTS

two divisions. The first consisted of two brigades, under Colonel W. D. Otter, C.B., A.D.C.; and the second of two brigades, under Colonel L. Buchan, C.M.G. Then followed the newly-organized Army Medical Corps, under Colonel J. H. Neilson, D.G.M.S., consisting of four Bearer and three



PHOTO BY H. M. HENDERSON, VANCOUVER

VANCOUVER—THE ARCH ERECTED BY THE CHINESE RESIDENTS AT THIS POINT THE CHINESE BOARD OF TRADE PRESENTED AN ADDRESS





PHOTO BY NOEMAN & SON

#### CALGARY—THE INDIAN ENCAMPMENT

Field Hospital companies. It was a magnificent scene, worthy of the occasion and worthy of the banner province of the Dominion.

On the evening of that day there was an official dinner, and an official reception at which over two thousand people were presented. Unfortunately, this was not "on invitation," and the best people of Toronto were not all there. A disgraceful crush marred what should have been an impressive event.

The next two or three days were spent by the Royal Party in visiting Hamilton, Niagara Falls, London, and other Western Ontario points.

On Tuesday, October 15th, they visited Belleville, Kingston, Brockville and Cornwall, the trip from Kingston to Brockville being made by steamer among the beautiful Thousand Islands. At noon the next day, the Party reached the Victoria Bridge, Montreal, inspected the golden rivet driven by King Edward forty years ago, received an address from Mr. Reeve, the General Manager of the Grand Trunk, and then proceeded to Sherbrooke.

On the 17th, the Party passed through Moncton, the headquarters of the Intercolonial Railway, arriving at St. John in the afternoon. As at Toronto, there was a review of troops and presentation of colours and medals. There was a reception that evening, and at noon next day the Party left for Halifax, arriving there on the morning of October 19th. This was the last reception on the Canadian part of the tour, but owing to the presence of British troops and war vessels, it was one



THE DUCHESS AND PARTY VISIT A THRESHING ON THE PRAIRIE



PHOTO BY GALBRAITH, TORONTO

CITY HALL, TORONTO—MAYOR HOWLAND READING THE CIVIC ADDRESS

of the most brilliant. The fleet included the *Ophir*, *Niobe*, *Diadem*, *Psyche*, *Tribune*, *Pallas*, *Crescent*, *Quail*, *Prosperpine*, *Columbine*, *Alert* and *Indefatigable*. Nearly 5,000 troops were under arms at the afternoon review. In the evening there was a reception, at which a thousand people were presented.

Sunday, October 20th, was spent quietly. On Monday, at 9.30, the *Ophir* passed out of the magnificent harbour, escorted by the powerful squadron of warships, and saluted by the guns from the Citadel and forts. The five weeks' Royal visit to Canada had terminated.

### III.

Many anecdotes and incidents in connection with the Duke's Canadian tour have appeared in print, and some are worth preserving.

At Ottawa, the Duke received and warmly greeted a Mr. Martin Battle, who is said to be the only survivor of the party which accompanied the Prince of Wales through Canada in 1860.

At various points the Duke and

Duchess were met by people who had served the Duke's or the Duchess' family in early days, and had known them as children. These old retainers were always given ample opportunity to exchange greetings with the Royal couple, and the pleasure seemed to be mutual.

A Winnipeg newspaper is authority for the account of an amusing incident at Poplar Point, where the Duke went fishing. When the Duke returned to the railway station from the lake he was met by the Duchess, who embraced her royal spouse affectionately. The greeting was scarcely over when a buxom woman, who was among the country folk assembled to see the Party depart, bounced up to the Duke, caught him in her arms, and planked a smacking kiss on his cheek. The Duchess laughed heartily and the Duke likewise seemed to enjoy the experience after he had recovered from his amazement. The good lady explained that she just wished to have the distinction of having kissed the future King of England.



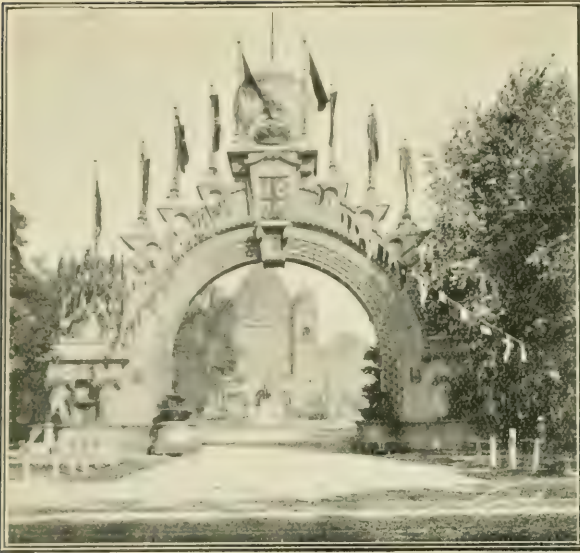


PHOTO BY GALBRAITH, TORONTO

TORONTO—THE MANUFACTURERS' ARCH—LEGISLATIVE BUILDING IN DISTANCE

There were two shooting parties. Lord Wenlock led one in a district about two miles from where the Duke was shooting. The noble Lord secured 203 ducks that day and was no doubt surprised at their plentifulness. The secret leaked out afterwards. Mr. Warren, the host of the occasion, had worked up a fine attendance of birds

by a judicious distribution, during the previous days, of some fifty bushels of appetizing wheat. The ducks were fooled into thinking they had found a new El Dorado.

Of course, the Duke's staff occasionally ran foul of Canada's sturdy democracy. A story is told of one of them who, at Banff, desired to have his horse ridden back from the station to the hotel so that he might walk with a friend. He chirped to a N.W.M. Policeman "Here, take my horse, will you?" Now everybody knows that a N.W.M. Policeman is the equal of any Life-Guardsman that ever donned the steel breastplate and white buckskins. Therefore the Policeman looked gently at

my lord for a minute and said: "All right, hitch him up to that telegraph pole. I'll take him up for you when I'm through with my business."

When the Duke was presented with a lacrosse stick and ball at the conclusion of the Ottawa match he said to Captain Dunn: "But is this the ball that the game was played with?"

"No," replied the Captain, "that is a new one."

"But I should prefer the one the game was played with," said the Duke.

That ball had been the cause of a strong tussle among several players at the conclusion of the game and had been won by a stout Cornwall wrestler. He gave it up, however, to His Royal Highness who was



TORONTO LIEUT. COCKBURN RECEIVING HIS V.C.

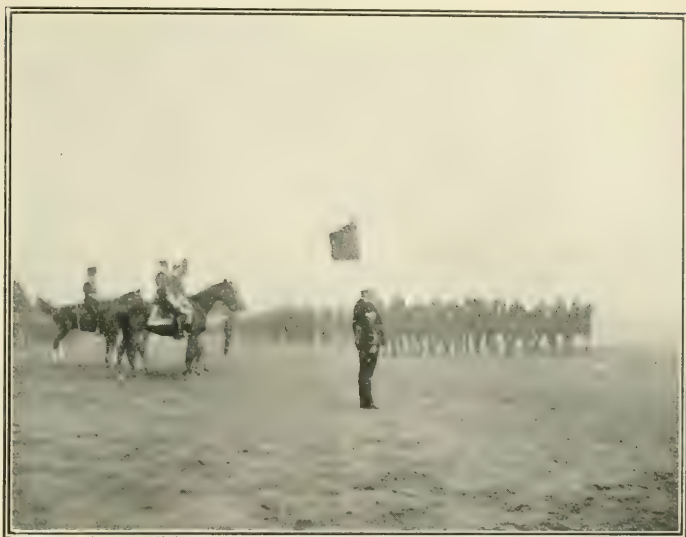


much pleased. Then there was a scramble for the new ball which the Duke had discarded.

A similar desire for souvenirs was manifest in the Duchess. When in Toronto she asked for one of the huge brass and enamel badges worn by the dignified aldermen and officials. She wanted the genuine thing to show how Canada's greatest city regarded its officials, the real gaudy, six-inch brass badge. But the officials wouldn't oblige her. They made her one in solid gold and sent it after her. Imagine her disappointment, for what cares the heiress to a ten million dollar diamond for a gold badge! It was the brass one that she couldn't get every day.

One of the unique presentations of the trip, was the Cornwall gift of lacrosse sticks for the Duke's boys. They may yet be good Canadians if they learn to use them.

When the Bishop of Ottawa, followed after his surpliced choir, on the Sunday that the Royal Party attended service in his church, he wore gorgeous vestments. On his head was the mitre and in his hand the crozier. The Duke would no doubt notice that every-



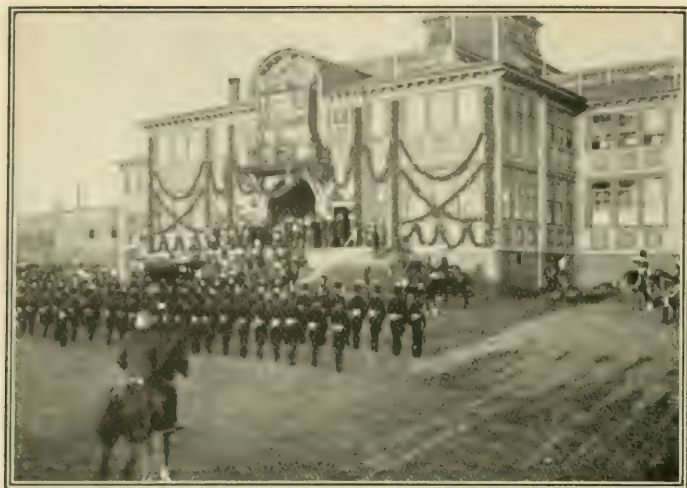
TORONTO—THE BODY GUARDS MARCH PAST

thing in Canada was democratized except Rideau Hall and the Church.

In connection with this visit, there was an event of national significance and humiliation. The Duke and Duchess each placed a sovereign on the collection plate. The churchwardens secured these afterwards, substituting *United States* sovereigns for the



TORONTO—THE 48TH HIGHLANDERS MARCH PAST



ST. JOHN—THE DUKE ARRIVES AT THE CITY HALL

British gold. Canada has no gold coinage of her own.

It is said that King Edward, at a function in London this year, ordered Lord Strathcona not to remain uncovered. A similar incident occurred at Ottawa. Richard Nichols, an aged paymaster of the navy, who came to Canada in 1837 with Lord Durham, was presented to the Duke during the afternoon. A chill wind was blowing, but he bared his head as His Highness spoke to him. "Put on your hat. It is too cold for an aged man like you to allow your head to be unprotected," said His Highness.

entered as a second year student at that institution. In replying to the address, the Duke of York said: "I deeply appreciate the high honour of a degree in your distinguished university. At the same time you have reminded me that the undergraduates' roll bears the name of my dear father—and I further notice that he has remained in that position more than forty years." It is unnecessary to add that several hoary-heads smiled in glee, while the hundred and twenty lucky students who saw the function laughed uproariously.

"I do not think it would be the proper thing for me to stand in the presence of my future King with my head covered."

"Did your naval training not teach you to obey orders?" enquired the Duke, with a smile.

Mr. Nichols replaced his hat.

At the University of Toronto, the Duke was most unfilial. He spoke jocularly of his father, the King, who in 1860 was



### I.—THE SEA BY THE WOOD.

I DWELL in a sea that is wild and deep,  
And afar in a shadow still,  
I can see the trees that gather and sleep  
In the wood upon the hill.

The deeps are green as an emerald's face,  
The caves are crystal calm,  
But I wish the sea were a little trace  
Of moisture in God's palm.

The waves are weary of hiding pearls,  
Are aweary of smothering gold,  
They would all be air that sweeps and swirls  
In the branches manifold.

They are weary of laving the seaman's eyes  
With their passion-prayer unsaid,  
They are weary of sobs and the sudden sighs  
And movements of the dead.

All the sea is haunted with human lips  
Ashen and sere and gray,  
You can hear the sails of the sunken ships  
Stir and shiver and sway,

In the weary solitude ;  
If mine were the will of God, the main  
Should melt away in the rustling wood  
Like a mist that follows the rain.

But I dwell in the sea that is wild and deep,  
And afar in the shadow still,  
I see the trees that gather and sleep  
In the wood upon the hill.



## II.—THE WOOD BY THE SEA.

I dwell in the wood that is dark and kind  
But afar off tolls the main,  
Afar, far off I hear the wind,  
And the marching of the rain.

The shade is dark as a palmer's hood,  
The air with balm is bland ;  
But I wish the trees that breathe in the wood  
Were ashes in God's hand.

The pines are weary of holding nests,  
Are aweary of casting shade ;  
Wearily smoulder the resin crests  
In the pungent gloom of the glade.

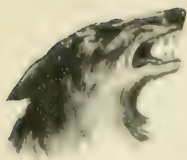
Weary are all the birds of sleep,  
The nests are weary of wings,  
The whole wood yearns to the swaying deep,  
The mother of restful things.

The wood is very old and still,  
So still when the dead cones fall,  
Near in the vale or away on the hill,  
You can hear them one and all.

And their falling wearies me ;  
If mine were the will of God, why then  
The wood should tramp to the sounding sea,  
Like a marching army of men !

But I dwell in the wood that is dark and kind,  
Afar off tolls the main ;  
Afar, far off I hear the wind  
And the marching of the rain.





## Wolves on the Range

by John Innes



TO range means, in one sense, to rove at large. "Range" is a noun not found in dictionaries, but used generally throughout the North-West to designate that part of the grazing country over which cattle and other live stock wander at will.

It is here that the wolf—the outcast—is brought into closest contact with man's interests. The mere mention of this animal is likely to suggest to him who has no real knowledge of them, visions of a deep forest road, gathering dusk, whirling snow and plunging horses, with the fur-clad driver of the vehicle shouting and slashing with his whip. The sleigh bells ring madly; the muffled occupants, loading their firearms as quickly as possible, discharge them into the black mass of savage, leaping forms, whose eyes gleam with a deadly light, and whose fangs clash at each unsuccessful leap toward their prey. And this idea is not to be wondered at when we remember the tales of narrow escapes from just such a peril with which the magazines and papers of years ago were filled.

These, however, are not the wolves which play havoc upon the range. The European wolf has a smaller head, longer legs and less hair than his cousin of the Northwestern plains; also his colour is not the same.

Canadian wolves are, broadly speaking, of three classes. First, the big gray timber wolf of the mountains, seen but seldom in the open; next the gray wolf of the foothills and prairies; and lastly, the little wolf, or coyote.

The first we may dismiss as playing no very large part on the plains—or range country. The second will chiefly occupy us, after a few words about Mr. Coyote, who, being a mean little cuss,

confining himself to rabbits, hens, dying animals, weaklings, and offal, is really not worth much space.

A little cur who flits  
Upon the view,  
Then halting turns, and sits  
And looks at you.  
One motion, and he pops  
Across the plain  
A little way, then stops  
To look again.

A small gray shadow in the honest day;  
A sneaking little whelp is coyote.

He really isn't worth bursting out into rhyme over, were it not for the fact that his voice makes him conspicuous. Anyone having had a good taste of outdoor life on the prairies will bear me out when I state that of all the horrible yells mortal ears have ever had to put up with, that of the coyote stands in the front of the front rank. He is a sneak, but he has a voice which would prove invaluable on a warship in a fog. Let him go at that.

Now for the big gray wolf, the enemy of the stockmen. In colour he is a grizzled gray along the back, head, and upper parts of his body; below he is a yellowish gray of a much lighter tone than above. From snout to rump he will average about four feet, and he carries a bushy tail of fully twenty inches. His hair is long, and he is altogether a stocky animal when compared with Mr. Coyote. The Indians are so impressed with his endurance, speed, and capacity for existing for a long period on air, that they gladly cross him with their sledge dogs, and thus obtain a useful if savage assistant to pull their loads during the long winters of that far northern land. He is a hunter, a thief, a traitor, and at

DRAWN BY JOHN INNES

WOLVES ON THE RANGE—THE CARDS OF MATERNITY



times a wicked fighter. A price is on his head, for experience has taught the Government that the only way to stop in any marked degree the depredations which are so costly upon the range is to make him a hunted outlaw. "For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" he stands pre-eminent amongst the wild things of the West.

Imagine to yourself a herd of cattle quietly grazing upon the rolling grass lands. The calves, young and full of the spirit of curiosity about everything in this new and pleasant world that they have so lately entered, butt and play amid the flowers and brush. Suddenly their attention is attracted by some strange animals, so full of good-natured fun as to be irresistible to their youthful bovine minds. These new creatures roll and play like kittens, tumbling each other over and over and racing in circles nearer and nearer. They stop for a moment and squat all arow, looking with tongues lolling out from their grinning masks at the mottled group of little calves, standing with ears thrust forward and wondering eyes turned towards them. For a few moments they remain quiet, and then the play commences again. Over and over they roll, this time slowly leaving the cattle. One calf, more venturesome than his brethren, allows his curiosity to get the better of him and follows. Still the fascinating game, so full of innocent glee and undesigned goodwill, proceeds; the little spotted fool, fascinated and happy, following, following. One bawl from his mother and all would be well, but she is contentedly munching a new find of succulent grass upon the further side of a knoll. Faster roll the playful things, round and round, tumbling, turning, grinning. Faster yet, and always away from the herd. Of a sudden the poor little calf detects something wrong. The play is slackening, and one of the group of pretty animals is looking at him in a way that makes him fear; the grin upon all the group changes into a horrible snarl; with a cry of agony he turns to

run back to his mother, but it is too late; snapping, snarling, the traitorous band of erstwhile playmates are upon him, and the country is the poorer by one young beef animal. Later the cowboys, spying the big red XX cow without her calf, take a circle around and find what is left of him.

It is almost useless to endeavour to trap these creatures. Their sense of smell is so keen and their intuitive knowledge of strategy so fine that the cleverest, well-thought-out preparations usually end in failure. With them, as with most wild things, the scent of men and iron seems to defy all efforts at disguise, and many a disappointment awaits the expectant hunter. He may bury his traps ever so carefully, may sprinkle the blood or drag the carcass, or encase his feet in horn or hide with consummate skill; yet a visit to his well laid ambushes usually ends in disappointment. The tracks of his quarry may be found circling about and around the death-dealing instruments which he has invented, in great numbers, but seldom does he find Mr. Wolf captured.

Horses of all animals are the best equipped by nature to "rustle" for food during the keen winters of the Great Northwest. Where cattle would undoubtedly starve they find food in plenty, and usually emerge fat and healthy in the spring time. The cause is not far to seek. Cattle seldom paw through the snow for food; they nose about; and if the white covering upon the grass is bound with a hard crust or is deep enough to cover their eyes whilst endeavoring to eat, they at once abandon all attempts at foraging, and wander in search of better feeding grounds. Horses on the contrary, paw, break the crust, and live where their split-hoof companions would starve. Therefore, during hard weather, the cattle gather about the huge hay corrals upon the plains, and the horses remain in the open. It is thus that the foals are in danger from the wolves.

Mares and foals scatter in search of food during the day, generally banding together for mutual protection and



warmth at night. Many a time the famished outlaws sit in a ring about these herds, longing for a chance to get at the young colts standing in the middle of the bunch, whilst the mares and geldings with heads towards the centre and heels turned to all the world, kick violently at their approach. Others keep them at safe distance. Even alone the mares will fight like wild cats to protect their young.

It is a decidedly pretty sight to see the wild wolf hunting wild prey—say deer or antelope. Many a time have I watched the chase through field glasses. The deer come down through a deep coulee, or old buffalo run to drink at the river. Hardly have they left the water when the wolves appear on either side. The frightened quarry dashes back up the

path by which he descended to the river, the wolves following closely. Up, up, he goes, leaping magnificently, running for his life. He nears the crest and sees the open prairie ahead, when lo! more of his enemies appear on either side and also in front. Generally he is doomed. Sometimes by almost unbelievable effort he breaks through the enclosing hunters and stretches away over the open plains with the whole pack in full cry. The plan is so well thought out, so almost human in its intelligence that one cannot but admire it.

The ranchers have many a good run after these enemies of their stock, wolf hounds forming the pack. This however I must leave to the imagination of all good sportsmen, and for the present say no more in this article about "Wolves on the Range."



## TWO LOVES.

ONE said, "Lo, I would walk hand-clasped with thee  
 Adown the ways of joy and sunlit slopes  
 Of earthly song, in happiest vagrancy,  
 To pluck the blossom of a thousand hopes—  
 Let us together drain the wide world's cup  
 With gladness brimmèd up!"

And one said, "I would pray to go with thee  
 When sorrow claims thee; I would fence thy heart  
 With mine against all anguish—I would be  
 The comforter and healer of thy smart;  
 And I would count it all the wide world's gain  
 To spare or share thy pain!"

*L. M. Montgomery.*



# A Masterpiece of God

By Frank Baird

TEN years before—when he was twenty-six—he had made up his mind to marry. But just then she died. He took this philosophically, however, reasoning that it was due to a discovery in heaven of just what manner of woman she was. The only puzzling thing about it was that they had not sent for her sooner.

But his knowing the why of her taking off in no way lessened his wrath—grief is not the word—regarding it. He planned a great revenge that was to include in its sweep everything from God down—man, woman, the world—everything except Art. That was guiltless ; and that was enough.

After the great casting-out he went heroically to work. In ten years hate and other things had pushed him well towards the top in the world of Art. He had a studio, an easy income, some who were well up towards the master-line came to him to learn. He was getting his revenge. He was content, and had steeled himself to living on that way. God and His world, and men—and women—could go to the Devil. He had a world of his own. It had its people and things, its god, its angels, its heaven and hell. And this Art world was enough ; it was better.

When Rose Le Clare first came to him as a pupil, he had squared her as he did everything, by a rigid art-standard.

As a woman she was something to be put away. But what was in her of Art he felt called upon to recognize. One day as she worked it occurred to him he must detail some—for Art's sake. Her profile was chiselled with exquisite fineness. The lines that held in her face were just where he would have pencilled them to make perfection out of a pupil's imperfection. And where was the colourist who could have stumbled on that ground, or on that subtle something which gave the sobriety and tenderness of tone to the warm blue grey in the eyes ? This was rare ; it was new ; it was Art. If he were to work on her face, how would he light and frame it ? For he had become aroused up to the point of thinking even that. Beauty in marble, in the light, shade and blend on dull, tarry substance shot him through with strange, inspiring thrills. He had felt these before ; he felt some of them now as he looked at his pupil.

He was in the far end of the gallery the next time she came to copy. Once she became thoughtful. The great masterpiece before her faded out. He knew she was seeing things such as people dream. The tone about her was low and chaste. The lower part of her figure melted softly into the floor, while the upper part stood clearly against the farther wall. Her profile, neck and one full arm were lit by a rarely suffused light from above. Great heavens !

From that moment the spirit of Art

seized and wrought upon him. He had tarried and his pentecost had fully come. For months he was in the world but not of it. His subject drew and elevated him to a height of perfection before undreamed. The veil of the holy of holies of his new religion was rent; he was caught up where he heard unspeakable things—unlawful for man to utter. Oh, the joy of it all! He was winning. What he had lost in the casting-out was as dross compared with this his gain. He was getting it all—the gradating, the composition, the lighting, the balance, the vivacity, and, most of all, the low-toned and warm blue greys of the eye.

And now it was done! The long ascent towards fame had been topped. Through his pentecost, he had emerged with the gift of tongues. He had seen, heard, understood. His name low in the left of that masterpiece was safe; and it would be trumpeted forward through the years as long as there was Art. He felt he was avenged upon God and His world.

It was the first evening after the finishing of his work, and at the grand reception. His first glimpse of Rose Le Clare sent an unsettling pang through his being. His colours were now dry; to change was impossible. Better he had looked upon her grave than that he should now see excellencies—or even inexcellencies—he had not seen before. If his lighting were not to advantage, not the best; if he were wrong in his drawings; if—

She was standing in the middle distance lit strongly from above. She was more the woman and less the pupil now. His breath, for the moment, came short and uncertainly. Fear he had erred turned his eyes away, and the next instant hope he had not turned them back again. Would that he had not been able to see! The arm was fuller; he was wrong in the slope of the shoulder. He had missed the subtle melting of the cream of the neck into the crimson of the cheek. And the peep of breast that appeared showed his drawing was

wrong—his lighting disadvantageous and arbitrary.

Something caught at his breath and again pushed his eyes away; but a moment after they had re-found the range. In the interval the breast had gone higher and the light was fuller. As he looked it fell from full to a tone less than half. Now it was almost as he had it; now he was wildly wrong. His eye caught the cheek. It was higher, and since he had looked before there was a tender subtle suffusion of half-light upon the neck. He was dazed, confused, puzzled. Something new must be invented in Art, or the best must be missed. Surely it was beauty. It must be—this ebb and flow of pure breast, this melting out and in of tone on cheek and neck. It was all above, beyond what he or Art had ever dared. With a crushed, defeated feeling he slipped from the room. He went out into the night, and a little later he was facing his great unhung masterpiece.

For some time he looked steadily at it. It did not move; it had no life. There was no flash of eye, no heave of breast, no pulsing blood that gladdened the cheek as streams a desert. There were eyes but they saw not, ears but they heard not, lips but they spake not. It was a dumb thing—the work of a man's hand. But it was ART.

He continued to look for a time—a great long time—lost in the multitude of thoughts that trooped upon him. Was his work as great as he had hoped? Were there no rivals? Was Art enough? The great studio was very quiet; no one came there. The very fullness of his life at the club had but accentuated its emptiness. At his quarters a maid brought him his food. He looked back to the time he had taken his strong, heroic resolve. He had steadily and stoutly maintained the great conflict. He was sure he had been winning—up to a few hours ago. Then suddenly, unexpectedly, had come his great disillusioning. There was another Artist—a greater. And that Artist's masterpiece put the one on the wall to shame; the composition



was finer, the pencil fuller, the distributing rarer. There was an ease of execution and finish, an absence of feebleness or arbitrariness, a delicacy in lighting, a tenderness and sobriety of tone in the creation he had seen that night, which made the work before him ugly and common. Could it be that there were still things he had not learned in the field of Art?

For years he had kept the cold kiss of dead lips fresh upon him. He had left the world of breathing things for another world. But as he looked back he was not sure he had been content. If, through the years, the Angel had him by the hand, the serpent had him by the heart—and he was unsatisfied. They were empty years; he felt he had not fulfilled himself.

He looked again to the masterpiece on the wall. It could not love; it did not need love. It could not minister, nor be ministered unto. It could not laugh, nor suffer—nor sin. He must be denied even the bitter-sweet pleasure of standing some far-off day at its grave. It had no life, no breath, no warmth, no needs. It was a worthless thing; it did not suffice. He rose quickly and turned it roughly towards the wall.

It was several days after, and evening. A leaping hearthfire threw the shadows of two figures on the opposite wall. The man had spoken and was waiting for an answer. The woman's profile was towards him strongly lit from the hearth in front. The drawing had been done with a full sure pencil; the lines that held in the face were exactly where a master would have them. The cheeks and low-toned warm blue-greys of the eyes went high or low according as the fire leaped or sank. Something underneath the breast sent it regularly from light to half-light, then back again.

The woman drew her eyes slowly from the fire and fixed them upon him.

"Yes," she said, simply.

He looked for a time but did not speak. The composition, the balance, the gradating, the tone, quality and movement, the suffusing and distributing were all exquisite. This time, however, it was not the artist but the man who saw. The next instant the irregular band of light between the silhouettes on the wall suddenly disappeared. Her full lips were warm and flower-soft.

He gave up the quarrel with God.



#### A MESSAGE OF AUTUMN.

THE restless heart of the forest stirs;  
A summer has passed away;  
Winds make wild music among the firs  
Proclaiming Autumn's sway.

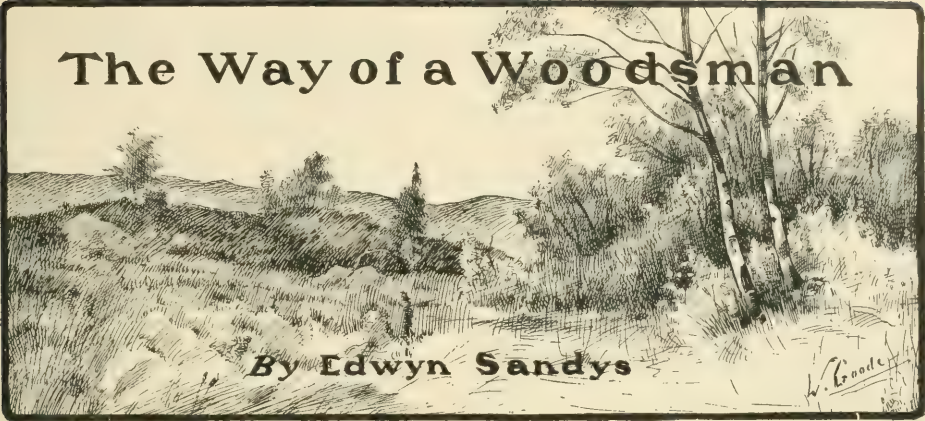
New joys, new sorrows, perhaps wild unrest,  
May stir in the bosom of one;  
Another rejoices, another is blest,  
Another seems left undone.

But for all is there not a hope runs thro'  
The loudness of Autumn wild,  
The changing leaves and crisp clear blue,  
That show her Summer's child?

Whispers there are of a gracious will,  
A will above our own,  
Murmuring clearly "Peace, be still!"  
Above the winds' wild tone.

*H. H. Macdonald.*

# The Way of a Woodsman



By Edwyn Sandys

A THOROUGH knowledge of woodcraft may upon occasion prove of inestimable value. In a country like ours, with its constantly extending borderline of activity, its possibilities in remote sections and its shifting of population as new fields are rendered accessible, the woodsman, be he genuine explorer, or mere sportsman, is a mighty useful person. As a man of quick resource and trained skill he is the best of people for any emergency, as an odd little experience of my own may attest.

Many moons ago, it was my good fortune to travel to the picturesque wilds of the Badger State. The object of the expedition was sport; the results of it were, to say the least, dazzling. My temporary headquarters was at the flourishing city of Eau Claire, where, after certain citizens had fairly shown their hands in the game of taking in the stranger, I was not sure if the State of Wisconsin was not a portion of Ontario.

Be that as it may, I passed many delightful days while waiting for the opening of the shooting season. Between the driving and fishing, the tennis and the teas, the erstwhile hard-conditioned Canuck rounded out like a pet spaniel, fit only to nose among the fleshspots.

Naturally enough, there were cliques among the social elements; and to one of these I presently found myself attached by right of discovery and con-

quest. I didn't do any of the conquering either. On the contrary, and frequently it was *very* contrary, the victor was a petite, red-headed person of the sister sex, who merely looked the new-comer over, decided he would do for the present, then led him into camp and chained him to the tent pole. As she didn't abuse him too much and fed and watered him regularly, the captive wisely concluded he might as well be there as anywhere else, so he neither attempted to break the chain nor choke himself with the collar. As it also happened that the R. H. person was irrevocably wedded to a wealthy and indulgent mortal who openly trusted and encouraged her in the pursuit of happiness, everything was simply heavenly.

Two other members of the coterie must be mentioned in despatches. Now first the "Her," as she was generally dubbed. A distant relative of the R. H. person, she had the glowing crown to perfection, and she wore it with a grace which defied albino steeds and all kindred nonsense. She had other possessions, too, which render her brand particularly dangerous among inflammables: a peculiar creamy skin which defies tan, a colour which only shows under excitement, and a pair of eyes mysteriously dark, yet flashing now and then with a spark worthy of rare old wine. Add to these a trim, slender figure, feline in its grace and suggestive of supple strength, and you have a fair



idea of Her. And, mind you, Her had a pretty fair idea of all these things too.

Now for the other, whom we had termed "The Yearling." His was a type to be found in only one country of all the known earth. Rich, more or less indolent, a second son with a remote chance of a minor title, he had (I suspect) been shipped to various parts presumably that he might learn sense, ostensibly, in the present instance, that he might familiarize himself with lumbering operations. As every one densely ignorant of lumbering knows, the latter part of August and the first part of September form an ideal period for research along this line. Needless to say "Yearling" had done famously. He had spent a month in a lumber city, been elected a member of the Club which everybody knew was supported by lumber kings; he had seen the marks on the big trees left by a freshet caused by a log-jam, and he had seen Her and at once shot the chute and now lay in the pocket ready to be sawed, dressed and shipped according to her whim.

In person he was not unpleasing, while by no means impressive. His figure was good, what there was of it; his hair was almost white and looked whiter by contrast with a high colour, partly natural and partly sunburned. His features were regular, but his best possessions were a pair of frank grey eyes, a big mouth with even, snowy teeth, and just enough suggestion of squareness about the jaw to redeem the face from weakness. Unruly citizens had spoken of him as a "White Mouse," a "White Rabbit," and a "Pet Kitten," but, as frequently happens, the judgment of the citizens was slightly askew. He could sing a bit and stumble through his own accompaniments on the piano, while his speaking voice was unmistakable.

"You've sung in a choir as a youngster, and I know your Alma Mater," was my inward comment during our first meeting.

Boyishly frank and generous, sudden in his likes and dislikes, Yearling took a violent fancy to me.

"Oh! I say, *cut* the infernal Mister—I'm *The Yearling* you know!" was his emphatic remark the second day of our acquaintance, so as there was no danger of making a bull of it, I gave him the junior title.

Within a week we had become great friends, for we had many tastes in common. Briton-like he loved long tramps; and as I was interested in the grouse covers, we searched them far and wide. He soon made up his mind that I knew more about American game than he did, and with a very un-British method he set himself to learn. It transpired that he was extremely sensitive over his real and imagined shortcomings, and I wondered why. To be candid, he was an entirely new type of Lion's whelp, and my passing interest speedily developed into a genuine friendship.

"You appear to be gettin' pretty thick with the Rabbit, don't you now?" remarked a prosperous and slightly ignorant citizen at the Club one evening. "I can't abide that feller," he continued, "he's so durn meachin in his ways, 'an he can't talk United States."

"Oh! he's all right," I replied. "He's no queerer here than you'd be where he came from. Give him a chance—he'll learn all right."

"I'll lay odds he *don't*," was the emphatic reply. "Whatever they send them durn things our here fur beats me."

"Now, see here; what's he done wrong?" I retorted. "He pays his way, he's always polite and friendly, he's not at all bad-looking, he dresses well, he doesn't squeal when he loses to you fellows in a game he doesn't half understand, and he interferes with nobody. He doesn't treat a houseful of people every time he takes a drink, but that's the proper caper in his crowd at home. You people treat me like a prince; he's no more foreign than I am, why the difference?"

"Aw, go on!" was the reply—"You're huskey, you don't talk mushy—'sides you're just the same as we are—it'll be all one 'country 'fore long."



"Don't be too sure of that," I replied, "and so long as you fellows pick on Englishmen you'll only delay the game. This running a fellow down because he talks like a cultivated gentleman, in fact talks as your own college men try to talk, is prejudice, nothing more. You'd all understand him if he said—"Hev a drink! would'nt you." "

"Bully!" ejaculated the critic. "It's on me—what'll you have?" "And, he added contemplatively—"I don't know that the Rabbit ever done me any harm at that."

And so it befell that this citizen got so he could tolerate the Rabbit—yea! even speak a good word for him now and then, and thereby convert other citizens. In one thing, however, as I afterwards learned, they all agreed. There was trouble coming for the Canuck and the Rabbit. "Just wait till that sorrel top takes a decided cant one way and there'll be music—England'll have a dummed uncivil war on her hands—you'll see!" said the wise men, and they waited.

Something of this no doubt filtered to the Yearling, and one night he opened his heart.

He wriggled and chewed his cigar for a bit and then remarked:

"I'm going away next week!"

"What the deuce for—and for how long?" I queried.

"Forever!" he slowly replied.

"Why! You condemned—" I stuttered—"I—I thought—" then I roared out laughing for the expression on his face was something irresistible. In a moment, however, a thought suggested nasty possibilities and I muzzled my mirth and looked steadily at him. He was hurt and I saw it.

"Did she refuse you?" was my delightfully blunt query.

"No, she did not, but she might just as well have done so."

"Did you ask her?"

"No I didn't—I knew a jolly sight better after the dose I got."

"What was the dose?"

"You!"

It was crisp as a pistol shot, and for

a moment I could only stare at him as if he had seven heads. Then I did some rapid thinking, the more rapid because his eye was fixed on me in a fashion I did not altogether relish. Finally I said—"Yearling, play fair—you're all wrong."

"But—but" he stammered.

"Never mind your 'buts,' though they're natural enough, for you surely are the yearlingest yearling ever I saw."

"But she said it plain as woman could," he protested.

"Said what? You're a fool! D'ye 'spose she'd say anything of the sort, especially to you—Yearling. I've a notion to mash your infernal thick skull. "What did she say?"

"Well," he muttered, "we got talking about people and she described her ideal man. He was big and tall and very dark—a proper contrast to her, you know. He was an athlete and a sportsman, and a bit of an artist; if he were a writer, so much the better—she adored authors—and one thing he must not be was a musician. She hated musicians. But, most important of all—he must be a woodsman. She worshipped woodsmen. She fancied that reading the Leather Stocking tales had biased her taste when younger—anyway, she positively adored all the old scouts and guides from Boone to Buffalo Bill, and if her choice could not be a woodsman, or at least a modern sportsman who knew something of the wilds, she'd stop single—that was all. That was enough for me! not being a natural born fool, I knew whom she meant and that she was trying to steer me off the rocks, so I came away as soon as possible. I bear no malice," he continued bravely, while his voice shook, "it's been a fair game and I'm the loser, only I didn't know—I never dreamed—oh! dammit all!—I'm a fool anyway!"

"Yes, Yearling, you are," I replied. In fact you're more different kinds of fool rolled together than I've seen for some time. Do you know anything of dreams—of winds—of ocean currents—or of women? Let's see—she was

frankly honest, brutally, frankly honest—sure! She liked *big, tall men—dark men for contrast—athletes and sportsmen, writers, artists*, above all *woods-men*—yes, she *likes* them sure enough, that's the trouble—but she doesn't *love* them—not by a jugful. When it gets right down to *loving* she would probably prefer some natural born blonde British fool, with a skull so thick that he couldn't fathom her speech, nor her drift. She *said* one thing, but what she *meant* was this—

“‘I'm speaking with girlish frankness, but I'm a woman, and I only speak frankly of those about whom I care nothing much—my heart secrets are my own till I hear from the right quarter, and I'd die before I'd let him even guess in advance. I *say* big, tall, dark men—I mean a small, blonde duffer—you! I *hate* musicians—you sing poorly and play worse—you'll do! I *like* artists, writers, *et al.* but I *love* you—you tow-headed baby, with your funny little ways, and if ever you pluck up courage to tell me what ails you, I'll—I'll—well, I'll think it over.’

“Now, see here, Yearling,” I continued, “you've made one hideous error. Why the dickens didn't you plump it out and be done with it? She gave you a bully chance and in your benighted imagination you ran cunning. You suspected your friend and suspected the lady, and, as suspicion means trying to find out something you don't want to know, you immediately grabbed at the wrong string and as a natural consequence raised a discord. Meanwhile she's laughing—that's all, and if you've the first grain of horse-sense, you'll let her laugh a few days. It's hard to keep on laughing all by oneself, and the other tap is close by. It'll get turned on by mistake before long—then she'll wonder what's come of you, then she'll get mad, then nervous and worried over the fact that may be she was foolish, then she'll get the don't-care dream, then a cold fit will strike her and she'll freeze you half to death when you go back—for you're going back. Then you'll have an uncomfortable half

hour, after which, if you're skilful and wily you'll suddenly go up in the air with joy. But you are neither skilful nor wily, but merely a stream-checking fool, so she'll torture you good and plenty—make you hot and cold, and mad and miserable for what she considers long enough, and then finally by the merest accident she'll wring a few straightforward words out of you. Then you'll get home late and hunt me up and treat, and act like one parent of a mule. And your tie'll be crooked and your vest full of face powder, and after I've noticed all these things, you'll start in to tell me a grand secret!”

“How the deuce did you learn all that—or are you just cramming?” queried the Yearling.

“On the trail, my boy,” I replied—“on the cold trail of the past, when I was like a certain Yearling. 'Twas a mixed trail too and a long one, for your young doe steps light and fast and frequently mixes her trail out of sheer devilry and playfulness. But I trailed her steadily and warily, over ice and snow, church matting, waxed floors and soundless carpets.”

“But you didn't get her?” remarked the Yearling.

“Evidently I did not,” I replied; “she doubled and got another doe to cross her track—they sometimes do that when they're a bit tired, you know. Then I ran the new track for a bit, then another one crossed it, and so it went. At that time I was about as big a fool as you are now, so after having done a lot of useless work, I concluded that bucks were good enough for me. All the does I had seen appeared to prefer some other style of hunter. At least I guessed they did, and perhaps once or twice guessed wrong.”

“And you got hit all right?” lisped the Yearling, as he stared in owl-like wisdom.

“The best way to learn to spar is to tackle an expert.”

“And she was an expert?”

“They were experts—most of them are. She fought foul.”

“Whe-e-w! What did you do?”

"Got licked and got sense—that is after a while."

"But—I don't quite understand."

"May you never, and to save you from a rather painful course of sprouts I'll help you out now. You say the woodsman card is a winner—well, you must make some sort of a hit in that line."

"But, my dear chap, I positively can't!"

"Yes you can—you get the madame to make up a camping party out on Elk Mound. She'll understand—she's been there before—in fact, she likes the place for she met her spouse there. You and I will go out the day before with the camp outfit. We'll lay out the camp, or rather I will, pitch tents and all, then we'll pull it all down and repack. You'll have learned all about it, and when the party arrives in the morning, I'll be off trout fishing while you make camp. You'll be just starting as they arrive and you'll tell them we slept in the grass for one night. You'll order the other chaps about and make them do all the work, and when you are through the women will be delighted and so astonished by your skill that they'll give you ten times more credit than you're entitled to. You'll make a hit—do you savvy?"

Yearling liked the idea immensely, and the fool game actually was carried out. The Elk Mound—the camp site—was one of two odd and doubtless artificial mounds which lay about one half mile apart. Past them ran a capital trout brook, on one side of which all was rolling prairie, while upon the other began the huge pine woods in which even a cruiser might get lost. The second mound was a bit higher than ours, but the trees on the crest were poor, hence our choice.

Everything worked finely. Yearling got his lesson and acquitted himself so well before the ladies that even I was amazed by his nerve. She evidently was impressed and she treated her cavalier with all the consideration due the hero of the hour.

"Say, old chap, you're a trump!" quoth the Yearling, as he smote me

on the back with one hand and passed me a B. and S. with the other. "It's sneaky, but it's worth it!" he continued, "we've bamboozled the entire lot—even me Ladye Faire smiles now upon me—upon *me*, the expert! Oh! how farcical, yet how rich!" he concluded, as he grinned with unholy joy.

"The good blacksmith knows when the iron's right!" was my only comment, at which he winked sagaciously. But the blacksmith didn't strike any metal that day, nor the next.

Feminine innocence hath a way with it which can snarl up more male tactics in a minute than an ordinary thick-headed man can unravel during a conscientiously profane month. Why she did it I cannot even guess; but there came a sudden coyness, a sticking close to the others, and, as a natural consequence, a complete baffling of Yearling's tireless efforts to coax her far from the madding. Yearling cursed under his breath and stuck to his task.

Then came the inevitable! It always comes and I suppose it always will. I was going fishing, and lo! she pinned me with an ease and grace which fairly took away my breath. She'd go along—and her chaperone-relative fairly beamed on us and said "Go ahead."

"You planned that—you witch!" was my inward comment as I glanced at the chaperone. The twinkle in her eye was wondrous eloquent, and I marvelled. But "I learned about women from Her."

It was a great fishing trip. Yearling was mooning around the camp, the lady never was more fascinating and affable, and I had a great time. We caught a few fish, too! Along toward evening we reached the best (most remote) pool, and somehow the conversation drifted towards the Yearling. Now She had scarified that young gentleman more than once during our chatter. So finally, slowly and warily, I began to run him down.

It worked! I hadn't more than half got through with him before she was up in arms in defence of the absent. Womanlike, she laid on and spared



not—in fact, she said a deal more than my idle criticism called for. But in the middle of a red-hot rally she suddenly remembered something, and I almost jerked the head off a wretched small trout in the effort to conceal unholy mirth. We managed to get home on speaking terms, and found Yearling very, very gloomy. Nor was his gloom dispelled by her thrilling description of our trip. Never had she so enjoyed herself, never had she dreamed there was so much in trout fishing, and never was such a guide as your humble servant. I looked at her in mute wonder. Had the time been so heavenly? 'Peared to me it had been just ordinary, with pretty near a scrap at one point. Feeling somehow I'd let chances pass me by, and checking a wild impulse to invite her to go over the ground again by moonlight, I moved away.

Presently to me came Yearling and unburdened his soul. It was exactly as he had thought! Any fool could tell by her talk that she'd had the time of her life, and he evidently wasn't at all necessary to her happiness. He'd go into town next day—in fact, he was a blank fool for ever coming out! etc., etc., to all of which I answered, "Tommyrot!" But in order that everybody should surely get what was coming to them, I forbore to mention her attack on me in his defence.

That night I had an inspiration. A totally unexpected smile had made the Yearling forget his resolve to break away, so I asked him to go fishing instead. As might have been expected, he talked about the lady, and when he got about one-eighth through, I sprang my plan.

"Yearling, you've got to get lost—no shinanigan about it, *lost* you must get!"

"But, but," he stammered, "what's the good of *me* getting lost? She wouldn't care a hang."

"Yes she would, too!" I replied, "for she'll be in it. The pair of you will get jolly well lost. There'll be a divil of a shindy—everybody scared stiff—chaperone frantic—appeal to

me—and 'long 'bout midnight——"

"Wha-a-at!"

"Don't interrupt! 'Long about midnight—for I daren't string it till daylight, though I'd like to, matters will have become desperate. Savvy? Well, then I—me—the woodsman, will start upon thy trail. You'll hear a pistol shot, you'll answer. After twenty minutes you'll hear another—and you'll answer. Any old time after that—which means as soon as the young lady has accepted you—I'll hear shots—all that's left in your gun—three in rapid succession. Then I'll get a move on and find you.

"But suppose I can't get her lost?" he ventured.

"Can't even dream such an absurdity," I retorted. "Faint heart always lost fair lady. You could lose a convent or a W.C.T.U. and not half try!"

He grinned, for he was game enough, and the poison was working.

"Just how?" he queried, after a few moments of solemn puffing.

"Like this. There stands the wood like a black wall. All beyond that is heavy timber. Along the edge runs our stream to a point near two miles below. I've been there; none of the others know the lay of things. Half a mile in the timber is another stream exactly like this first one, and between the two the land forms a big ridge, like the roof of a barn. Now, you'll lead her down this first stream to the point where it begins to curve well into the woods. You can fish here and there on the way—important to keep up appearances, you know. Don't for your life talk any nonsense *en route*—get lost first.

"There's a rough bit down there, and, under pretence of cutting off bad going, you'll bear away to the left, over the rise, and down to the other stream. See?"

"If she questions your knowledge, tell her I showed you the way—but she'll never know the difference. Work along upstream till you come to a big pool with a great rock in the centre. On the rock is a lunch paper with a stone

holding it—but you can't make a mistake. If she has been doubting—tell her it's my paper. When you're at the pool you will be exactly opposite camp. This, rightly timed, will be near sunset. You'll eat and have a nip. Meanwhile the sun will be attending to business and the instant he touches the big hills, your valley will begin to darken with amazing celerity.

"She'll get a bit anxious about the return trip—they're all a trifle nervous. You'll waste time explaining how far it is by the back track, and it getting darker every minute. You'll explain how much wiser it is to stop where you are and to signal me. She'll object—naturally—then you'll fire the first shot and get answered. Then she'll at once realize the necessity for sticking to the pool, for I'll be coming to the shot. You'll swear it will be all right, and you'll make a small fire and roast a couple of trout. If this small fire turns into a permanent flame, or merely serves to cook your goose, will be your personal business!"

The Yearling fairly chortled with glee, and after I had made him go over every point, and had fully impressed him with the necessity of strict adherence to every detail, we turned homeward.

How well it worked!—How well it always works when two clever rascals combine against one poor, weak woman. To-day, through the mists of years I can see myself sitting in the twilight waiting for the first shot, while through the dusty corridors of time comes the echo of my own voice saying as it said then—"Yearling—you'll kill me yet—you white-headed English ass!"

Well! It all came off according to programme. The signals were exchanged—earlier than might have been. I sneaked into the cover and *cat-footed* over the ridge and finally ended up behind a mighty pine. He'd built the fire all right, but he'd made it bigger than I'd have made it, and the pair sat where no woodsman would have sat when prowling foes might be about. Each free hand held a switch and on

each switch was impaled a trout. As I looked they nibbled at their trout—then they nibbled at each other—and to me it seemed their faces were covered all over with trout and bliss!

I backed off till my foot found a dead branch which I seized and snapped twice. The cracks fairly ripped the silence and the pair bounced apart as folks will under those circumstances.

"I sa-ay—ole—chap—that—you?"

The Yearling's voice had a new ring—but considering everything a new ring was absolutely necessary.

A social ordeal, at which I was the best man and felt the worst. A trip over sea, a triumph over the home people—a lapse of time, occasional letters—a marked paper, (a boy)—a godfather by proxy—an important letter, a return to Wisconsin, another camping party, this time with Her as chaperone and the boy as evidence—a confidential chat when the others were scattered—the explosion of a mine—the retort in kind and we were quits.

She was happy as a lark and maternity had but ripened her beauty. "He's a king," she said softly, as we lounged on the mound with the heir sprawling on his rug between us. "But what unmitigated fools you men are!" she continued with a joyous chuckle.

"If he was a fool to get it, he'll be a bigger fool if ever he loses it," I ventured.

"I don't mean *that*—but the *way* of it all!" she retorted as she burst out laughing.

"How so?" I asked.

"See that other mound?" she queried—"Well, from the top of that, with a glass you can count the grass blades on this one. The day you and Dearie sneaked out here before the camp, "Coz" and I followed in the trap. Coz vowed you were up to something, so she insisted upon going to the other mound. We saw you working away—pulling things up and taking them down. We laughed at Dearie—he was so funny! Coz solved the riddle and we slipped away home. Later

on we laughed ourselves sick. Oh! you men are so wise! Then came the fishing trip—and that fool game of hide-and-seek! Oh! I'll choke—I know I'll—*don't* look *so* like a fool! You'll kill me you dear old *idjit!*!"

I pretty near landed on the baby at the end of my ecstatic war-dance, then I went back at her.

"And the fire—Oh! lovely Her—how 'bout the fire?"

She caught her breath and her big eyes sparkled with a sudden light.

"I've often wondered," she said slowly and softly.

"See those two pines against the sky?" I questioned artlessly.

"Does he—or will he ever know?" she asked according to her woman's privilege.

"Never!"



### THE STAR OF VIRTUE.

THE star that trembles on the height,  
Faint glow-worm of the summer night,  
Seems now to tarry o'er the lea,  
To shine like faint light under sea.

And though its light is not eterne,  
Though destined not for e'er to burn  
But be extinguished some far day,  
Yet shall its light cease down the way?

Each deed of virtue, like a star  
That lights the voyager from afar,  
Serves as prophecy of dawn—  
That each good lives and travels on.

Each golden deed is fain to be  
A circle of eternity.  
All virtue struggles forth and then  
To reach itself, it turns again.

What though my holy deed be done?  
Its gentle light has now begun  
To trail one tiny thread of gold  
Around all hearts, both young and old.

What though my virtue be forgot  
And suffer with the common lot?  
My deed's first light still lives and moves,  
Unto the dawn that God approves.

*Inglis Morse.*



# In the Secret Service

By Robert Buckley

## EPISODE III.—THE MYSTERIOUS RUSSIAN.

IT took a sheer hour to get Hallam off his garden talk one evening. Never was heard such a lecture on the various sorts of celery, and the proper way to propagate the species. Yet I only remembered that he sowed the seeds himself, and disdained to buy young plants, as some less ambitious amateur gardeners were wont to do, and that he regarded good celery as an uncommonly delicious luxury, and only second to cold tea and cream.

"And yet," he said, "the Continentals, who think themselves civilized, know nothing of celery except as a flavour to soup. The barbarians! The Germans and Russians don't know it with bread and cheese, and, what is more, they have no rhubarb tarts!"

I expressed my sympathy for the benighted lands that knew neither rhubarb nor the right use of celery.

"They certainly know a few other things," mused Hallam. "In point of intellectual subtlety they are, perhaps, our equals. Though comparatively weak in gardening, they produce some tough customers in what may be called my own professional line. Yet, once or twice, I have scored against them. An amusing instance took place, here, in London, not so very long ago."

"A case of diamond cut diamond?" I inquired.

"We scored, certainly; but the thing was not particularly difficult. It seemed that a Mysterious Stranger was staying at an hotel in one of the streets running from the Strand to the Embankment; call it the Don Hotel if you will; a quiet, unpretentious place, in the very centre of the city, yet not conspicuous.

"There is no need to trouble you with the origin of the suspicion attaching to the eminently respectable, bald-headed gentleman, who had two rooms in the uppermost regions of the 'Don.' Suspicions there were of a grave character, and it fell to my lot to tackle the affair. The problem was threefold. To what country did the bald head belong? What was the nature of his business? Who were his confederates? The eminent Minister from whom I had my instructions did not drop one syllable that could be construed into a direct suggestion; but when he propounded the first query, to what country did he belong? I thought his eye strayed towards a large map of Russia.

"Some work had already been done; a common or garden detective had made a report, of which the substance was as follows: (1) The gentleman in question spoke good English, but with a decided foreign accent; (2) He professed to be French; (3) He gave out that he was engaged on a light and sketchy book on England and the English; (4) He had been particular in choosing his rooms, which were at the very top of the house, the one used as his sitting-room being next the street and entered through his bedroom, an arrangement made by himself, in order (he said) to secure quiet for study and writing; (5) He was visited at irregular intervals by three different people, as follows: A foreign gentleman, of distinguished manner, aged 33 to 36; an old professor of languages, aged 64 to 68; and a French priest, aged 40 to 44. Each called once or twice a week. The mysterious stranger seldom stirred abroad; his

name was entered in the hotel accounts as M. A. Saval, and some letters addressed Adolphe Saval, Esq., had reached him; none of them were from abroad. A few telegrams had arrived addressed 'Saval, Don Hotel,' but their contents had been of the most ordinary character—"Will call at 5," and 'Unable to call to-day' were fair samples of the 'wires.' To have read these telegrams was the principal triumph of the Scotland Yard detective.

"It was, however, clear that grave suspicion of some kind existed, or why should I have been asked to investigate personally? Of course, I had to formulate a working hypothesis. Scientists adopt this plan of procedure. When they observe phenomena which do not square with their knowledge, they make to themselves a supposition and try to fit facts to it. If they fit all round, well and good. If not, the supposition is either entirely wrong, or at least must be modified to suit the facts as they transpire. You see the idea?"

I said that it would doubtless be convenient to suppose something to begin with.

"Having evolved a plan of campaign I sent Morland round to see things and this time he had an easy task. All he had to do was to stand near the steps of the 'Don' and sell flowers. He was a very pretty flower-girl, and, apart from the work in which he was directly engaged, made interesting discoveries as to the moral character of certain respectable citizens and others of the sort who are entirely above suspicion. His task was to find out what he could about the three visitors, and Upton, who lounged about, an out-of-elbows fellow looking for work, was to follow them to their respective lairs.

"On the fourth day they sent in their joint report. The three visitors were one and the same person, a fact discovered by their respective heels."

This was new to me. "Why by their heels?" I asked.

"For several excellent reasons, and I may say that I am glad you asked

the question, for the invention (if I may use the word) is my own. First, note that the face may be skilfully disguised, the figure, even, may be made up. You may be looking for a young man, you see an old man with white hair; you may seek a thin man, and a stout man may pass unsuspected. But I never yet met with anyone clever enough to disguise his feet.

"Not that I am guided by their shape alone. There is the angle at which they spread outward from the heel, or turn in at the toe; there is the general hang of the body from the heel upward; the general swing and contour of motion and the walk—a very complicated process is the walk, when minutely observed. And as no two blades of grass are alike, so no two walks resemble each other, or if there be resemblance they are still distinguishable. A trained observer would soon know men as well by their heels as by their faces, if he could only see them walk. Bless me, how expressive the feet are; meanness, generosity, caution, boldness, all are there for those who have eyes to see!"

"And so you spotted the three in one by means of his heels?"

"Upton did. He said he had only looked at the heels and the place they went to. As to the bodies he had not been observant, but he was prepared to swear that the three visitors of M. Adolphe Saval used one and the same pair of feet. That's Upton's style of wit. Upton and Morland, bless me, where should I be without them? Where would the Service be?"

"Well, the heels belonged to a keen-looking foreigner, who to cover his repeated visits to M. Saval, assumed three different characters. So far, good. We were getting on. But why did he visit the 'Don,' why did he aim at secrecy, and what was his business? were three vital questions that still remained unanswered. He lodged in queer diggings in High Street, Borough, and called himself M. Jules Aise, affecting French nationality. His business was understood to be pleasure. Like M. Saval, he was studying the morals

and manners of the mad English ; in fact, they were both ostensibly emulating Mr. Max O'Rell, as M. Paul Blouet calls himself.

"The real person, as distinguished from the three characters adopted, was about thirty-five years old, and in point of appearance was far superior to his lodgings. His landlord was named Schiffer, which is German. Many Russians have German names, and close inquiry revealed the fact that though Schiffer passed for German, he was Russian to the core.

"Now we found that M. Aise was a singularly slippery customer. For days he failed to appear. Traced to his diggings he was temporarily lost. He would vanish for a week at a time, and though the watcher in charge was ready to take oath Aise had not left the house, he continued his visits to Saval exactly as before! Of course, we soon spotted the dodge. He left by a cellar grating which was hidden by a huge hen-coop, into which he scrambled and from which he looked to see if the coast was clear. Then he climbed a wall, and by means of devious windings reached the Thames and so got away. He probably suspected that his movements were under surveillance. When we discovered this piece of innocent deceit we determined to let him deceive us as much as he liked, and keeping the first watcher in his old position, we traced M. Aise to—where do you think? Woolwich and the vicinity of

the Arsenal. There the thing became interesting. I began to see daylight.

"At Woolwich he spent much time in walking about with a charming lady who seemed to meet him casually, and to be on intimate but respectful terms. Lucky dog! He had no other business in the neighbourhood that we could trace, nor did he ever speak ten words to any other person. Sometimes the pair took tea together in the coffee room of an unexceptionable hotel, and though the

lady was tolerably young, and decidedly charming, the attentions of M. Aise were apparently only such as might be expected from a brother, or from a polite commercial dealing with a lady customer. If not a case of love, was it a matter of business?

"Two more solid facts: the lady was called Miss Jessie Brown she was a teacher of music and languages in a High School for ladies not far away, and was said to be of English parentage though born and reared abroad. Setting a watch on M. Aise and the charming Jessie, I thus dealt, for the

moment, with fact Number One. Fact Number Two was suggestive. M. Aise, in some one of his Three Characters invariably paid a visit to M. Saval at the 'Don Hotel' immediately after he had enjoyed the society of the lovely Miss Brown of Woolwich. Put all the discoveries I have enumerated together, and you will see that the plot was thickening.

"At this juncture the problem as-



"The Charming Jessie."



sumed a definite form, and was simply stated thus : What did Aise and Saval talk about ? The question was more easily asked than answered. You know that Saval's sitting-room was at the top of the hotel, that it looked out on the street, and that his bedroom was between it and the corridor. There was no listening at the door ! What did Aise tell Saval ? The answer to that question would decide several things, and would besides indicate the direction in which to look for the confederates, if any.

"Like other hotel-keepers, the proprietors of the 'Don' had an arrangement with a builder whereby the latter contracted to keep the place in repair, and, accordingly, no one was surprised when they observed a bricklayer busy on the roof. I came and went (for I was that industrious bricklayer) without let or hindrance, the very proprietor himself unconscious of my unskilfulness with trowel and mortar. The roof was large ; repair was always in order, and better take things in time than wait for serious leakage. Only the builder who was supposed to send me received a hint from an official whose influence was sufficient. Dressed in well-worn corduroys and reeking with mortar, I climbed from the top corridor of the 'Don' through a trap-door designed to act as a sort of fire-escape, and scrambled out on the tiles. It was a painful moment. One slip and the Service would have lost an ornament, while the newspapers found a paragraph, and the newsboys would gloat over good business as they shouted, 'Orrible death of a bricklayer !'

"I had to choose my time, for old Saval was hardly ever out. But one afternoon he had taken hat and stick and walked off towards Trafalgar Square, and in a jiffy I was up and had a neat hole through the roof just large enough to admit the end of the india-rubber tube which was coiled round my body under the waistcoat. The other end was taken to a group of chimneys that afforded shelter and protection, and moreover allowed me to sit comfortably and effectually con-

cealed, holding my end of the tube to my best ear.

"I tell you the game needs patience, as well as a few other trifling qualifications. I remained there all night. To have come down late in the evening would have looked awry, for your bricklayer does not stay over working hours out of sheer enthusiasm. And to make sure that nothing was suspected, Upton, as a bricklayer's hodman, called at seven o'clock, and was told I had gone long before, a natural assumption, though, of course, nobody had seen me leave. Upton came again next morning, and climbing out on the tiles gave me needed food and drink. The work was most trying, and though the weather was dry and warm, that terrible long night on the tiles with the amatory Tom-cat and his song of love will long linger on the shelves of memory.

"Upton brought good news. M. Aise had spent a couple of hours at Woolwich with Miss Brown, and as visits to Saval always followed these meetings, it looked as though I should not have long to wait. Upton stayed on the roof to keep the pot a-bilin', while I took rest and change elsewhere, returning at five in the afternoon so as to be ready for Aise, who generally visited Saval in the evening.

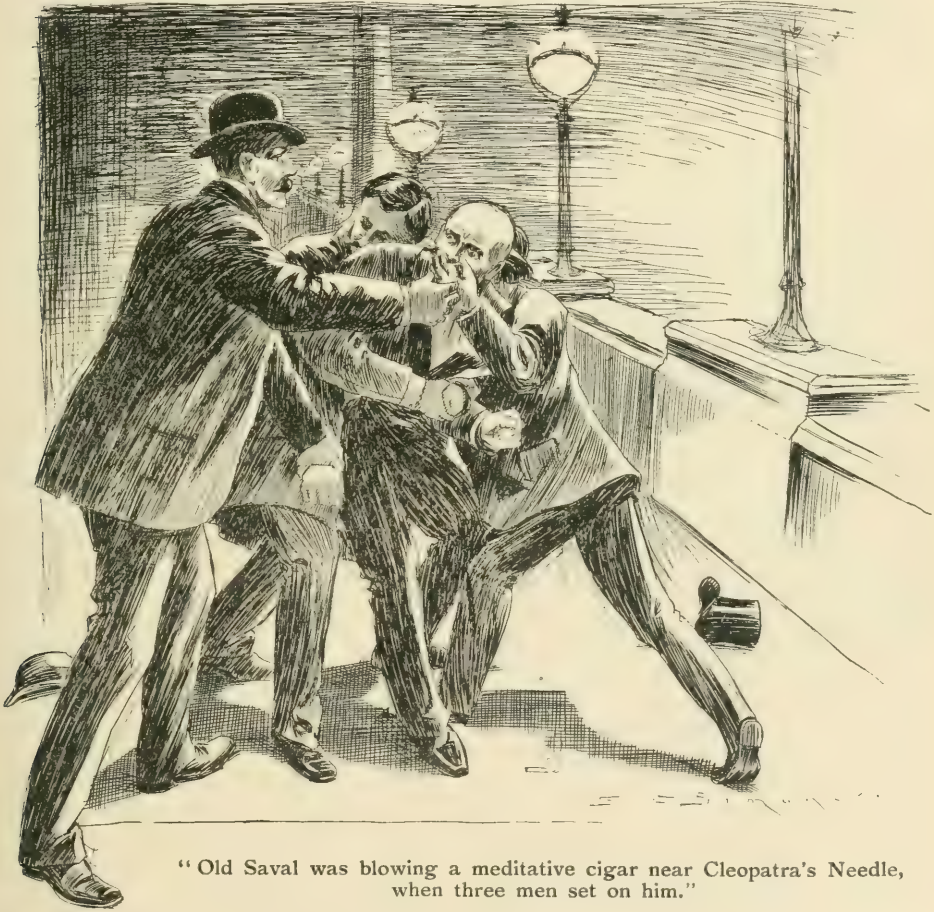
"He came, and the tube worked wonderfully well, though it had one defect. I could not see the two worthies whose conversation interested me so much. The language was Russian, and here my two years in St. Petersburg worked like a charm. In five minutes the whole thing was clear as crystal. Saval was a Russian spy ; Aise was another, in a subordinate position, and bit by bit, they were between them compiling and tabulating every particular concerning our guns, our shells, our stores, our high explosives, and, in short, everything we wished to keep secret. How I smiled when I recognized my own favourite pursuit—next to gardening.

"Problem Number One being solved, two others presented themselves. Where did Aise obtain his

information, and, how could we get hold of the tabulated statements which the bald-headed and urbane M. Saval (as he called himself) would doubtless transmit to St. Petersburg when complete?

"Proceeding, we found that Miss Brown was not Miss Brown at all, but really a Miss Rosomsky, born of

more proved beyond doubt that age sometimes brings increased ardour and that the oldest fools are the biggest fools, had been employed in the arsenal from his childhood, and though we may as well avoid direct allusion to his department, I may say that he was in a position to give everything away had he been so minded.



"Old Saval was blowing a meditative cigar near Cleopatra's Needle, when three men set on him."

Russian parents in England, and, as it seemed, a successful, because a totally unsuspected agent of the Russian Secret Service. We also discovered that she had accepted the addresses of a man old enough to be her father, and here we dropped on the key of the whole mystery. This sighing swain of sixty, this infatuated lover who once

"I went over to reckon him up. It was an easy task. Though in his time a valuable servant, his day was really past, and, moreover, as to worldly knowledge he was a perfect baby in arms. His whole life and intellect had been absorbed by his department, and until now, it was said, he had never been in love with a woman! Well



might he have it so severely ! Miss Brown had noticed him ; had flattered him ; had, in short, encouraged in his senile brain thoughts befitting the brain of twenty. And even for sixty he was an old man, used up physically and mentally. Thus it was that the lady's systematic and skilful pumping had been regularly productive of valuable results. She was so deeply interested in all that interested him ! And would they not be married in a few months ; and were not man and wife as one ?

"Such was the stuff the poor old fellow faltered when the thing he had done was made known to him. Poor old Peter ; he was only retired a little earlier, while the lovely cause of his troubles disappeared. She was able to laugh at us, if she liked. We could not punish her in any way.

"With respect to Aise and Saval we decided that to unravel the Gordian knot would be sheer waste of time, and accordingly we cut it. Aise was suddenly arrested on a trumped-up charge and his rooms carefully examined in his temporary absence. A number of papers were confiscated and destroyed, nearly all being in the handwriting of the intellectual Miss 'Brown,' whose knowledge of chemistry and the composition of high explosives did honour to her bringing-up.

"As for Saval, he nearly baffled us, for though we found means of searching his room as only trained experts can search, the tabulated record, compiled so laboriously, could not be found. I concluded that he carried it about with him, but as there was reason to believe that his arrest might

lead to diplomatic complications, taking him into custody by mistake and searching him would not answer, to say nothing of the fact that a bare-faced collaring of the document would have been a clumsy expedient, and one we should have found it hard to explain. There was, however, another way. *I had him robbed.*"

"Robbed ?" I echoed.

"Just robbed ; that's all. Strange things can take place in London even on the Thames Embankment in the dusk of a summer evening. Old Saval was blowing a meditative cigar near Cleopatra's Needle, when three men set on him, and in two minutes despoiled him of everything he possessed, purse, watch, and—ahem, papers ! 'Where were the police ?' was asked by the newspapers. I know !"

"So do I," was my answer, and we both laughed heartily.

"Thus," he resumed, "we secured the tables and statistics which represented the patient toil of months, and which, having regard to the circumstances under which they were compiled, were very admirable. How much Saval and his coadjutors remembered I cannot tell ; not much I think. Our operation was successful in every way. No one was offended ; no complaint was made by the Russian officials in London of outrage on their countrymen. The real business of the Mysterious Stranger was discovered, his collection of facts destroyed, and the source of his information closed for ever. I forgot to say that from the description Saval gave of his assailants they would appear to have been of about the height and build of Upton, Morland, and—myself.



#### EPISODE IV.—PARIS AND AN ANARCHIST PLOT.

A WEEK elapsed between the story of the mysterious Russian and Hallam's next visit ; a fact which was clearly indicative of absence on active service. On the eighth evening his familiar tap came to my garden window, and shortly my friend was in his

usual place, and in the enjoyment of his usual frugal luxuries.

"Paris," he said, by way of explanation. And though he was in the act of sipping his chosen beverage, his look expressed distaste, almost disgust. I led him on at once.



"Lovely Paris, eh? Most fascinating city in the world," said I.

Hallam made several smoke-rings before replying. He is an adept at the art, which he learned at Bonn when fighting his way through that charming seat of learning thirty years ago. He declares that fencing, smoking, and German were all the accomplishments he acquired, as though these were not sufficient triumphs of a University career. When the rings reached the mystic number of seven, and the last had dissolved on the ceiling, he said:—

"I detest Paris. The surface is fair, the depths are foul beyond description. The rottenness of the Empire runs to Paris, and everything that flourishes on feculence is naturally attracted there."

"Still, there is refinement and culture?"

"Side by side with degradation, cruelty, brutality. Ah! Paris is the place for the Anarchist! There he is at home; there he finds his needful environment. He won't grow in London, nor, for that matter, in England. A spirit of fair play in the atmosphere kills him."

"He can't find a following of men groaning under injustice and wrong?" I suggested.

"That is so. Yet for that very reason, and because the conversion of England to Anarchy would give the cause a tremendous boom, the leaders of the Assassination Circle a few years ago decided on effecting their greatest blow in this country."

"You astonish me."

"Yet nothing could be more simple. Their reasons were perfectly sound—from their point of view."

"You mean that they calculated on a splendid advertisement?"

"That was one object. But there

were other reasons for choosing England. It was a good country to work in. No police agents stopped Anarchists at the ports or dogged them in the streets. England is not only the home of the brave and the free, but also the favourite dumping-ground for the off-scourings of Continental back-slums.

"Then," continued Hallam, "the year 1897 presented a wonderful opportunity. The whole world was expected



"Hallam made several smoke-rings before replying."

to be present at the Diamond Jubilee of Her Gracious Majesty, of blessed memory.

"It was in Paris that the plot was hatched," he resumed, as he lit a second pipe with one of his favourite willow splints. "And, as a member of the Assassination Committee, of course I went over to take part in the deliberations."

"It was some twenty years ago that I became master of the secrets of the

dreaded 'Mafia' brotherhood of Italy. I picked up the lingo at Naples, and at the same time was admitted as a promising foreigner. I passed for a German at the time, and, with the Continental secret societies I have maintained that character ever since."

"Why a German?" I asked.  
 "Why not an Englishman?"

"Because in the matters with which the 'Mafia' and similar societies deal, Englishmen are rather at a discount. They are not gifted in this direction.

"Anyone who has studied racial characteristics," said Hallam, "will readily concur with my opinion on this point, and, moreover, the whole course of history goes to prove it. An Italian murdered President Carnot in France. An Italian murdered the Empress of Austria in Switzerland. In England we annually average four murders to the million, including infanticides. In Naples the average is a hundred and seventy-four, more than forty-three to one."

He was getting on one of his favourite subjects, that of racial traits, and it was needful to call him off, or there would be no story. I dissembled and remarked:—

"So you went over to Paris to add your quota to the wisdom of the Assassination Committee?"

"Exactly; and let me tell you it was a risky business. Besides myself, the Committee consisted of three Italians, an Austrian, and a Frenchman, one and all cranks of the most dangerous sort. On receiving the usual summons I went over via Dieppe, and, you may be sure, not forgetting my secret coat of mail."

The coat of mail surprised me, and I said so; at the same time asking if it in any way resembled the ball-proof jacket worn by Mr. Parnell to preserve him from the attentions of his fellow-patriots.

"Mine was my own invention, and only designed to save me from surprise, or, at any rate, to diminish my risks. Most nationalities, as you are aware, have their favourite methods of assassination—Italians prefer the knife

or the stiletto. The odds were, that if by any chance suspicion should be aroused, one of the three Italians would undertake to settle me. So I prepared against the Italian style, or rather styles, for they have their special points of attack, the most popular being a downward stab behind the left shoulder-blade with a view to transfixing the heart. They call this the 'Genoa' method."

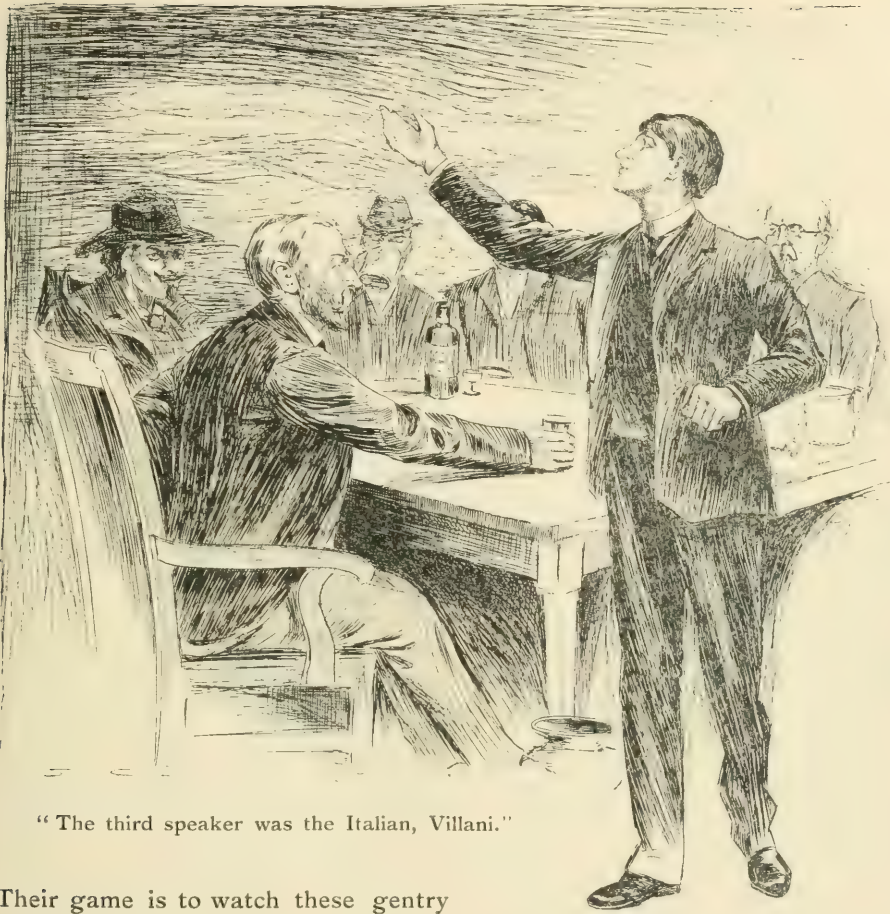
"And you provided against that?"

"I had a little arrangement in stout leather lined with steel fitted into the back of my waistcoat, or, rather, I fitted it myself. Then there was the 'Naples' method, which had to be considered. This is a frontal attack, an upward stab under the ribs. A deadly wound this, with the long stiletto of those favoured regions. The point is so fine, and the triangular blade so thin, yet so strong, that the penetration is something fearful. Another bit of armour was worn to meet this, and with a pair of miniature six-shooters in my pockets, I thought that, barring unforeseen circumstances, I might perhaps argue persuasively in the event of any unpleasantness.

"I knew all about the object of the meeting before I left England, and I was also well aware that my influence would probably be supreme by reason of my long residence in London. And, in point of fact, my knowledge of the locality where the deed was to be done, and my immense enthusiasm in the cause, led the chief of the Paris centre to abdicate the position he held by virtue of his office, and to move that I take the chair. I accepted with becoming modesty, and called upon the French head centre, one Duval, to move the main resolution.

"Duval fancied himself as an orator, and though half he said was lost on the Austrian scoundrel and the three Italians, that made no difference to his enjoyment. We were in an upper room of the Rue Blanche, not far from the Moulin Rouge, and he was positively noisy. But sound, as you know, ascends. Still, it was unlikely that we should be disturbed by the police.





"The third speaker was the Italian, Villani."

Their game is to watch these gentry until their schemes ripen, and to seize their prey at the right moment, that is, when damning evidence is to the fore. Any other policy would merely put them on their guard, and enable them at the last hour to outwit the spies who are on their footsteps day and night.

"Duval said that during the whole course of the world's history there had never been such an opportunity as the one that now presented itself. It was estimated that from two to three millions of people would be gathered together in the English capital, in addition to the three or four millions composing its normal population. And if a certain great personage could be 'removed' in the sight of five or six millions of people, as it were, what glory would be ours! How the tyrants of the world would tremble in their

palaces, even though surrounded by guards and giant fortresses! Now, indeed, was the time to strike a blow for liberty, for the universal emancipation of mankind!

"Having proved to the satisfaction of all that the moment was opportune, Duval proceeded to dilate on the glory of the deed, and the immortality awaiting the fortunate hero who should bring the project to a successful conclusion. But though he declared that the assassin of the Great Personage under condemnation would be, in his judgment, the most enviable man in the world, the idea of volunteering his own services did not seem to occur to him. It took him some time to get his oration off his chest, but he sat down at last, his breast heaving, his forehead



damp with the dews of political emotion.

"Herr Egger, the Austrian delegate, rose at once to second the motion, echoing Duval in the vilest French, and like him, denouncing tyrants and governments until the perspiration streamed from his forehead. A very picturesque ruffian this Egger. Under the impression that he had been unjustly dealt with in a suit involving property he had decided to do what in him lay to abolish all Governments. He had travelled far and wide, and had an intimate and brotherly relationship with the rascality of several countries.

"The third speaker was the Italian, Villani, whose name suited him to a hair. He was a genial sort of cut-throat, and once more proved the truth of Shakespeare's remark that a man may smile and smile and be a villain. He had an innocent, almost boyish look, and would have interested any philanthropic lady who might have found him in apparent want.

"This delightful ruffian had a soft, sweet voice that went well with his appearance. He was young, and said to be in high favour with the fair sex, and truth to tell, he was of the pattern that the great majority of average women go crazy about. So very mild and gentle, you know; so silky and soft-spoken! He was eminently practical, and the first that got down to real business. He said that before selecting an agent for the very honorable and noble function in view, it would be well to decide as to the best and surest means of bringing off the coup. Villani was like that fellow in Shakespeare who wants to make assurance doubly sure, and, so far, I was with him, for, as you know, I love thoroughness and the practicality that keeps its eye fixed upon the end in view. In point of intellect Villani was good enough for the service, but if you had strained him a hundred times through a hair sieve you would not have found in him a single grain of human feeling.

"He discussed the history of assassination, and was evidently an enthu-

siast, and one who had read up his subject and thoroughly enjoyed the details. He showed why assassination had failed, and urged that time, place, and circumstances should be thoroughly considered on the present important occasion. Then in regular order he examined the means. Bombs, he said, were admirable in a crowd, but unreliable when the removal of a particular person was desired. He admitted that the case of the Russian Emperor was an exception, but said this was more than counterbalanced by the failure of Orsini and his comrades to compass the 'removal' of the Third Napoleon. No, he hoped his friends the brethren would bear with him, but he had carefully studied the matter, and if the honourable committee should decide on bombs, he felt that the confidence which in such a case was so desirable would be wanting.

"Then there was the knife; the stiletto. Far be it from him to detract from the efficacy of the knife in determined hands. His brethren from Italy knew what could be done with the knife. (Here the other two Italians nodded and smiled approvingly.) Yet the knife had disadvantages, which in the present case promised to be insuperable.

"For instance, the Great Personage would be in a carriage, and, therefore, practically inaccessible. The streets would be hedged with the military, and any lover of humanity who might attempt to break through the cordon and rush upon the moving vehicle would run the risk of being knocked on the head without having effected anything except his own martyrdom.

"Then there was the revolver. Much might be said for the revolver. It was a lovely instrument, and did honour to the heart as well as to the head of the inventor. If fired at a sufficiently short range to make sure of the mark, nothing could well be better. But to use the revolver effectively one needed to be close, for really good pistol shots were rare. A few might, perhaps, be found in America,

and he had even heard of good revolver shooting at the Bisley meeting of rifle volunteers in perfidious Albion. But these experts were not available to the cause, and though a couple of American Presidents had been bowled over by revolvers, the Anarchists could not claim the credit of either removal. Moreover, both were effected by surprise. One President was sitting in the theatre, the other was walking slowly in front of the 'operator.' The Great Personage with whom they hoped to deal would in all probability be whirled along in a carriage. That increased the difficulty of the problem ; and, besides, the best revolver shot might lose his nerve at such a trying moment. What then was his proposition ; what was the best course to adopt to minimise the chances of failure ? If we would give him our attention for a moment longer, he would endeavour not to detain us.

"To achieve great things we required adequate means. Instead of the one 'operator,' he would propose that three be appointed. The many failures the cause had had to deplore arose mainly from the employment of a single individual, who in the supreme moment lost his head without having a supporter at hand to correct his error.

"He proposed three 'operators.' Now for the means, and he would ask us to notice that the choice of means limited the number of 'operators' available. Anybody could use a knife ; but here, as he had shown, the knife was not advisable, and he proposed the repeating rifle. Three ten-shooters in skilful hands ought to make satisfactory work. Rifles could be laid on rests, and the carriage covered from the back or the front, the marksman firing in a straight line with the motion of the vehicle, which could be attacked at a certain spot arranged beforehand. The rifle was better than a revolver in that a modern magazine-gun had ten shots, while the revolver had only six ; the rifle had infinitely greater range and penetration ; and a hundred men could be found to shoot straight with a rifle for one good with the revolver.

There were some other points, but he felt he had already detained the honourable company long enough, and he would be glad to hear the opinion of the meeting. With this, and a low bow, Villani sat down, smiling and showing his teeth in the most charming way.

"Another Italian named Sosa, succeeded, but only to support Villani, whom he praised as the pride of Italy. He thought the proposition could not be bettered.

"The third Italian, one Damiano, was more critical, yet on the whole approved Villani's well-considered scheme. But where, he asked, were the three riflemen to come from ? And would provision be made by which they might have a reasonable chance of escape. It was all very well to talk of immortality. The priests professed to be anxious for immortality, but when they were ill they sent for the doctor, and in every way postponed putting off mortality to the latest possible moment. If escape were probable men would come forward.

"Here the estimable Herr Egger stated that two were already found : a Russian marksman, whose family had suffered severely through devotion to Nihilism, and an Italian gamekeeper who had acquired much skill in the use of firearms, and who through jealousy had 'removed' his wife, and had escaped over the Swiss frontier. The third man would doubtless be found.

"There was my opportunity. I stated what was perfectly true, that since my residence in England I had given much attention to scientific rifle shooting, and that if I were deemed worthy of the honour, I would be only too happy to make a third in the magnificent project before us. I took it that the other two had been sounded, and that, subject to the approbation of the meeting, they would be found ready and willing ?

"Villani and Duval assented, and Egger added that more determined 'operators' could not be found on the planet.

"Resuming, I proposed to put



Villani's resolution to the meeting, and if that should be carried, I would retire while they discussed my own worthiness to a share in the most glorious enterprise in the history of Anarchism. This being duly agreed, I left the room—for another, whence by means of a small opening in the wall, deftly covered with wall-paper, I could hear all that was said in my absence. It had been an easy matter to arrange this detail, for during my Anarchist visits to Paris I regularly stayed in the house, which was one of the great lodging-houses of the city.

"As you may guess, I listened with some intensity, for though careless about my election, I wished to note whether my loyalty was suspected, and whether there would be any need for my six-shooters to address the meeting.

"All went well. I was elected, thanked and congratulated. My proposed colleagues were in Paris, and it was resolved that I should be entrusted with funds to purchase Winchester repeating rifles, and that all three should be familiarized with the weapon by a short course of practice. In the fulness of time Villani was to proceed to London, and with me, was to obtain rooms and generally to concert measures for the grand coup. All this was done, and though Anarchists are not famous for the possession of money, the enthusiasm of the few who knew what was in the wind was infectious, and Duval supplied us liberally if not lavishly.

"At last all was ready. My fellow operators arrived in London by different routes, and two rooms which had every advantage were at our disposal. Schoumoff, the Russian enthusiast, was a mild-looking man of five or six and thirty; Vasco, the Italian, had a simple air. Both were harmless in appearance, though with respect to the doctrines of anarchy both were monomaniacs and highly dangerous. Both were ignorant and easily led, and both believed that escape after the deed was amply assured, and that success would be richly rewarded.

"The rooms were on the first floor

of a well-known thoroughfare not far from Temple Bar, and the range did not exceed five yards—if the shots were fired as the carriage passed the house. But we had a better arrangement. Near our window the street made a small curve which would for some twenty yards cause the carriage to approach almost directly towards our position. This would enable us to cover the Great Personage with accuracy, and would avoid the risk attending the merely momentary aim to be obtained as the carriage passed the window. Then we had among us thirty shots as fast as we could pull the trigger, and it was thought that with such an immense concourse of people a few stray bullets might teach the multitude the risks of associating themselves with Royalty, and so convey a salutary lesson and impress the advantages of anarchy. Cabs, driven by friends, were to await us in a quiet back street, which would be deserted at the moment of the 'operation.' I need not trouble you with the details of our plans for a clear course to the next hiding place. Suffice that my forethought extorted the praise of Villani, who was a master of detail."

Here I remarked that the man in the street would wonder why the wretches were not arrested the moment they landed on English soil. Hallam intimated that the reasons were complex, but convincing. The foreign anarchists in London who were in touch, on the arrest of their friends would probably in revenge have done something desperate, and thus a calamity would have been brought about by the very means taken to avert it. Then the whole course of proceeding had been mapped out from first to last, and no foreign Government would have dealt with these scoundrels unless they had been taken red-handed, as it were. These were two only of a hundred details, and I might take it that the Secret Service knew its business. Resuming the narrative, Hallam said:

"We were at our posts at six on the morning of the eventful day, though it was reckoned that nothing would be



done until ten or eleven. At nine we arranged ourselves at our posts, Vasco and I at one window; Schoumoff at the other, which was in a second room. Villani was below, standing patiently on the kerb, by a lamp-post, well in sight of us all, and ready to give the preparatory signal, his position permitting a more distant view than ours. We filled the magazines of the rifles, laid them across the chair-backs which were to serve as rests, and indulged in mild cigarettes and coffee, for my colleagues were temperate men, and regarded themselves as heroes in a noble cause.

"When our dispositions were made, I took up my role of signaller—a role not reckoned on by Villani and his friends. In less than two minutes three gentle knocks came to the locked door. Villani for the moment had left the lamp-post, and the taps were in a certain order, understood in anarchist lodges.

"Vasco looked at me. 'Villani,' I said. He opened, and was instantly secured, while at the same moment I sprang upon Schoumoff, and laid him on his back. Villani, of course, had been arrested below. It was a neat operation, though simple as to the working out."

"What was done with the disappointed operators?"

"They were handed to their respective Governments, with a diplomatic hint that the matter could be kept quiet, and that the men might be dealt with

*for their other crimes.* In such affairs Governments oblige each other. And it was desired that the day of Jubilee should pass without a cloud, without any incident of a regrettable character. You see the idea?"

I said that the Russian and Italian Governments could make their punishments fit the crime attempted as well as the crime accomplished.

"Precisely. Schoumoff, accused of Nihilism, was sent to the mines of Siberia for life, which meant that he was dead to the world. Villani and Vasco were both executed for the murders they had committed. I alone escaped to Paris, to tell the story of our failure. Duval declared that Villani was the traitor, and that he had never really believed in his loyalty. Having no evidence he had held his peace, but instinct had warned him, and so far his instinct had never been at fault. A clever fellow, Duval. Immediately after the Paris meeting he had tried to sell both plot and plotters to the Scotland Yard folks, and his letters, which were handed to me as they arrived, were rather good, his description of myself being very carefully done. I was sorry to hear of his body being found in the Seine a few days after our last meeting, that to which I have just referred. Probably his associates got wind of his correspondence with London. Good night. I shall be sowing peas and broad beans to-morrow morning. Come over and smoke your pipe while I work."



#### EPISODE V.—THE STOLEN SIGNAL BOOK.

WE had spoken of British patriotism, and Hallam concurred with me that though the English when compared with foreigners seemed cold externally, no people in the world were prouder of their country or more determined to preserve its honour before the world at large.

"There are exceptions," he continued, "but the exceptions only prove the rule. There never was a country without its traitors, and, if I remem-

ber aright, there was a Judas among the Twelve Apostles themselves."

I said that my reading of Scripture had left the same impression. He lay back luxuriously and commenced to make smoke-rings. It seems that the peculiar art of the Bonn University student is to make two consecutive smoke-rings, the first large, the second small, and to blow the little one through the big one. To acquire the needful skill takes time, but while the

student is thus engaged he is doing nothing worse, a consideration which contents the authorities.

"It rather depresses one to find that traitors are not unknown in England," resumed Hallam, "yet we cannot complain. Treachery with us is not racial, as in some countries. We have an occasional traitor, just as we have an occasional case of Asiatic cholera. Both are foreign to the country and the climate."

"I suppose that you have investigated cases of treachery more serious than the Woolwich affair."

"Most certainly. For that was not treachery at all. I would rather describe it as tomfoolery. Poor old Peter! Convicted of betraying the secrets of his country to a foreign Power, he left the Court (as it were) without a stain on his character.

"Talking of traitors, what would you do to any one who told you there were traitors in the British navy?"

"Knock him down," I ejaculated.

"Quite right, dear boy—spoken like a Briton. And if you jumped on him afterwards, no doubt a British jury would take a lenient view, and would ascribe it to—"

"Uncontrollable impulses of hysteria," I suggested.

"Just so. And your reference to 'Lucy' reminds me that the dear child played a most important part in the detection of an unfortunate piece of treachery which occurred in connection with the British navy.

"At the moment I was called into this special business, I was so happy that I knew it could not last. I was potting artichokes, and my asparagus beds looked better than I had ever seen them. But ruthless fate was not to be denied; and when my servant appeared at the corner near the celery trench, I bet myself half-a-crown I was about to be sent away for a month. And so it was. Mackie is certainly a good gardener, but—who likes to leave his loved ones in charge of another?"

"This time I saw an Admiralty official who, at first, assumed a tone of superiority so overwhelming that, I

concluded, he thought he was talking to a groom. When I had set him right on this point I learned that a Fleet Signal Book had been stolen from the '*Pelion*' lying off Plymouth, and to this almost incredible fact might be added two others—no one had been arrested, and no one in authority could offer the smallest suggestion as to the direction in which it had disappeared.

"You will understand that the loss of such a book involves consequences of the gravest character. Suppose we were engaged in a naval war and that the enemy had the means of reading our signals, and also of misleading our ships or even decoying them to their destruction. Upon my word, circumstances are conceivable in which our very existence as a nation might depend on the enemy's possession and mastery of our Fleet Signal Book."

I began to see the extreme seriousness of the situation.

"The thing is so important that every such book is heavily bound in lead, and by the standing orders must be placed in a certain spot during battle, so that if needful, it can be sent to the bottom of the sea at a moment's notice. One of these precious repositories of the nation's naval secrets had mysteriously disappeared, and it seemed as though an entire revision and reconstruction of the Code would be necessary; no light matter in a navy like ours. Fancy teaching the whole thing anew, and then finding that the new signal-book had followed the old one!

"Armed with proper credentials, and accompanied by 'Lucy,' I journeyed to Devonshire and went aboard the '*Pelion*' as a country vicar who was a distant relative of the Commander, who despite his misfortune entered into the spirit of the thing, and, I verily believe, at first cast dubious glances on 'Lucy,' whose get-up and demeanour presented a masterpiece of art. As a relative of the Commander she was highly privileged on the '*Pelion*'; as a charming but coy maiden from the country she was still more highly favoured. Susceptible lieutenants made eyes at her,

and I distinctly heard one young rascal declare he would give a day's pay to get a sight of her ankle. Intolerable young rogue! But 'Lucy' was far too modest to allow of such a possibility. Morland knew too much about the expressiveness of people's feet.

"Well, notwithstanding all our efforts, we discovered absolutely nothing. The facts were simple enough. The book had been left on the table of the Commander's cabin while he had gone ashore. On his return it had faded away like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving not a wrack behind. Who had taken it? Where was it? Bless me, how easy it is to ask questions! This business threatened to beat us. And the state of things on board, the miserable suspicion everywhere was indeed deplorable.

"We did all we knew for a week, coming and going from our hotel in Devonport, and as rural folks from the Midlands taking the greatest interest in everything and everybody, and diligently comparing notes every evening without being able to suggest to ourselves the shadow of a clue to work upon. We were almost in despair when, once again, the chapter of accidents stood us in good stead.

"One afternoon, just as we were being put ashore at our usual landing-place another boat, dexterously handled by a fine young fellow in boating

costume, approached the steps. With the laudable object of getting in first, our boatman, a jolly tar of the *Pelion* crew, manœuvred to take the inside course, inducing a slight collision, a mere bump of the stranger's craft, though enough to disconcert the oarsman for a moment. He uttered an

exclamation of impatience, an involuntary ejaculation of 'Awkward fellow,' and—he uttered it in French.

"That was all. But as he handed the boat to its owner, whom he addressed in perfect English, I took especial note of his appearance, and afterwards, with 'Lucy,' sauntered in the direction he took until I had located him in his hotel. I felt a strong desire to know more of this expert oarsman, who being to all appearance a genuine John Bull, yet in a moment of annoyance, unconsciously expressed himself in French. Now, during my many sojourns among foreign nations, and elsewhere, I had met with many who spoke excellent English, but who would momentarily forget this accom-

plishment when annoyed or taken unawares. An Englishman who speaks fluent French is apt in the first flush of his anger, when overcharged by a Paris cabman, to drop an English word or two, eh?"

I said that every man preferred to swear in his own dear native tongue.



"Lucy"



"To know all that was known at the stranger's hotel," continued my friend, "was easy enough. Stated seriatim, my information was as follows: He called himself W. J. Thomson, of Liverpool; he was supposed to be in easy circumstances; he had rented two rooms in the hotel for nearly six months; he was fond of boating, and was an expert oar; he was on the water every afternoon, but he did not always row himself; on these lazy days he always hired the same man, one Gubbins, and lastly Mr. Thomson had intimated that he would shortly give up his rooms, and would proceed on an extended tour to Italy and Egypt. Happy dog! So far I could discover no earthly reason why he should have uttered an exclamation in French; nor could I explain to myself the un-English flash of his eye as he used the abusive words. And the name of Thomson excited suspicion. It was so very common—pace that it *might* have been chosen for a purpose. I followed up this scent with alacrity.

"Before many days I found that no such person was known in Liverpool. No W. J. Thomson, a skilled yachtsman of independent means and who spoke French, was traceable by my agents in the Mersey city, and I began to rub my hands. Instinct, dear boy, was at work. There is within us a sub-consciousness, an intellectual suggestion, the working of which we do not perceive except by its results, and this it is that convinces us without reason, as it were. Of course, the faculty is more highly developed in some than in others. I flatter myself that mine has a high degree of sensitiveness, and that in many perplexing investigations it has pulled me through. But we are verging on the occult; let us call it instinct, eh!

"We watched Mr. Thomson pretty closely, either from the water-side or the deck of the *Pelion*, and I soon observed that he had altogether given up rowing himself, and that Gubbins was now invariably employed. Decidedly, the dear Gubbins was absorbing some of the interest which proper-

ly belonged to Thomson! Who, and what was the weather-beaten Gubbins, and of what did the two speak so earnestly when far away from shore? For so much I had noted through the excellent naval glass with which 'Lucy' and I, standing on the hospitable deck of the *Pelion*, swept the horizon at all sorts of times. My darling girl was particularly partial to this recreation, and in a few days was familiar with every peculiarity of the favoured Thomson, who, she declared, when talking with Gubbins three or four miles out, would gesticulate like a Frenchman. Just so. But why so much discussion with a mere 'longshore man?' And why discuss at sea? Was it because there are walls ashore and walls have ears?

"Gubbins was soon tabulated. Tall, dark, and sullen; about fifty; shady boat owner; father and grandfather smugglers and worse; betting man down on his luck, his boats mortgaged to the very thrwarts. Beautiful!

"When I heard this from 'Lucy,' I exclaimed, in the words of a song once popular, 'Now we shan't be long!' You see my working hypothesis that Thomson had something queer about him was at each step confirmed by the facts which successively came to light. Gubbins was likely to be productive of more soul-stirring information; instinct cried aloud that Gubbins must be worked for all he was worth.

"It was strange, but Lucy, with all her talent, had after all missed the most vital piece of information. In a casual talk with a Devonport man I learned that Gubbins had a son in the navy, somewhere, but whether at home or abroad nobody knew, probably Gubbins himself did not know. He was just the sort that took no notice of their offspring, nor they of him. A son in the navy, had he? Bless my stars! Beautiful once more! And that son—was he by any chance serving on the *Pelion*? Ahem—pardon my 'hollow cough.'

"The Commander was surprised to see me return to the ship that evening, for my talk with the Devonport man

had occurred after my daily visit to the vessel. I asked whether the musical name of Gubbins adorned the ship's books? He answered in the negative. There was no Gubbins; there never had been a Gubbins; and there was no immediate probability that there would ever be a Gubbins—and—what was I going to drink?"

And as Hallam busied himself with the lighting of a fresh pipe of tobacco, I filled up the vacancy by suggesting that the non-existence of the name of Gubbins on the ship's books was rather disappointing, in view of the theory he had probably formed.

"Not a bit of it," he replied. There was a chance that the name might be there. As a matter of detail I went through the process of inquiry, but I should have been surprised to learn that any Gubbins was on the books."

"Why so?"

"Because the old man—the Gubbins at the head of the family—was shady, and, as a 'longshoreman, far too well-known to seafarers generally. A young fellow with a father like that, on entering the navy, would call himself by any other name in preference. He wouldn't want to be asked if he was any relation to old Gubbins of Devonport. No; I was not surprised, nor was I discouraged. For I felt that the rose by any other name would smell as sweet, and that here was a likely and promising vein to work, while there seemed to be no vestige of a chance in any other direction. Never mind the name; but—was there a genuine Gubbins on board?"

It was great to see Hallam's deep satisfaction as he imbibed the nectar, preparatory to his last and final spell of narrative. I asked him whether he had thought of inquiring into the antecedents of everybody on board with a view to tracing a Gubbins to the *Pelion*. How heartily he laughed at this luminous suggestion!

When he had partially recovered from his unusually severe attack of hilarity, he resumed:

"Not having the resources of the

Empire at my sole disposal, nor yet the space of ten years to spare for the inquiry, I had to try a shorter method. First, I failed to connect the known Gubbins with anyone on the ship. None of the *Pelion's* crew had been seen with him; nor was it known that he had held any communication with the *Pelion*, while it was certain he had never been aboard. The most rigid investigation in this direction left us without any result. No matter; when baulked on one line of march, I try another; if a frontal attack fails to come off I try a flanking movement; if that won't work I try the other flank; if beaten again I recommence. My motto is that of the nigger minstrel: I 'neber gib up.'

"I took a fancy to the sea, and indulged in a regular daily row—with Gubbins, 'Lucy' remaining on shore, with an eye on the interesting Thomson. My boatman was taciturn, also shrewd and suspicious; the greatest care was needed. From the keen, quick glances he threw upon me, I saw that here was a very alert and practical rogue, and one who suspected everybody, and therefore might even suspect the good faith of the Rev. John Cartmail, a person who really existed, and who, as a near relative of my own, had no objection to my using his name. If anyone had looked me up in 'Crockford' they would have found that I held a parish among the Cree Indians, while I could have proved, if needful, that I was absent from my mission on leave. I mention these details to give you a further proof of the thoroughness at which I always aim. The best-laid schemes of mice and men will gang awry without proper attention to detail. Imagine me, then, with Gubbins. And as he hardly spoke, and the smallest attempt at eliciting information would have been fatal, it at first seemed that I lost time, though I gained health by this daily boating. Of course, I never mentioned Thomson, nor did I succeed by the subtlest methods I could devise, in extracting a single allusion to his afternoon customer. The work



was delicate, difficult, and at best uncertain. It was like fishing for trout off London Bridge with a bent pin, no bait, and a fleet of barges on the water.

"The one thing that troubled me most, and aroused doubt as to whether my hunt was not after a will-o'-the-wisp was this: if Thomson were really a member of the French Secret Service, and implicated in the loss of the Signal-Book, why did he continue to hang about Plymouth and Devonport? The Book was clean gone, and, if my surmises were well founded, Thomson ought to have gone with it. But, I argued, a confederate might have taken charge of the Book, while Thomson remained on further business. Assuming the latter supposition to be well founded, the watching of Thomson and his supposed accomplice Gubbins would not be altogether lost time. Meanwhile, I studied Gubbins from a physical point of view, until I knew the turn of his eye, the set of his neck, the swing of his limbs, the contour of his jaw, and, in short, the most minute peculiarities of his personal appearance."

Here I said that the why and the wherefore of all this did not strike me; perhaps I was dull, but surely much less observation would have sufficed for identification, supposing this to be the object in view.

"Bother identification; you just blow your weed and bide your time. Don't be impatient, dear boy. You know something of the force of heredity, I suppose?"

I said that the subject was now regarded as of the first importance.

"Recent research has proved to demonstration the immense influence of heredity in determining, not only physical traits, but also mental predispositions. We have long known that the children of a drunken father are more likely than others to be lost through drink. We now know that the children of thieves are likely to have an ingrained inclination to theft, even though removed in infancy from their early surroundings, and the

greatest German scientists go so far as to declare that faith and belief in superstitions are also hereditary. When I had studied my Gubbins sufficiently, I took my research aboard the *Pelion*."

"My dear Hallam," I said, "your drift is quite obvious to the meanest intellect."

Hallam waved his cherry-wood stem as though intimating that we had arrived at a perfect understanding.

"The first day sufficed; the contour of the lower jaw-blade decided me; the man who wore it was a fine fellow physically, but not much liked by his comrades. In other physical characteristics he probably took after the mother, but the Gubbins jaw-bone was enough for me. The Commander knew him as William Gibbons! Gubbins and Gibbons, eh? As the children say, we were getting hot! I asked the Commander whether he had a private cabin where I could rub my hands and smile at my ease. Then, with the Commander's assistance, I set a wee little trap.

"Gibbons was set to some kind of work at his post, and as the Commander and I walked past the spot, I said, as though in the course of conversation 'The real name was Gubbins, I understand.' The start that William Gibbons gave was sufficient, without the inquiring look with which he followed me. Unknown to himself, William Gibbons was from that moment under the closest scrutiny. After this, to discover that on the day on which the Signal-Book was lost, Gibbons had been engaged below, in the vicinity of the Commander's cabin, was not surprising. No doubt others were also there, but what made his case more interesting to me were the facts that his name of Gibbons so closely resembled the name of Gubbins, that his jaw-bone resembled the jaw-bone of Gubbins, and that the latter was in constant communication with a person who called himself Thomson, yet whose native tongue was French, and who did not belong to Liverpool as he claimed.



"At this juncture I determined on a change of plan, and after a touching farewell to my relative commanding the *Pelion*, 'Lucy' and I departed in peace, regretted by all, especially the susceptible lieutenants. We were back in Devonport the same day in the character of tourists from Derbyshire. Dressed in quiet tweeds we did honour to our county. I was W. J. Thomas, Esq., 'Lucy' was my eldest boy. We put up at the hotel favoured by Mr. W. J. Thomson. Our names were much alike, weren't they?"

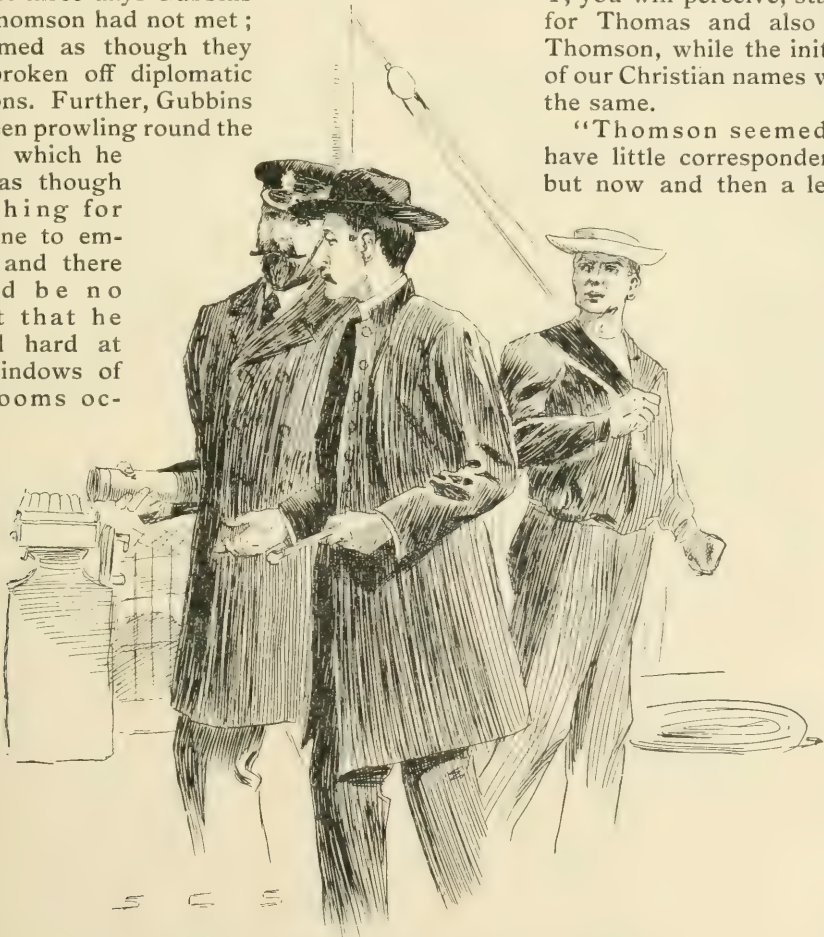
There was no denying the resemblance of the names.

"Such things lead to mistakes, you know. Now I had observed that for the last three days Gubbins and Thomson had not met; it seemed as though they had broken off diplomatic relations. Further, Gubbins had been prowling round the hotel, which he eyed as though watching for someone to emerge, and there could be no doubt that he looked hard at the windows of the rooms oc-

cupied by Thomson. Was Gubbins merely on the lookout for further employment, and if so, why did he not walk into the hotel and ask for Thomson at once? Why this caution, and above all, why this sudden severance of a pair whose intimacy, having regard to the difference in social status, was surprising? And the gesticulation noticed through the telescope, what of that? What was the cause of so much earnestness? Amid all this conjecture experience told me one certainty. If Gubbins wished to communicate with Thomson, and the latter held off, Gubbins would write. How my dear boy watched the T compartment in the hotel letter-rack!

T, you will perceive, stands for Thomas and also for Thomson, while the initials of our Christian names were the same.

"Thomson seemed to have little correspondence, but now and then a letter



"The start that William Gibbons gave was sufficient."

arrived, and sure enough each bore the Liverpool post-mark. But the contents interested me most, for you will be pained to learn that my boy was rather careless, and frequently brought Thomson's letters to my room, where they were examined without our leaving any perceptible trace of the operation—and promptly returned to the rack. If, during their temporary loan they had been missed, the similarity of the names was sufficient explanation. But this did not happen, and my boy (his name was Tom) and I simply waited for the denouement. The letters were in French; they came from a Liverpool agent of the French Secret Service who worked in collusion with Thomson, and they amply confirmed my theories. But the mystery of Thomson's continued stay was explained. Gubbins had the Signal-Book, and was standing out for a thousand against five hundred pounds offered by Thomson. Hence the coolness between them. The Book was in the hands of Gubbins. Should we arrest him or wait? We decided to wait, and our decision proved sound.

"By one of the letters from Liverpool Thomson was authorized to close with Gubbins at once, and to get across the channel in a yacht that would stand off Plymouth harbour to pick him up at a stated time. Of course the young fellow (he turned out to be an officer in the French navy, detailed on special service), was in high spirits, and immediately put himself in communication with Gubbins. Swaggering to the quay, he took a boat as before, and the pair set off over the briny, while 'Tom' and I, from different strategic situations, watched them through excellent telescopes. The voyage was not long; the terms, time and place of meeting, were evidently agreed. This was an anxious time. There was no knowing what course events might take, and I wired to London for Upton.

"He was down in a jiffy, and, also as a tourist, watched at Plymouth for the French yacht, which duly arrived, and which bore the name of *L'Espoir*, which means *Hope*. Ha! ha! After

that we had only to watch Thomson. At midnight, and on Sunday, too, this enterprising personage left the hotel, his luggage having been sent to Calais beforehand, without the Signal-Book, as *we* had good reason to know. He made for the jetty, Upton, 'Tom' and yours truly on his track. The night was very dark, and there was a strong breeze. Gubbins awaited him in the boat which was to bear him and his precious charge to the yacht, which showed a red light at the mast-head a mile away. The treacherous 'long-shoreman,' having greeted 'Thomson,' entered the boat and proceeded to light a lantern. We crept nearer and nearer in the darkness, 'Tom' well in front. It was now or never. 'Have you got the cash?' Gubbins inquired, and Thomson, answering in low tones, Gubbins held up the lantern as though to light the final act of the transaction before rowing to the yacht. With a spring, 'Tom' bounded from the quay into the boat, alighting on the lantern, Upton and I jumping after with more precaution, and so as to avoid capsizing. For two minutes the affair was lively, but our arrangements were complete. The police were at hand to support our first charge, and the lost Signal-Book was rescued from the grip of Gubbins and borne in triumph to my hotel."

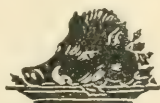
"Did you ever learn," I asked, "how the Book was stolen and got out of ship?"

"Never. But we identified Gibbons as the son of Gubbins, and though no evidence that the two had communicated had transpired, Her Majesty decided to get along in future without the valuable services of William Gibbons. As for Gubbins, his fate was settled by an unlucky crack of the skull received from the baton of a policeman in the struggle. Meningitis set in, and he died in hospital. Mr. Thomson was detained for two days, and then set at liberty for reasons best known to the diplomatists. Thank goodness that so much courtesy exists, otherwise I might now be chained for life in a Russian fortress, or amusing

myself in the lead mines of Siberia with poor Schoumoff, the Anarchist. When the commander of the *Pelion* saw the Signal-Book lying on my bedroom table in charge of Upton and 'my boy Tom,' he actually cried; though hardly anything else in the whole world would have moved him. A model

commander, a splendid fellow, and an honour to the navy. And I tell you that the recovery of that shabby old book fetched him to such an extent that he stood and choked and never spoke a word, while Upton, 'Tom' and I talked together and pretended we didn't notice it."

EPISODES VI AND VII WILL APPEAR IN JANUARY.



## QUALICHIN AND THE CULTUS TRADER.

*By Harold Sands.*

SIWASH JIM serves King Edward. "The Great White Mother sleeps," said he. "Siwash Jim and Chief Dick now take orders from Edward Rex."

It was characteristic of Jim that he placed himself before Chief Dick. Jim is the policeman at the Indian ranch-eree, near Vancouver, and he serves the blue papers headed "Edward Rex," which Chief Dick only signs.

In front of the residence of Siwash Jim is a huge totem pole. In the evening, when he begins to feel lonely, Jim returns to the bosom of his family; in other words he communes with the totem pole, for upon it, in many a fantastic curve, is written the history of his forebears. Jim is not able to transcribe that part of the pole which tells of the family relations previous to the landing of Captain Cook at Nootka in 1778. Whether his ignorance is real or assumed I have not yet been able to fathom, but this much is pretty certain, the history was written in a bloody writing.

One day when Jim was in a particularly good humour, he asked me to come and sit beneath the totem and drink in the glories of the past. I thought it an excellent chance to hear a chapter from the totem pole.

"You would like to hear something of Jim's history," he remarked in answer to my question. "The war

fever is in your blood," he went on, "and you cheer the men who go fight the Boers, so I will tell you the story of the man who levelled his sukwalal (gun) at the Hyas Tyee (Sir James Douglas, Governor of Vancouver Island in the fifties) in the days of my father.

"Your Douglas was made Hyas Tyee over all the land by the Great Mother who sleeps at Windsor, over there beyond the mountains where the railway runs. My father was then chief of the Cowichins.

"There came among us a white trader. He was peshak (bad) at heart. We called him cultus, which in your way of speaking, is worthless. He sought to exchange firewater for furs. One of our young braves had a valuable otter skin which the white man wanted. But Qualichin did not love whiskey and he intended the skin for Mowasa, a beauty of the tribe.

"One night, while Qualichin was sleeping, the trader came to his tent to steal the skin. Qualichin awoke just as the cultus man was escaping. He cried to him to stop, but the white man ran on, so Qualichin shot him. How could he help it if the man was shot in the back? The white man was running away. We tended to the wound and cured the trader, but he brought evil upon us by reporting all manner



of bad things to the Hyas Tyee at Victoria.

"The great Governor believed the tales of the trader and he came up the coast in a Queen's ship. When at Saanich, he sent for my father.

" 'Cowichin,' said he, 'you have a young man in your tribe whose hands are stained with the blood of a white trader. You must give him up for trial at Victoria.'

"My father was overcome with grief. He knew that the trader was a liar, but he knew also that the Sons of the Mother stand by each other through good and ill.

" 'We are the servants of the great White Mother,' he answered, 'but the white trader must have lied to you.' And he drew himself up as if naught but truth was spoken by one of our tribe." (Jim told me in strict confidence that there were some rogues among the Cowichins as among the Songhees, their natural enemies.)

"My father," continued Jim, "told the Governor that the trader came as a thief to steal, and that Qualichin shot to save his property.

" 'He must be given up to justice,' replied the Governor. 'I myself will take him to Victoria and see that he has fair trial.

"My father sighed. He was well aware that Qualichin would never come back from Victoria without the mark of the skookum house (prison) upon him. He asked for time to consider.

"The White Tyee was always fair to his opponents and he granted the request. That night there was a great talk among the Cowichins. The young among the tribe were for a fight, but the elders pointed out that there were guns on the Queen's ship in the bay and men in blue and leggings who never missed when they shot.

"Qualichin ended the talk by saying: 'I shall give myself up to the White Chief in the morning, but to-night I would be with Mowasa.'

"The morning dawned and the Governor appeared.

" 'Cowichin,' he commanded, and

there was that in his voice which made even my father tremble, 'bring out your prisoner.'

"But the spirit of our ancestors was with my father yet. He looked at the Governor, and there was grief and lofty purpose in his kindly eye.

"The men from the war vessel were as stones of blue.

" 'Do not ask it, Governor,' he replied. 'I cannot give him up.'

"The Governor lifted his hand and the stone monuments took on life. They marched in front of us and stood with guns ready at the shoulder.

"Our tribe had weapons, we outnumbered the men from the ship. But what was our skill to theirs, our discipline to the machine! (Jim was there in the spirit as he was telling me the story). For a few moments it looked as if Cowichin river was to run red, when Qualichin stepped forward. The light of the mad was in his eye. He held a Hudson Bay gun in his hand. Mowasa was nowhere to be seen.

" 'I will go to the White Chief,' he said.

"He walked slowly towards Governor Douglas. Half way he got, then quick as a flash he raised his weapon and pointed it at the Tyee. He pulled the trigger. The gun missed fire.

"Governor Douglas made no sign. He was a brave man. But my father was as one who was mad. Treachery of the kind was unworthy the Cowichins. Better a year in the skookum house than that.

"He ordered Qualichin to be seized in order that he might be bound and handed over to the ship's men. The White Chief stood by calmly. It was as if he was in the fort at Victoria under the protection of the guns of the Great Mother.

"Qualichin was bound, and my father himself handed him over to the whites for trial. Treachery deserved death and Qualichin was hanged to a tree in front of the whole tribe.

"The maidens went to comfort Mowasa. They found her in Qualichin's tent with Qualichin's hunting knife in her heart."

## CHARLIE—CIRCUS USHER.

*By Graham Douglas.*

"NO-O circus without peanuts, popcorn and chewing gum! Peanuts, sir? Popcorn? Chewing gum?"

Over and over the strident voice gave out its cry, growing huskier and huskier with each turn, till, finally dying down to a whisper, the owner gave up the attempt in despair, and, leaning against one of the tent supports, awaited the time when help or voice should come to him.

The people streamed into the hot tent, defiling right and left according to their red or blue tickets; the band blared out its discordant notes; the blue unreserved gave themselves up to noisy criticism of the band and entering crowd. Above all, came the shouts of the perspiring ushers: "Here you are, sir! Two good seats here. This way for red tickets and reserved seats!"

There was a lull at the far end and one of the red-coated ushers, a tall, fair-headed fellow, with square-set shoulders, came slowly along the aisle to meet the advancing people.

"Here, Charlie, give us a call, will you? This blamed voice of mine's gone dead again."

So Charlie, good-naturedly, raised a strong young voice in the cry of "No circus without peanuts, popcorn and chewing gum!" that caught the crowd's attention, and elicited a grateful "You're a good sort!" from the peanut man as he departed to fill the orders of the uplifted hands. It caught the attention, too, of an elderly gentleman who was holding out red tickets to another usher at that moment.

"Great voice that, for a circus usher, eh, Mary?" he said, turning to his wife, as the man took the proffered tickets and started down the rope in search of three good seats. "Why, Gwen," to the girl following, "not faint already, are you?"

"Oh, Uncle Jo—let me past—quickly—quickly! It's Charlie! I must speak to him!" And before either uncle or aunt could recover from their amazement, a figure with face and dress almost equally white sped past them, uttering a breathless "Charlie" as she reached the owner of the voice.

"Gwen!"—with face as white as hers—"you here—I—" Then followed a pause which gave Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong time to reach their excited niece. Charlie was the first to recover his self-possession and calling to a man in the upper row, "Got three seats there, Curly? Take these people, please," slipped away in the crowd before Gwen could protest.

"Well, Gwen," Mr. Armstrong's feelings were evidently pretty evenly divided between indignation and curiosity, "is this the sort of place you usually look for your friends in?"

But Gwen was too excited to heed anything. "It's Charlie Givens," she explained as she was led off to her seat, "and I must speak to him again." Then Mrs. Armstrong, seeing the intention of another raid in the girl's eyes, grasped her firmly by the arm.

"Not now, dear," she said kindly. "Come, sit down and tell us all about it, and your uncle will look him up for you afterwards."

So Gwen sat down and explained the matter rather incoherently.

"Last year—oh, don't you remember, Aunt Mary? I'm sure mother wrote and told you—and he was expelled from college—and it wasn't true, not a word of it, but his father believed it all and was dreadfully angry—so Charlie went away. Then when they found it out—that it wasn't true, I mean—we—they, that is, couldn't find him anywhere. So now he doesn't know it's all right, so I must speak to

him again and tell him—you understand, don't you, Aunt Mary?"

Both aunt and uncle smiled and thought they understood—even more than had been told to them.

"We'll get him all right," Mr. Armstrong assured her. "If he doesn't show up again to-night, I'll come round and see him in the morning. No, by Jove, they'll be gone by the morning, won't they!"

The performance went on—merrily enough, to judge by the laughter and applause that sounded through the tent. Beautiful ladies with flaxen hair and abbreviated skirts jumped through hoops and over ropes, alighting with marvellous ease on cantering horses; seals smoked; clowns tumbled and made their time-honoured jokes—all the delights of a circus were set forth, but to the girl sitting in the upper row the whole thing was comprised of a few red-coated ushers, and, alas!—not a fair man amongst them. Evidently he was determined not to let himself be seen again.

The final item on the programme—the chariot race. Poor Gwen's last hope was almost gone. The crowd surged forward to see the start, covering the track, while at either side police and attendants strove to keep them back.

"Look, Gwen, is that him? Over there to the left keeping the crowd back," Then as Gwen rose to her feet, he added quickly, "Here, I'll go with you."

"No, uncle—thank you! I'd rather go alone. You see if you come, he'll go away before we get there. If I go by myself he'll have to come and help me through that mob."

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong watched the white figure going through the crowd with anxious eyes. If he should not see her—but he did, and Gwen's prophecy proved correct.

This time she said the right thing first.

"Charlie, you must come home. It's all right—your father knows—everybody knows, and we've hunted for you everywhere."

"Gwen—oh, Gwen!"

"You will come, won't you? I'm going to-morrow—by the nine express."

A crowded circus tent is not the best place in the world for making love. But volumes can be expressed sometimes in one sentence, and Gwen was satisfied with the gleam in Charlie's eyes and the few words spoken.

"Sweetheart!—To-morrow, by the nine express."



## WOMAN'S SPHERE AT CHRISTMAS.

*Edited by Mrs. Willoughby Cummings.*

### LOOKING AHEAD.

THIS is the time of year when women are looking ahead. Christmas brings great responsibilities to maidens and mothers. The young girl with her small wages, or her small allowance, must make up for this smallness by the deftness of her hands and the ingenuity of her mind. She must plan and work. Pincushions, doilies, embroidered slippers and suspenders have served their purpose; she

must think of something new. The articles she made or bought last year must not be duplicated. To prevent sameness she must study the tastes of those whom she delights to honour. Some of her friends love fancy-work; she makes it for them. Some of them prefer books; she must select these carefully. Some prefer ornaments; she strives to secure some tasty and inexpensive novelty which will appeal to them.



To the matron comes even greater responsibility, for she must consider her husband's social responsibility as well as her own. He will supply the cash; she must perform the greater task of selection. To this she applies all her tact and resource. The children must get not only what will amuse them, but what will benefit them. She gently probes into their inmost minds to discover the great desire. Or if they are younger, she will invite them to write a letter to Santa Claus asking what they will. For weeks previous to Christmas she haunts the stores where novelties are displayed; she studies the catalogues and advertisements; she goes about at all times with her eyes and ears open for suggestions.

And this task is a loving one if love is put into it. There should be no worry about it, though there often is. The maid or woman who repines because she cannot purchase the quality of article which she desires to present to those whom she loves and admires is unjust to them and to herself. This is a form of ambition which must be held carefully in check. It ranks with extravagance in dress, is as unreasonable and as foolish. The woman who expends more on Christmas presents than she can afford is unfair to herself and to her friends. If a present means anything it is because of the love, the gratitude or the respect behind it. If it represents nothing but a full purse and an ostentatious mind, it must fail in its purpose.

What are the articles we value most? Search a man's den, or the woman's favourite mantelpiece for that which is to him or to her the object of greatest veneration, and it may be only an old photograph, a pressed flower on a card, a small china figure, an oddity in bronze, or some peculiar piece of handicraft. At an auction sale the object might not bring two cents. A new occupant of the room might throw it away as rubbish. But to him who knows, or to her who feels, it is a sacred relic. It has a halo which none other may see.

Unfortunately, there are those, even in this favoured land, whose looking ahead is not of a pleasant character. It may have been an unfortunate year for the husband, and the financial outlook is dim. The hand of fate may have robbed the home-circle of its greatest joy; some bright life may have been laid away beneath the weeping willows of the silent village or beneath the sterile sands of an alien continent. To those that have heavy hearts, the season cannot be all gaiety. But there is thus a greater responsibility on those whose homes are filled with thanksgiving. The latter must cheer the former with sympathy and kindness. The poor, the penitent, the sorrow-stricken we have with us always. To those let our love and thoughts go out at this looking-ahead time, for inasmuch as you have remembered one of the least of these, you have sown one more seed of the eternal flower. A.

#### CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

Many homes have no Christmas decorations, and this is really a great pity. In Toronto one may go down to the market and purchase a six-foot spruce Christmas tree for 35 cents. In the smaller town or village a Christmas tree is not so expensive. But every home should have one. Presents arranged upon it come from it to the recipient with an additional flavour. Presents without a tree are like venison steaks without currant jelly—rather dry and tasteless. A few small flags and a half-dozen tinsel ornaments are a good investment.

A Christmas tree expresses in a tangible form the "Christmas" idea of the gift. Presents are often given and received. A Christmas day is like any other winter day. If there is no tree, no pine or holly decorations about the rooms and halls, no sprig of holly on the turkey and the plum pudding, then the day is not a Christmas day and the feast not a Christmas feast.

Presents may wear out, be lost or broken and disappear; only the senti-

ment lives. The Christmas tree, the holly, the special decorations—these make the sentiment. When the clock strikes the hour of midnight on Christmas Eve Old Santa Claus should carry a Christmas tree into every Canadian home, and proceed to decorate it. When the fated morning appears it will be a source of delight to childish eyes, a source of inspiration to the devout, and a memory-stirring thing of beauty to those of us who are on the farther side of life's course.

The homes of Manitoba and the Northwest should this year have in a conspicuous place a sheaf of wheat. Christmas is a day of thanksgiving also, and the West, which has been blessed with a magnificent wheat harvest, should offer thanks for the bounty vouchsafed to it.

When the mysteries and the smug-gling of the month are over, and the Christmas gifts are revealed, let it be with mirth and gladness, and with all the exhibition of childish sentimentality which is possible. The staid, sober, reasonable Christmas conduct should be kept for the other fifty-two Sabbaths of the year.

N.

#### CHRISTMAS BOX ON YOU.

I remember well, when a small child, how my cheery old grandmother would come around to the house on Christmas morning with her shawl covering a capacious and mysterious basket. And how we watched for her! She was seventy or more, and her skin wrinkled yellow on her face, but her eyes were as bright as ours. She would come in through the backyard so that we wouldn't see her too soon; enter quietly by the rear, and cry out: "Christmas box on you all!" and then she declared that we each owed her a Christmas box. She didn't often get one, but by-and-by she would bring out her own little gifts and distribute them. The dear old lady hadn't much to give us, but whether it was a tin horse or a cup-and-saucer, it was given with a grace which would have become the donor of diamonds and pearls.

She and her bread-winner had come to Canada when it took six weeks to cross the Atlantic, had invaded Western Ontario when the train that ran a few miles near Albany was the only one on the continent, had hewn out a farm in the Huron tract, helped to lay the foundation of Canada's agricultural greatness, had not heard an opera, nor seen an electric street car, but oh! the wealth of love and brightness in her eyes! And having distributed her presents she would take off her bonnet and put on her best black-lace cap, and stay to dinner. Bless her, she knew how to play with boys and girls even if she were over seventy! Even now, when she is over ninety, and is a great-grandmother several times over, she is still cheery and bright, can play a game of checkers, spin a tin pan on the floor, or pick raisins from the mysterious blue-flamed pan. But I shall never forget the days when she broke in with her hearty

"Christmas Box on You."

C.

#### HER MISSION.

Perhaps it would not be out of place, at a time when woman's sphere is an object for much discussion, to quote Owen Meredith's lines on Lucile. They are, no doubt, familiar to many readers of this page, but the trite phrase, "familiarity breeds contempt," has but a limited application, and may usually be disregarded. Lucile leaves Eugene, on the eve of a battle, with the words, "I go to my work; you to yours," and the poet then moralizes:

.....For her mission, accomplished, is o'er.  
The mission of genius on earth: to uplift,  
Purify, and confirm by its own gracious gift,  
The world, in spite of the world's dull en-  
deavour

To degrade, and drag down, and oppose it  
forever.

The mission of genius: to watch and to wait,  
To renew, to redeem, to regenerate.

The mission of woman on earth: to give  
birth

To the mercy of heaven descending on earth;  
The mission of woman: permitted to bruise  
The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse,  
Through the sorrow and sin of earth's regis-  
tered curse,

The blessing which mitigates all: born to nurse,  
And to soothe, and to solace, to help and to heal  
The sick world that leans on her. This was Lucile.

.....No stream from its source  
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,  
But what some land is gladden'd. No star  
ever rose  
And set without influence somewhere. Who  
knows  
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature? No life  
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife  
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.



#### WOMEN WORKERS.

The National Council of Women of Canada have undertaken a piece of work which will undoubtedly be of great value to workers of all kinds in Canada in the future. They are now establishing a "Bureau of Information," which they hope to make as thorough and reliable as possible. The means by which this will be carried on in part will be by the appointment of a large number of honorary referees, both ladies and gentlemen, from whom expert information may be obtained through the Bureau upon a vast multitude of subjects. As complete a file as possible of all publications, reports and the like containing information such as may be sought for from the Bureau will be collected by the Corresponding Secretary of the Council, to whom application for such information will be made. A large and representative Committee of Members of the National Council, being the officers thereof and those ladies who were the compilers of the various departments of the *Hand Book of Work of Women of Canada*, which was published by the Dominion Government for distribution at the Paris, Glasgow and Buffalo Expositions, will have the management of the Bureau. Societies and individuals who become subscribers to the same will be entitled to obtain information without further charge a certain number of times during each year. Otherwise a small fee will be charged to applicants which, of course, will be

increased if the information desired should be of a nature to require much research. All associations and organizations are requested to co-operate by sending to the Secretary, Miss Teresa F. Wilson, 71 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto, copies of their reports. It is also intended to appoint honorary referees in districts where no Local Councils yet exist. Such a Bureau of information has been carried on by women workers in England, with headquarters in London, and has proved to be of great value to very many workers and others interested in various endeavours.



A society that does a very great deal of practical good with a minimum of machinery is the Needlework Guild of Canada, which ought indeed to have a branch in every place in the Dominion. The founder of this Guild is Lady Wolverton, in England, where many branches exist. So far only one branch has been formed in Canada, I understand, but this branch has more than justified its existence. The plan of work is this: a president and five vice-presidents are appointed. The president pays an annual fee of 50 cents, and the vice-presidents pay 25 cents annually towards the working expenses, and the object of the organization is to provide warm new clothing for hospitals, homes and charitable institutions. Each president has to get five vice-presidents, and ten or more associates, and each vice-president has to get ten associates, and the duty of each is to provide two new garments annually in November, when the whole is sent through each vice-president to a place appointed for the distribution. In this way, and with comparatively little trouble, no less than 132 new articles of warm clothing are secured as welcome gifts for the poor before the winter sets in. Any one desiring fuller information of this excellent association may obtain it from Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, Deer Park, Ont.

E. C.



# CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

THE municipal election in New York has been unquestionably one of the world-wide events of the past month. Why a domestic matter of that kind should assume such importance may require explanation, but it is an explanation not far to seek. The world was not watching who would win the mayoralty contest there; it was watching an experiment in democracy of an instructively elementary character and on an unusually large scale. Experiments in democracy are so frequently complicated with disturbing circumstances that we can seldom be sure what the factors are in the results we attain. The value of this New York election in giving us a hint of the ideals and tendencies of the many-headed Demos can scarcely be exaggerated. Seldom is it that an electorate has placed before it so clear-cut a choice between right and wrong. It is true that the gentleman for whom Tammany's votes were cast is a citizen of unexceptionable character and large ability, and it can only be regretted that he should have allowed his personality to somewhat disturb the otherwise perfect simplicity of this political problem. That he disturbed it somewhat may well be believed. Could we have substituted for this ingredient the pure essence of Tammanyism in the shape of Boss Croker himself we should have had a vote on the simple question: Are you in favour of good or evil; corruption or honesty?

But even under the mask of a good citizen's high reputation the electorate discerned its enemy and struck him down for a time at least. That grown men recorded their preference for Tammany, or rather for

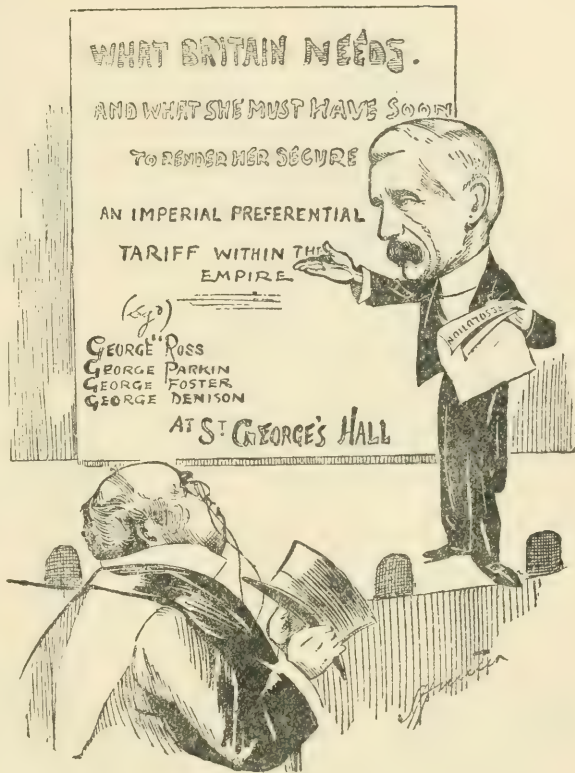
the candidate that Tammany supported, is not so disappointing when we remember the fetish of party, the respectability of the candidate and the identification of municipal reform in the minds of some people with vexatious puritanical restrictions. The great point is, that a majority of the manhood of the greatest city in the western hemisphere and the second greatest city in the world has declared for decent government. It was the interest felt in it as a test of the tendency and fruits of universal suffrage that attracted the attention of people over half the globe. The fear is expressed that now as before the reforming zeal will exhaust itself in this supreme effort to strike down corruption in its various forms. The crooked politician never sleeps. With him preying on the body corporate is a calling. Compared with his hunger for office the public's taste for decent government is fitful and weak.

Perhaps one of the chief faults of democratic communities is the begrudging way in which they confer their rewards. The idea prevails that the man elected to office is under obligation to those who choose him. If a strong, earnest, faithful, zealous man accepts a position at the hands of his fellow-citizens it is they who are under obligation to him, not *vice versa*. If he does his duty he fights their battles and defends their interests against the rapacious who are sure to be found wherever public funds are being expended. For their sake he incurs the hatred of every species of harpy that haunts the corridors of city halls, legislatures and administrative offices—wherever, indeed, the public's business

is being transacted. The elector, quite oblivious of all this, regards the office as something to be handed round as a reward for popularity. If a Turgot were elected to the mayoralty of a city the electors would regard a proposition to give him more than the usual term as selfish or covetous on his part. The idea in many quarters, in fact, is that it does not matter who is in public office, and the question is not how well has he performed his duties, but how long has he held it. In no part of the world is this idea more prevalent than in the United States. So universally is it accepted that a President shall not serve more than two terms that it may be regarded as almost part of the constitution. In that high office, involving as it does control of the army, there may be good grounds for giving no man the notion that he is a permanency, but the same reason does not apply to such an office as the mayoralty of a city, and yet when the constitution of Greater New York was fixed it was provided that the Mayor was not eligible for a second term. Great talents for the direction of public business are not so frequently found in men that constitutional barriers should be erected in order to prevent the people from retaining them when found.

Mr. Low has had a distinguished career. He inherited wealth, but has not on that account deemed that he was privileged to play himself all his days. On the contrary he has never shirked any duty put upon him. When he assumes the Mayor's chair next January it will not be his first experience of municipal affairs. A number of years ago he was called upon by his

## NEAR SIGHTED



COL. DENISON : " Now, if my friend Bull would just exchange that absurd Piccadilly 'eye glaws,' y'know, for a sensible pair of Imperial specs, he'd see it just as plainly as we do."

MR. BULL : " By George, per'aps you're right ! "

—*Toronto World.*

fellow-citizens of Brooklyn to enter the contest for the mayoralty. The city had been very badly administered and a strong hand was needed at the plough. Mr. Low accepted a nomination and inflicted a memorable defeat on the rings that had the city in their grasp. His administration was eminently successful and Brooklyn has never been in quite such case since. Shortly after this it was felt that Columbia College, New York, needed just such a man as Mr. Low to guide its way. He not only gave his time and his splendid business talents to the upbuilding of the University, but also opened his purse to the great benefit of its endowments. When four



ON THE TAIL OF HIS COAT

KING EDWARD: "Hi, there! Get off my cape!"

*The Minneapolis Journal.*

years ago the first election for the mayoralty of Greater New York was held he was chosen by the reformers to lead the fight for cleaner government. He was beaten then, but it is characteristic of the man that he tried again and succeeded. A writer in the *Criterion*, who has evidently known Mr. Low since boyhood, endeavours to furnish an answer to the question as to what has given Mr. Low such a hold upon his fellow-citizens, and his answer is that it is because of his general soundness and unvarying sanity. "For many years," this writer says, "Mr. Low has been under most severe tests, in the very fiercest and whitest light, and has always shown himself sane, well-balanced, wholesome, possessed of and by common sense—most uncommon of all senses.

Men have come to feel that he has the power to bring things to pass; that he is a safe and consistent leader, never attempting the impossible, never massacring his followers in a forlorn hope, but with line intact at every point, moving steadily and

safely forward to higher and safer ground." The picture which the writer draws of a quiet, unostentatious, conscientious, fireside-keeping and yet fearless and determined citizen, is one that reminds us what time and culture, and the sobriety that often comes of them, may yet do for public life in the United States.

One of the most marked features of international relations in Europe just now is the wave of anti-British feeling that is sweeping over Germany as evidenced by the utterances of the press. Seldom, indeed, is such venom displayed by one country towards another at a period when peace exists between them. The Emperor, on the other hand,

ever since his famous telegram to President Kruger, has been exceedingly friendly. He has given indubitable proof that he regards himself as one of the circle of the British royal family. They and he have more than once within the past few months been mutually stricken by the sorrows that perhaps strengthen friendship even more than mutual joys. This attitude appears to have had no influence on the German people, and when it is remembered how cynically Prince Bismarck inspired the press of the Fatherland during his Chancellorship one can only wonder how the attitude of the Emperor and that of the press can be reconciled.

What does the popular hostility in Germany arise from? Some will tell you that it is sympathy with the Boer, who is almost a brother. Is he much nearer a relation than the Englishman himself? It is not likely that the Boer war is the real excitant of the feeling. There is a shrewd notion that the anti-pathology has its origin in commercial



rivalry. Ever since the close of the Franco-German war the victorious country has set itself to achieve a great place for itself as a commercial power, and it has really made remarkable progress. It has deliberately chosen the direct antithesis of the British trade policy. Her statesmen concluded that the first condition of the growth of industrialism was that in its adolescence, at least, it should be protected from the rude rivalry of outsiders, and in some cases even assisted by bounties. Under these stimulants great apparent progress was made. Germany became, along with the United States, the observed of all observers in the family of commercial nations. Her growing trade statistics were discussed on every hand. Her bounties, especially those on sugar, disorganized the sugar-refining industry in Great Britain and reduced the British West Indies to penury. The British Chancellor of the Exchequer was implored to do something, to retaliate, to save the industries of his country from asphyxiation. The reply from both Liberal and Conservative Chancellors alike was that the people of the United Kingdom would be foolish to object to Germany giving them sugar below the cost of production. Time has shown that the British sugar-refiners did not wholly die out of the land and all the manufacturers who use sugar largely, the candy-makers, jam-makers, biscuit-makers, etc., flourished greatly, and sent their goods to the continent to compete with their rivals who had to pay domestic prices for their raw material.



JOHN BULL: "Blow me! This isn't a game any longer; it's a habit!"

—The Chicago Record-Herald.

Well, after all the horn-blowing about the growth and efflorescence of German industry there has recently been some cries of distress. Things are not going on as rapidly as they

were a few years ago. Works are closing down, workmen are walking about idle, and there is a great cry for enlarged and more profitable markets. On the other hand, Britain whose trade they had undisguisedly set out to secure is in the midst of considerable industrial prosperity. Notwithstanding that she is in the midst of a most costly war, to meet the expenses of which the highest taxation which has been known for years is imposed, the records of trade show an encouraging state of affairs. If you will just imagine two men setting out in life, each professing a code of conduct the exact reverse of the other and consider how A who had failed would feel toward B who had succeeded, you will have some glimpse of the sudden rage against Great Britain that has swept over the German Empire. The Boer war is only an excuse for it. Its real seat is disappointed commercial rivalry. The German should wait. The stagnation in business may be merely temporary. Such checks occur to all countries, at intervals more or less defined, no matter what their fiscal policy may be.

# PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

THE sweet-faced, five-year-old maiden standing penitently before her offended mother exclaims : "It is so hard to be good." The world standing before the record

THE SEASON of its 1901 Christmas seasons must echo : "It is so hard to be good." Will it be the same cry in 2901? Must the world ever suffer the weariness of the treadmill in its endeavour to be good? The millennium of peace, virtue and righteousness seems to be still distant. The world appears to be a place of eternal and ceaseless trial.

It is difficult to refrain from being pessimistic and yet perhaps it would be wrong to submit to a dark view. If an account is being kept, our complacency in the face of evil will no doubt be placed in the debit column with all the other debits due to selfishness and ignorance; while in the credit column is placed the triumphs of our disinterestedness, our virtue, our sacrifice, our nobility and our fearlessness. Each man is struggling for himself and those he loves. As is his struggle so is his reward and theirs. If he desire only this world for himself and them, he and they will be so rewarded. If he desire for them an intellectual, self-sacrificing and virtuous life, he and they will be rewarded with a consciousness of a nobility of life here and a surety of a nobility of life in the future existence. If he prefer the perishing dollars, the glittering tinsel, the vanishing sensuality of life to the cultivation of morality, patience, unselfishness, forbearance and generosity, he has his reward in the present rather than the future. It is not what one is, but what one aims to be; it is not what one has but what one desires that proclaims the inner man.

The real importance of Christmas

Day lies in the power which it has had in centralizing the influences which surround each generation of individuals. The world may be getting better very slowly, but each generation may win immortality only by struggling against the almost inevitable evil. The generation which lies down in sloth and ease will be destroyed here and hereafter; that which fights on and on, knowing that the resisting is right and the yielding wrong, will win the glories which Christmas Day signifies.



The Man of Galilee has certainly been a power in the world. He has been the embodiment of morality, righteousness and religion. Nearly all good men who have since lived have taken Him as their model. But, after all, His influence has not been sufficient to uproot many evils.

Canadian churches still persist in refusing to pay the State for the protection given to their property, for the sewers, the sidewalks, the police, the firemen, and the other advantages. Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, is, so far as the writer is aware, the only exception in Canada. The trustees of that church pay \$800 in voluntary taxes each year.

The Catholic and the Protestant, the Methodist and the Baptist, the Presbyterian and the Episcopalian are at enmity collectively and individually. "Peace on earth and good will towards men" too often means only peace and good will to your particular church and its members. Even in the missionary field, where union and co-operation is most needed and most necessary, there is only competition and unfriendliness.

As is the church, so is the church member. When he finds the church does not love its neighbour as itself, he feels justified in oppressing his

neighbour. When he finds the church is intolerant of opposition, fond of passing glory, eager to amass wealth, anxious to be a great power in society, willing to compromise with the world if it be profitable—he practises the same virtues. In all things temporal and spiritual, the church standards are the standards of the church member. For the lukewarmness of the members, the D.D.'s and bishops are responsible. Their selfishness has prevented the church attaining ideal unselfishness.

So with the rulers of the country. Too often they desire to rule rather than to reform. It is easier. It is more pleasant. The cold rewards of virtue are not to be compared with the lusciousness of inaction. Who is there to thank a politician that laboured to break down our railway chartermonopolizing system? Who would reward him if he fought the express monopoly, the telephone monopoly, the telegraph monopoly, the banking monopoly, the rings of various kinds? He would get no thanks. The aggressive men whose wealth is power would in the end crush him as though he were an empty eggshell. Complacency is an easily-acquired virtue which 1900 Christmas Days have failed to completely unmask.

The immoral stage and the immoral gaming house are still in our midst, and there will be more of them after Christmas Day, 1901, than there were after Christmas Day, 1900. The number of them is increasing steadily. The ballet girl, innocent enough in initial stages, is made to serve sinister purposes. In the city of Victoria she sits in the licensed saloon and gets a percentage on the drinks you buy in her presence. In Toronto and Montreal she does the same in the unlicensed saloons. In British Columbia, gambling houses are run openly; in Toronto and Montreal they are discoverable only to those who are known to be interested.

Christmas Day has not abolished drunkenness, though it has lessened the evils of drinking. It is fast abolishing the bar—that agency which has

brutalized generations of men. The treating system is going with it. It is no longer permissible for a gentleman to lean up against a bar and exchange confidences over a series of drinks. The saloon with tables and chairs, where the odour of privacy and home restricts the excess and the roughness of the joviality, is becoming more popular. With the assistance of the church it would soon be the rule rather than the exception—but the church continues to ask for prohibition because it is easier to ask than to act.

If a broader view be taken, Christmas Day has not abolished war. As selfishness still exists in the individual and in the religious sect, so in the State. Each nation is grasping and intolerant whether it be republic or monarchy, civilized or uncivilized, and the result is war. And not military war only, but tariff wars equally destructive of human life and happiness.

Christmas Day has not abolished slavery. The black man still suffers from his manacles, though they have been lined with the leather of nominal freedom. The working man still suffers from long hours of labour, poor pay, immobility, sluggishness and ignorance. The peasant is still the peasant; royalty is still royalty; aristocracy is still aristocracy; the cardinal at Rome wears a golden shoe-buckle and the Archbishop of Canterbury has a flower-garden which annually costs a fortune to maintain.

Yet in spite of all our faults, there is a steady resistance to evil. Individuals and societies are continually protesting against license and uncharitableness. The influence of Christmas Day is always with us. As already stated, if it does not bring the millennium on earth, it brings the millennium to a great number of individuals both here and hereafter. Its influence can be estimated only by using the imagination to discover what the world might have been without it.



Canadian literature has lost a friend in the passing away of Walter E. H.



Massey of Toronto. He was not a litterateur, although he wrote a very fine series of letters to his employees on the occasion of his trip around the world. But he had a keen sense of the value of good literature, and an appreciation of the relation between literature and art on the one hand, and national development on the other. In January, 1896, he founded *Massey's Magazine* to give Canadian readers a popular literary and artistic magazine at a nominal price. For eighteen months he persisted in his attempt to interest Canadians in a ten-cent magazine, and spared neither money nor effort. He gave up the periodical and allowed it to be amalgamated with THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE only when convinced that he had engaged in a hopeless task. The people would not buy a Canadian periodical in preference to United States periodicals in sufficient quantity to guarantee the ultimate success of his undertaking. He had honestly tried and honestly failed. He retired with the hope that the day would come when Canadians would be less short-sighted, and afterwards wished THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE every success in the work which he so heartily approved.

Leaving literature to others he took up different reforms. He gave his time and money to the establishment of sanitariums for those suffering from tuberculosis, and in a dozen different ways endeavoured to use for the good of the people the wealth and opportunity that had been given him.

Mr. Massey was a man, and may have had the weaknesses of men. He may have loved power, large organizations, and the homage which comes to the aggressive prince of industry. Yet his influence was always for good. The educational work of the Methodist Church and Victoria College appealed to him, and he supported it liberally with his time and his wealth. He did not do this to gain a reputation as a

social and religious reformer, but simply in order that no one should say he had not done his part. He was proud of his family name, and desired that its lustre should not be dimmed because of any lack in him.



A young man came to me not long ago and asked me to recommend a course of history reading for his winter evenings. He

READING HISTORY. was a university graduate, and yet felt that his college and his university had given him everything but what he most wanted—an intimate knowledge of his own country. He knew all about the history and growth of Great Britain and the United States, was familiar with Xenophon, Hannibal, Cæsar, Charlemagne and Napoleon. The map of Europe was an open book, but of Canada he knew very little. Canadian history is not taught in the public schools, is not taught in the High Schools, and is not studied at the universities. Who is the lecturer on Canadian history at McGill, at Queen's, at Toronto, at Dalhousie? Ever heard the names of these distinguished gentlemen? They do not exist. The lecturer on chemistry, on psychology, on economics, on physics, the professor of history, of literature, of French, of German—all these are known to the public, but there is no man in Canada noted for his lectures on Canadian history.

The books recommended to this enquiring young man who desired to know more of his country's history—and a wiser man might have made a better selection—were: Dent's "History of the Upper Canada Rebellion," 2 vols.; Dent's "Canada Since the Union," 2 vols.; and Pope's "Life of Sir John Macdonald," 2 vols. Here are three magnificent works which give a continuous view of the political development of Canada during the nineteenth century.

*John A. Cooper.*

## AMONG THE CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

THE Christmas book season has become about as notable a feature in Canada as elsewhere. Special editions are now brought out for Canadian readers; our publishers go to no end of trouble in providing books with a Canadian application or interest, and there is produced in our own cities an array of volumes that leave no important taste out of consideration. Cover designs, quite equal to those of London or New York, are now done here, and it is well known to the Christmas bookbuyer that Canadian editions form a large proportion of the volumes on the counters. There is also a distinctly larger demand for prettily bound books, almost *editions de luxe*. This applies to works by standard authors as well as ephemeral literature. But perhaps the most distinctive phase of the Christmas book season is the variety—fiction, biography, poetry, travel, annuals, booklets, all have their admirers, and the giver of presents has little difficulty in selecting if he knows the taste of the person who is to receive the present. Books are a great factor in our lives to-day, they are almost a part of Christmas cheer.

### SPECIALLY ILLUSTRATED.

The purchaser of modern books, in order to get full value from their purchases, should know something of artists and their work. Artists, such as Heming, Keller, Clinedinst, Christy, Clark and Copping, receive from \$50 to \$150 for each drawing. Then each plate will cost from \$10 to \$40. It will thus be seen that publishers are nowadays spending a great deal of money to make their works attractive. "Amos Judd" and "The Right of Way" are illustrated by A. I. Keller, whose work is worthy of a study. "The Ruling Passion," by Vandyke, is embellished with coloured illustrations from the brush of W. Appleton Clark. "The Cavalier," by Cable, and "Wanted:

A Match-maker," by Ford, the latter being a new edition, are illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, whose women rival Gibson's in their majestic bearing. Christy works only in oil yet gets somewhat the same value as Gibson does in pen and-ink. Harold Copping's illustrations for "The Young Barbarians" are excellent studies of boy life and are full of action and feeling. "The Outcasts," by Fraser, is well illustrated by Arthur Heming, the Canadian whose animal studies have won him high honour across the border. "The Road to Frontenac" is embellished with the work of Blumenschein who has done justice to the heroic Indians and cavaliers of the French Regime in Canada. "Kim" is uniquely illustrated from plaster modellings by Kipling's father. Coburn's illustrations for "Johnny Courteau," Dr. Drummond's new volume, are magnificent, and it is pleasant to know that this Canadian has no superior in the art of book-illustration. Clinedinst's numerous pen-and-ink etchings and full-page wash-drawings for "David Harum" make this volume one to be prized. "Bird-Life," with its sixty full-page coloured plates, is in different style, but yet noteworthy.

### FOR THE YOUNG.

Children are too often furnished with trashy books, and too often unquestioned about what they read. Two grave faults these, which careful parents should endeavour to avoid. Andrew Lang's fairy books are excellent. So are Clara Dillingham Pierson's, "Among the Pond People" being very attractive. Henty's three new books: "To Herat and Cabul," "With Roberts to Pretoria," and "At the Point of a Bayonet," are unimpeachable. The latter is a story of the British conquest of India; in fact, all three deal with British campaigns. "Kim" is about a boy, but the style

is above the ordinary youth. Ian Maclaren's new story "The Young Barbarians"\* is for both boys and grown-ups, as the following passage from the first chapter will indicate :

"It did not matter that we were fed, by careful parents, with books containing the history of good men who began life with 2s. 11d., and died leaving a quarter of a million, made by selling soft goods and attending church, and with other books relating pathetic anecdotes of boys who died young and, before they died, delighted society with observations of the most edifying character on the shortness of life. We had rather been a horsedealer and kept a stable."

The speaker was a scholar at the Muirtown Seminary, and the hero of the village was a Mr. McGuffie, an owner of racehorses. It was but right that McGuffie, jr., otherwise known as Speug, should be the hero and champion of the young barbarians at the Seminary. Speug and the Barbarians are interesting, amusing and whole-souled boys ; boys of their hands destined to become men of their hands ; boys who had the sterling qualities which would make them real men. It is a story for any boy whose age is between fifteen and seventy-five.

"Galopoff, the Talking Pony,"† by Tudor Jenks, is a small illustrated volume somewhat out of the ordinary. The Pony talks to his two young mistresses and teaches them many lessons while he is engaged in the task of serving them.

Illustrated books for young children are difficult to produce, but there are some good ones. "Jingleman Jack"‡ tells all about the callings and crafts—the plumber, the policeman, the artist, and all the others of us. Two large pages are devoted to each, one containing a rhyme and the other a full page illustration. "History in Rhymes and Jingles,"§ being for larger children, is done in black instead of colours, but is also very attractive. Though published in the United States, it is edited by an Anglo-Saxon, and

has that judicial attitude which prevents it being offensive.

The same publishers also issue three octavo books entitled "Three Young Ranchmen," "The Prize Watch" and "A Young Inventor's Pluck." They are fair volumes for youths, and equal to the average of boys' books, but no better.

"Mother Goose's Bicycle Tour"\* is an excellent book, although the description of the tour occupies only a few pages. The rest of the collection is the illustrated jingle-story. The most peculiar feature of the book is that these jingles are printed half in English, half in French. For example :

"Où vas-tu, ma belle chérie ?"

"I'm going a-milking, sir," said she.

#### NEW BOOKS.

In "The Man from Glengarry,"† Ralph Connor has produced the third and best of his novels. During its appearance serially in one Toronto and one New York paper it has attracted much attention over this continent, and the advance orders placed for copies of the complete book are large beyond precedent in the case of Canadian books. When a Canadian publisher receives such encouragement as to warrant a first edition of 10,000 copies, it betokens almost an epoch in the making of Canadian books. Despite the fact that the novel has thus early achieved the doubtful fame of being in the list of "best selling" books, there is no reason to doubt that its qualities are calculated to please more than the sensation-loving public who cause a great demand for a book one month and drop it the next. There are permanent merits in "The Man from Glengarry," because it is a picturesque even a powerful description of the Highland districts in Eastern Ontario, near half a century ago. It abounds in graphic delineation of rough frontier life, of Scotch customs and traits as seen in Canada, and there are many lively episodes which provide on the

\* Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co.

† Toronto : Wm. Briggs, \$1.00 small octavo.

‡ Sandfield Publishing Co. Pages 9x11 inches, \$1.25 each.

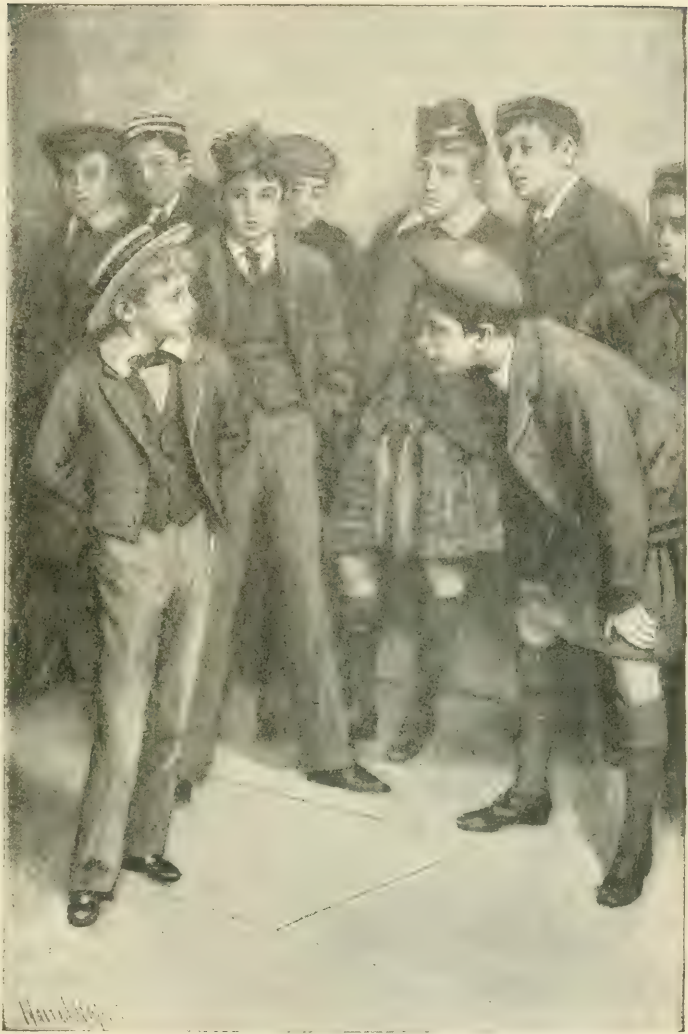
\* Toronto : Wm. Briggs, quarto, \$1.25.

† The Man from Glengarry : A Tale of the Ottawa. By Ralph Connor. Toronto : Wm. Briggs.



whole an absorbing narrative. Ralph Connor excels in the pathetic and the serious. His views of religion and the religious life of Scottish Free Churchmen are full of sincere piety and deep feeling. The religious and emotional side of one's nature would have to be greatly hardened by contact with materialism to read unmoved some of the scenes of this book. The author is not strong in humour, and his plot shows no marked originality. But in other respects it is a work of high merit and is certain to give its author, in Canada at least, a place in the front rank of writers.

Last year Mr. Knox Magee, of Toronto, produced "With Ring of Shield" a historical romance of considerable dramatic force, and now we have from the same pen another romance,\* which, if not quite so vivid in some respects as its predecessor, has enough dash and vigour about it to make an absorbing tale. It is based upon the familiar theme of the Restoration period in England. We like Mr. Magee's conception of Charles II who was not nearly so merry as he was immoral, and who was probably not the



"Nestie was standing in the centre of the large entrance hall"

ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE YOUNG BARBARIANS"

chief libertine in a dissolute court. Several gallants of London, acting supposedly for the king, pursue the beautiful daughter of Sir Alfred Heron, a Kentish gentleman, whose house is besieged by more than one lawless company. Mark Everard, a soldier of fortune, is charged by royal warrant with the duty of securing the person of the father, but all his chivalry is aroused on behalf of the daughter. Hence, a perfect carnival of intrigue, fighting,

\*Mark Everard: A Romance. By Knox Magee. Toronto: McLeod & Allen.

and carnage. Finally the champion of virtue is seriously wounded, and his subsequent adventures and heroic conduct, related by himself when half-fainting, half-delirious, is an effective piece of writing. Of course all ends happily for the only good person in the story, an unusually fortunate result, one would suppose, in that wicked and disastrous reign.

There is a very entertaining novel in "The Road to Frontenac,"\* by Mr. Merwin, whose name is not familiar to us as a writer, but who has utilized with much skill the abundant material afforded by the stirring times of French

connected with the translation of "The Jesuit Relations," recently undertaken by a United States publishing house, has used her knowledge and experience to produce a volume of her own. Being a woman, it was natural that she should write of the "Maids and Matrons of New France."\* The Frenchwomen who commenced to arrive soon after the founding of Quebec in 1608, were dominated by strange superstitions, inspired by supernatural visions, but never became slaves to witchcraft as did their New England contemporaries. They were brave, energetic, and in many cases inspired with missionary zeal. Miss Pepper divides her history into four parts: Pioneer Women of Acadia, Pioneer Women of Quebec, Maids of Montreal, and Advent of Carignan Regiment. She describes in detail the lives and adventures of such women as Marguerite de Roberval, Lady de la Tour, Dame Hébert, Madame de Champlain, Jeanne Mance, Jeanne de Ber, Madeleine de Vercheres and the Two Pompadours. The book is cleverly put together, well illustrated and worth possessing.

Elizabeth S. Tucker (Mrs. Tilley, of St. John, N.B.) has written and illustrated a fairy story known as "The Magic Key,"† which mingles the possible and the impossible in a most delightful way. A lonely boy shut up with a magic set of drawers discovers their secret and each drawer gives him a new power. He gives life to all the objects in his room, makes himself invisible, sees his absent friends by expressing a wish, and is able to perform other wonderful feats. It should prove most entertaining to boys and even to grown-ups. Its spirit is wholesome, its basis of knowledge wide, and its style bright and clever. Further, it is pleasant to know that all our Canadian authors have not gone in for philosophy, tragedy and psychic research—that some of them are likely to retain the use of their imaginations.



FROM HIS LATEST PHOTO

GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

rule in Canada and the Indian wars. Menard, a French officer, is entrusted with the duty of conveying a party from Quebec to Frontenac. They fall into the hands of the Indians and barely escape with their lives. The councils of the Indians are well described, and one gets a clear idea of the cruelty, treachery and diplomacy of the redmen.

Mary Sifton Pepper, who has been

\* The Road to Frontenac. By Samuel Merwin. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

\* Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Cloth, \$1.50 net.

† Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Cloth, \$1.00 net.

Mr. Parker's "The Right of Way" has been fairly well received in England, though the leading critics are captious. *Literature* rates it equal to the best of his many pictures of French Canadian life, and speaks approvingly of its "wealth of colour." The *Daily Chronicle* is more critical but eulogistic of the "curt, vivid and graphic" manner in which the dramatic episodes are handled. The *Daily Telegraph* finds it unconvincing in that the temperament of the hero hardly justifies the "inevitable tragedy." The *Speaker* labels it "rather melodramatic" but "written with some intellectual vigour and placed in a charming setting." *Punch* is hardly complimentary. A reading of the various reviews, however, shows that Mr. Parker has somewhat baffled the critics by the superiority of his art.

#### THE STUDIO.

Those desiring to keep abreast of the times in art matters continue to find *The Studio* the greatest of art magazines. How the publishers manage to produce so magnificent a monthly for a shilling is a standing wonder. The October 15th issue, for example, contains eight supplemental plates, several of which are apparently each worth the price of the complete issue. Nor is *The Studio* for artists only. Every householder looking for new ideas as in furnishings, furniture, silverware and decorations, will get valuable education, and so will silversmiths, designers, architects and mechanics of the higher grade. There is nothing produced in America which at all rivals *The Studio*, and its circulation in Canada is steadily increasing. Its special winter number will be devoted to modern design in jewellery and fans. (5 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London.)

#### ANNUALS.

¶ The *Leisure Hour* contains a serial story by Silas K. Hocking, many descriptive articles, some popular science, and some delicate full-page plates. The *Sunday at Home* has two short serial stories, entitled "Heather's Mistress," by Amy Le Feuvre, and "The Gold That Perisheth," by David Lyall, in addition to much reading of permanent interest. The *Girl's Own* has a mag-



TECUMSEH—A NEW PORTRAIT DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR A NEW EDITION OF MAIR'S POEMS, WITH A SUBSTITUTION OF THE INDIAN DRESS, AS IN LE DRU'S ORIGINAL DRAWING MADE AT VINCENNES IN 1808

nificent plate of Queen Alexandra as a frontispiece and 500 other illustrations. The list of contributors is as full of prominent names as ever, and the annual maintains its high standard of general excellence.

The *Boy's Own* continues to improve with the times. Its coloured plates,



stories of travel, adventures and general matter are all worthy of the highest commendation. This volume still holds its premier position among boys' annuals.

#### NOTES.

*Acadiensis* for October (Vol. I, No. 4,) contains "The Indians of Acadia," by D. A. Jack (Editor); "Historic Louisbourg," by C. W. Vernon; "La Valliere of Chignecto," by D. R. Jack; "Charlotte Elizabeth," a forgotten Nova Scotian author, by Mrs. (Judge) Owen; and other interesting features. *Acadiensis* is worthy of perusal and preservation. (\$1.00 per annum; St. John, N.B.)

The Australasian *Review of Reviews* for September contains an account of the Federal Flag competition in which 30,000 designs were submitted. The successful design, selected by five expert judges appointed by the Government, is reproduced on the cover. It is a red ensign with the jack in the corner, with a six-pointed star below, and five stars (the Southern Cross) in the field. The six-pointed star represents the six federated States of Australia. The prize of \$200 was divided among five persons whose designs were practically the same.

Charles Mair's poetry is none too well known to the Canadian public. Every book lover treasures the earliest editions of "Dreamland" and "Tecumseh," and there are among these many who have been chastened and entertained by the noble thoughts in both. But it is rather as a member of the "Canada First Party" that he achieved distinction. He played no unimportant part in 1870 and 1885, and a Government situation in Winnipeg seems too tame an ending for a vigorous and important life. The new edition of his poems, now being issued by William Briggs, should add to the poet's friends and give him his due place among our large family of noble singers.



CHARLES MAIR

Books received: "Warwick of the Knobs," by John Uri Lloyd, Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.; "Love Idylls," by S. R. Crockett, Toronto: G. N. Morang & Co.; "The Cavalier," by George W. Cable, Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.; "Port Hope Historical Sketches," by W. Arnot Craik, Port Hope: The Williamson Press; "Literature in the Century," by Professor A. B. de Mille, Toronto: The Linscott Publishing Co.; "The Alien," by F. W. Montresor, Toronto: G. N. Morang & Co.; "The Making of a Marchioness," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, Toronto: William Briggs; "The Benefactress," by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden,"

Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.; "God Wills It," by William Stearns Davis, Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.; "David Harum," illustrated edition, Toronto: William Briggs; "L'Evolution Economique et Sociale de L'Industrie de la Laine en Angleterre," by Laurent Dechesne, Paris: Larose & Forcel, 22 Rue Soufflot.

The report of the second annual meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association, held in Ottawa last March, has been issued in neat form by the Government Printing Bureau. It contains inter-

esting papers and much valuable information.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie, an English writer, who spent a few weeks in Canada last fall, has been receiving congratulations upon her new book, "Mexico as I Saw It." New York and London, Macmillans. Mrs. Tweedie is a charming *récuteur* and any person unfamiliar with Mexico will find in her book a charming description of a country with an interesting past and a promising future.

"A Sportsman's Taxidermy and Photography," by L. H. Smith, a very useful and entertaining little volume, issued by The Sportsmen's Review Pub. Co. of Cincinnati, Ohio.



# IDLE MOMENTS



## MIXED MORALS.

### THE TWO BUSINESS MEN.

ONCE on a Time two Business Men were Each Confronted with what seemed to be a Fine Chance to Make Money. One Man, being of a Cautious and Prudent Nature, said : " I will not Take Hold of this Matter until I have Carefully Examined it in All its Aspects and Inquired into All its Details." While he was thus Occupied in a Thorough Investigation he Lost his Chance of becoming a Partner in the Project, and as It proved to be a Booming Success, he was Much Chagrined. The Other Man, when he saw a Golden Opportunity Looming Up Before him, Embraced it at once, without a Preliminary Question or Doubt. But alas! after he had Invested all his Fortune in it, the Scheme proved to be Worthless, and he Lost all his Money.

MORALS :—This Fable Teaches that you should Strike While the Iron is Hot and Look Before you Leap.

### THE TWO HUSBANDS.

Once on a Time there were Two Men, each of whom married the Woman of his Choice. One Man devoted all his Energies to Getting Rich. He was so absorbed in Acquiring Wealth that he worked Night and Day to Accomplish his Ends. By this Means he lost his Health, he became a Nervous Wreck, and was so Irritable and Irascible that his Wife Ceased to live with him and Returned to her Parents' House. The Other Man made no Efforts to Earn Money, and after he had Spent his own and his Wife's Fortunes, Poverty Stared them in the Face. Although his Wife had loved him Fondly, she could not Continue her affection toward One who could not Support her, so she left him and returned to her Childhood's Home.

MORALS :—This Fable Teaches that

the Love of Money is the Root of All Evil, and that When Poverty Comes In At the Door, Love Flies Out Of the Window.

### THE ECONOMICAL PAIR.

Once on a Time there was a Man and his Wife who had Different Ideas concerning Family Expenditures. The Man said : " I am Exceedingly Economical ; although I spend Small Sums here and there for Cigars, Wines, Theatre Tickets, and Little Dinners, yet I do not buy me a Yacht or a Villa at Newport." But even with these Praiseworthy Principles, it soon Came About that the Man was Bankrupt. Whereupon he Reproached his Wife, who Answered his Accusations with Surprise. " Me ! My dear !" she exclaimed. " Why, I am Exceedingly Economical. True, I Occasionally buy me a Set of Sables or a Diamond Tiara, but I am Scrupulously Careful about Small Sums ; I Diligently unknot all Strings that come around Parcels, and Save Them, and I use the Backs of Old Envelopes for Scribbling-Paper. Yet, somehow, my Bank-Account is also Exhausted."

MORALS :—This Fable teaches to Take Care of the Pence and the Pounds will Take Care of Themselves, and that we Should Not Be Penny-Wise and Pound-Foolish.—*Selected.*



### HAD AN ATTACHMENT.

An Irish sheriff got a writ to serve on a young widow, and on coming into her presence said : " Madam, I have an attachment for you." " My dear sir," she said, blushing, " your attachment is reciprocated." " You don't understand me. You must proceed to court," said the sheriff. " Well, I know 'tis leap year, but I prefer to let you do the courting yourself. Men are much better at that than women."

## GRANDMA'S LITTLE JOKE



"Well, the Duchess will soon be home now."

"And won't she have a time darning and patching. Just think, all those four youngsters of hers running wild all summer!"

*Fergus Kyle.*

"Mrs. P—, this is no time for fooling. The justice is waiting." "The justice waiting! Well, I suppose I must go, but the thing is so sudden, and besides I'd prefer a priest to do it."—*Selected.*



## RESIGNED TO HIS FATE.

In the early Indiana days, when both judges and attorneys literally "rode the circuit," a newly elected judge, noted for his lack of personal beauty,

was plodding along on horseback between two county seats one fine summer day. Passing through a piece of woods he was suddenly confronted by a hunter, who unslung his squirrel rifle from his shoulder and ordered the horseman to dismount. Somewhat startled by this peremptory command and the fact that the hunter was, if possible, even more deficient in facial symmetry than himself, the jurist began to remonstrate. He was quickly cut short, however, by the remark:

"It's no use talking. I long ago swore that if I ever met a homelier man than I am I'd shoot him on sight."

The judge was quick-witted, and, sizing up the situation, he promptly got off his horse. Folding his arms, he faced his assailant and said:

"If I am any homelier than you are, for heaven's sake shoot, and be quick about it!"

Then came a hearty mutual laugh, and a black bottle, produced from the judge's saddlebags, was duly investigated. After this came

self introductions, and the rising jurist gained an enthusiastic supporter for his future campaigns.—*Selected.*



## HIS ALLEGED ERROR.

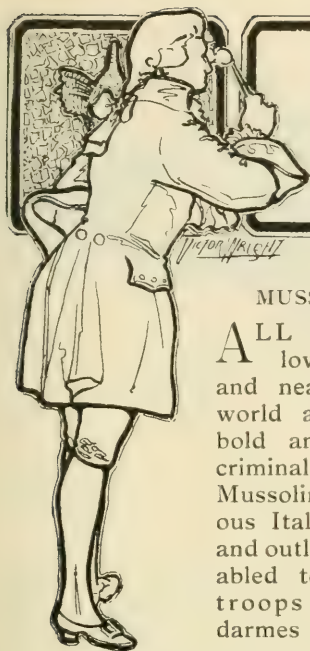
First Deacon—One of our missionaries is to be tried for heresy.

Second Deacon—Why?

First Deacon—He has denied that looting is orthodox.—*Selected.*







## ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES



### MUSSOLINO.

ALL the world loves a lover and nearly all the world a bandit, a bold and gallant criminal. For years Mussolino, the famous Italian brigand and outlaw, was enabled to defy the troops and gendarmes of Italy because of the sympathy and admiration of the peasants. To them he was a brilliant hero, and whenever he was hard pressed by the authorities, the peasants were ever ready to assist him.

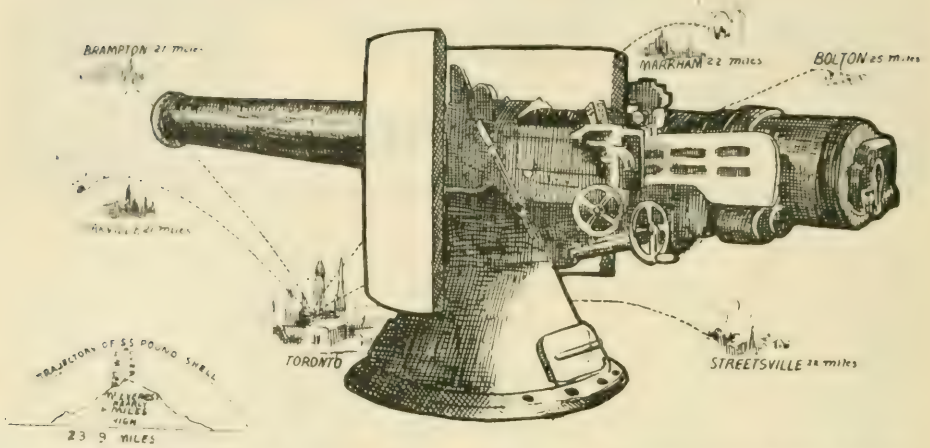
The last time that he was interviewed before his capture, he was handsomely clad in some such garments as in the accompanying picture: a coquettish black velvet jacket, a red scarf about his head, a satin waistcoat ornamented with medals and sacred emblems. His most inspiring attitude is also indicated by the artist, a rifle of beautiful workmanship in his right hand, a gold-butted navy revolver in his left, and an unsheathed knife in his mouth.

Mussolino was born and reared in Calabria, a district in which there is an understanding or sentiment that certain wrongs can be met only with the shedding of human blood. Three years ago he was arrested and tried for shooting a man who had two days previously made an assault upon him. He was convicted and sentenced to twenty-two years' hard labour. Apparently he was not guilty, but was the victim of the wiles

of political rivals. Escaping from prison, he proceeded to cause the death of the judge, prosecutor and adverse witnesses. Before he was captured he had killed twenty-two people. Twenty thousand soldiers hunted for him in vain. These he refused to kill if they came near him, and only once was he reluctantly compelled to kill a gendarme in self-defence. Thieving and thieves he abhorred, and he and his companions not only observed the rights of property themselves, but drove every thief out of the mountainous district through which they roamed. Mussolino broke the law only at one point—he undertook to personally punish his enemies. For his good qualities he is to be admired; for his one bad quality he must be condemned. If men were all Musso-



MUSSOLINO—THE FAMOUS ITALIAN OUTLAW.

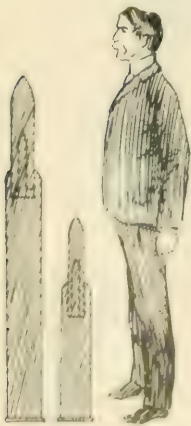


A GUN WHICH WILL FIRE EIGHTEEN SHELLS A DISTANCE OF TWENTY-FIVE MILES IN LESS THAN TWO MINUTES.

linos, there would be an end to all civilization. Therefore it is to be hoped that this heroic figure, whose personality and exploits have inspired poems, novels, stories, plays and newspaper articles, will never again appear on that law-governed stage known as the civilized world.

#### THE NEWEST GUN.

The United States authorities, with their usual national ambition, are making a new gun which is to break all records. It will have an extreme range of twenty-five miles. If it were mounted at Toronto it would command a half-dozen of the surrounding villages. Into any one of these villages it could hurl a steel projectile weighing 55 lbs. One such gun would keep invading field-artillery out of any city in America. A battery of twelve or



ORDINARY 1 IN. PROJECTILE AND POWDER CHAMBER COMPARED WITH NEW PROJECTILE.

fifteen pounders would have no chance against it—they would never get within range of the town. Attacking war-vessels would never reach Halifax harbour, if one were stationed there. One at Esquimalt would fully protect Victoria. One on the Island of Orleans would keep an invading fleet out of the St. Lawrence.

It is calculated that it can fire a projectile over the highest mountain; that the highest point in its flight would be 51,853 feet above the firing point. At this highest point the projectile would be ten miles up in the air, or four miles higher than Mount Everest.

Not only does it fire so high and so far, but it fires ten shots a minute. It would fire eighteen shots and have them all in the air before the first one struck the earth twenty-five miles away. Moreover, at the end of the twenty-five miles of flight, the projectile would have sufficient striking force to penetrate five inches of steel.

The tube and main body of the new gun are made of curved steel sheets one-seventh of an inch thick and extending the full length of the tube. These sheets are wound round by square steel wire also one-seventh of an inch thick.

Altogether a length of ten miles of this wire is wrapped round the outside

of the tube in order to harness in the enormous energy which will be utilized by the weapon.

The unequalled range and tremendous energy necessary to send a projectile twenty-five miles will be got by having a larger powder chamber, allowing a corresponding greater powder charge, together with the long calibre.



ANARCHISTS PRACTISING SHOOTING AT LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK, DURING PAST SUMMER. THE TARGETS WERE PAINTED ON EFFIGIES REPRESENTING EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS

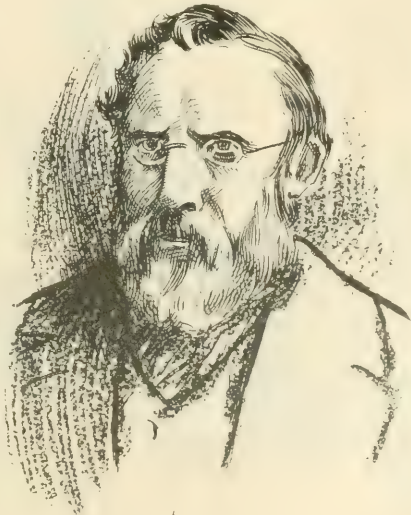
#### THE FOUNDER OF ANARCHISM.

Who was the founder of anarchism? The "Dictionary of Political Economy," edited by Palgrave, gives the credit to Michael Bakounin, a Russian artillery officer who became disgusted with Russia's repressive measures in Poland, and resigned his commission to study philosophy at Moscow. In 1847 he went to Paris, but was soon expelled from France. In 1849 he was concerned in the insurrection in Dresden, Germany, and condemned to life imprisonment. He was handed over to the Russian authorities and after eight years sent to Siberia. He escaped to Japan, and visited America and Great Britain, finally domiciling himself in Switzerland. At the Peace Congress held at Geneva in 1867, he advocated the abolition of centralized states, and the substitution of voluntary federations of independent communes. He died in 1876.

The same authority credits the first use of the term *anarchie* to Joseph Proudhon, a French printer, in his pamphlet "Qu'est-ce que la propriété." Proudhon called himself an anarchist, but disclaimed any faith in chaos. He was really a mutualist, and by *anarchie* he meant the highest and most perfect form of social organization.

Recent newspaper writers give Proud-

hon the credit of founding the school of anarchists, but the credit really belongs to Bakounin. Proudhon used catch-phrases and clap-trap expressions such as "Property is theft" and "God is evil," but in reality he admitted the lawfulness of property and the existence of God. However, the ignorant anarchist has made a bible of Proudhon's writings, which fill thirty-seven volumes, not to mention fourteen volumes of correspondence. His doctrines are only dangerous when held



PIERRE JOSEPH PROUDHON, PRINTER AND AUTHOR, WHO WAS THE FIRST MAN TO CALL HIMSELF AN ANARCHIST





PULEX PONDEROSUS—LESS THAN ONE-HALF LIFE SIZE

The authorities of the United States did nothing to prevent the game, and the President of the United States was afterwards the first national figure-head to fall by the anarchist bullets.

and followed by half-educated men and women.

Proudhon died near Paris in 1865.

The professional anarchist is a loafer and an idler, a gambler and a lover of dark living. Once a year a great anarchist gathering is held on Long Island, New York. The leading sport at the latest gathering there was shooting with rifles at targets made to represent the crowned heads of Europe.

#### AN EXTRAORDINARY FLEA.

This marvellous flea (*Pulex Ponderosus*) was captured by an entomologist in Melbourne, Australia, during the early part of May. It is, he says, a new variety of human flea, and belongs to the *Puliadae* family. The pair of spikes at the end of the abdomen are for the purpose of enabling the insect to fix or steady itself when sucking blood. The specimen found is supposed to be a monstrosity.



THE GREAT BELL OF MOSCOW

#### MOSCOW'S GREAT BELL.

One of the most interesting objects to strangers is the Great Bell of Moscow. It is called the "Tsarkolokol"—the king of bells—and was cast in 1553. The clapper was moved by twenty-four men. On the 19th of June, 1706, the tower in which it was suspended caught fire and it fell to the ground. It was so heated by the flames that, when water was poured upon it, a large chunk dropped out, and it has never been repaired. Its present weight is 444,000 pounds, its height 26 feet, 4 inches, its circumference 67 feet 11 inches, its maximum thickness 2 feet, its diameter at top 8 feet 9 inches on the outside and 6 feet 5 inches on the inside.



A NORTH-WEST COWBOY





# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 3

## QUEEN VICTORIA AT MENTONE.

*By Zélia de Ladevèze.*

QUEEN VICTORIA spent several weeks in Mentone, France, some twelve or more years ago. The inhabitants still speak of her visit. She stayed at the *Châlet des Rosiers*, the property of an English couple who had already lent one of their summer residences, *Villa Clara* at *Bavens*, to Her Majesty.

The *Châlet* is pretty, indeed charming, but seems a very modest dwelling for a queen. As it is situated at *Garavan*, or *East Bay*, as English visitors call that side of Mentone, the old town, as you stand with the sea behind you, lies to the left with its many storied houses climbing up the hill. A more peaceful spot could not be found.

When the Queen arrived at *Garavan*, the train stopped at a temporary station that had been erected for the purpose just outside the garden of the villa. It was beautifully decorated with bunting, palm trees and rare plants.

The Princess Beatrice, who accompanied Her Majesty, was soon a familiar figure in the town. She went almost daily to the market to buy flowers and to the *Librairie Centrale* to select books. The proprietor of the Library, *Monsieur Bertrand*, to whom I am indebted for most of the photographs that illustrate this article, told me that she was very

simple in her ways ; she used to talk to him most affably. She spoke French fluently but with a slight English accent. She would climb on a chair to choose the books herself and would have them taken to the *Châlet* by armfuls.

Prince Leopold, who was staying at the *Hôtel Bellevue*, not far from the Queen's villa, interested himself in pottery, and took lessons in modelling, as he again did (under the direction of *Monsieur Clément Massier*, of *Golfe Juan* fame), when living at *Cannes* later on.

The tradespeople, who supplied Her Majesty's household, were naturally very proud of the honour, and you may still see over some of the shops, the inscription, "*Fournisseur Breveté de Sa Majesté la Reine d'Angleterre.*"



MENTONE—THE GOOD FRIDAY PROCESSION

A peasant from the neighbouring village of Sospel, who supplied hay and straw for the royal stables, hearing, the following year, that the Duke of Connaught was staying at the Hôtel Bellevue, called there and said to the proprietor: "Just put in a good word for me to the Duke. Tell him I supplied his mother with hay and straw last year, and I'd like to do the same

thanks for the loan of the villa to the owner's wife in person. The lady in question was staying at the Hôtel d'Italie, and was in a rather weak state of health. The Queen, knowing this, and hearing of the excitement the prospect of the royal visit was causing her hostess, said with womanly tact: "I will go alone one day, quite unattended and unannounced." She chose a

morning when the invalid was feeling a little stronger, and, going quietly into the room, went up to her couch, bent down and kissed her.

The fête that was given by the town, in honour of its royal and imperial guest, still lives in the memory of the Mentonnais. It took place in the harbour soon after night-fall. The east bay was illuminated with triple festoons of Chinese lanterns, and over two hundred boats of all descriptions, tastefully decorated and brilliantly lighted up, sailed by while the Queen watched the proceedings, with Prince Leopold by her side, from the Hôtel Bellevue. The whole scene, with the innumerable dancing lights reflected in the rippling waters was enchanting; H M.S. *Inflexible*, which was in the harbour, added greatly to the effect and success of the fête.

During her stay in Mentone the Queen expressed her wish to see the

Good Friday procession. I must explain to those of my readers who are unacquainted with Mentone and its religious ceremonies, that on Good Friday eve the effigy of our Lord's dead body is carried in solemn procession from the parish church (cathedral the English wrongly call it, for there is no Bishop of Mentone), through the nar-



PHOTO BY BUSIN, GRASSE

QUEEN VICTORIA AT MENTONE

by him." I can vouch for the accuracy of this story, for I had it from the lips of the proprietor's son, the present American vice-consul.

The following touching little incident was told me some time ago as I was picnicking with friends in the woods just in view of the Chalet des Rosiers. The Queen wished to express her





MENTONE—VILLA CYRNOS IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND AND CAP MARTIN IN THE DISTANCE



MENTONE—CHALET DES ROSIERS WITH OLD TOWN ON THE LEFT



row streets of the old town, with their cavernous arches and dark recesses, to the *Place du Cap*, where an immense *catafalque* is erected, draped in black and illuminated with hundreds of tiny lamps. The procession is composed of the different guilds, such as the *penitents blancs*, whose male members are dressed in white gowns and hoods, while the women wear white dresses and long white veils; and the *penitents noirs*, who are clad in black gowns and hoods, the women looking very lugu-

drank have been preserved as relics. The banker's son was for many years British Vice-Consul, and was extremely popular amongst the English residents and visitors.

My laundress at Mentone, *Mademoiselle A.*, who still gets up the linen of most of the nobility of that aristocratic watering place, told me that when Her Majesty came to Cannes, before going on to Aix-les-Bains for treatment, the royal linen was sent to her. This soon became known, and where-



MENTONE--THE OLD MARKET WHERE PRINCESS BEATRICE BOUGHT HER FLOWERS

brious in black dresses and veils. These, with various other societies, precede the effigy chanting the penitential psalms in low, wailing tones. The effect in the dark night is weird and impressive.

A local banker, whose house was on the route, offered his balcony to the Queen, and I am told that Her Majesty was the only one who saw the procession that year, for all eyes were fixed upon her. The chair on which she sat, and the glass out of which she

ever *Mademoiselle A.* went she was waylaid by English ladies wanting to know all she could tell them about the Queen's linen, especially when she visited the large hotels. She was much amused at their eagerness, and, as she was an educated woman of much *esprit*, she would slyly tease her questioners. They would begin by saying:

"I suppose you are very busy just now laundering for the Queen?"

"Yes, I have a great deal to do.

Your fellow countrywomen take up so much of my time, too, asking me what the Queen wears."

"Indeed, how curious some people are; and about such trifles!"

"Absurd is it not?" she would reply.

"Good morning."

Then her questioner in despair would seize upon a blouse she had scarcely worn and would ask *Mademoiselle A.* to wash it for her as soon as possible and would finally stutter:

get the royal washing ready. The clothes are marked V. R. with an embroidered crown. The handkerchiefs are fine, of course, but are not trimmed. Just hemstitched and embroidered in the corner with the crown and initials V. R."

And off she would run, laughing merrily at her hearer's curiosity, to be stopped a few rooms further on by another loyal British subject to whom she had to repeat her story.



MENTONE—AVENUE DE LA GARE AND THE OLD BRIDGE

"Let me see, what did you say the Queen wore?"

Here *Mademoiselle's* eyes would gleam with mischief; but she would not offend a customer, so she replied:

"She does not patronize dress reform, but wears the same garments that *Mesdames vous mères* were accustomed to. All are of fine cambric simply trimmed with Valenciennes lace. As Her Majesty changes her linen twice a day we have plenty to do to

Four seasons ago the Queen drove over to Mentone from Cimiez, having paid a visit on the way to the Empress Eugénie, who was lying ill in her villa Cynos at Cap Martin. As Her Majesty was late the original route was changed, and the carriages were driving up the *Avenue de la Gare*, without going round the town when word was brought that the English visitors in Mentone were all massed in front of the British Vice-Consulate. The

Queen, with her usual gracious consideration for the public, had the carriages stopped at once. My little boy and I were standing close by and had a splendid view of Her Majesty for a minute or two whilst a discussion went on between the occupants of Queen Victoria's carriage and those of the accompanying landau. My wee son took off his hat and gazed at her intently.

At last one of the princes—I forget which—in the landau called out :

"Let us go on in front!" and the carriages started off again, past the pretty English church (where the memorial service was held the other day), over the old wooden bridge, since removed, in front of the British Vice-Consulate where the British visitors cheered enthusiastically, to the train, which was waiting to convey the royal party back to Nice. We had kept on our way to the station and saw the Queen a second time. She wore a

round black hat, with broad brim, trimmed with white ostrich tips, and tied under the chin with black strings; she was well wrapped up in shawls.

As she did not have her photograph taken during her stay in Mentone, I give one (by the kind permission of Monsieur Busin) that was taken in Grasse with the Princess Beatrice, as she is still called, and the Princess Victoria of Wales. Her Majesty is seated in her well-known donkey carriage.

As the Queen drove up to the station she looked more weary than I have ever seen her. Her face and attitude spoke of extreme lassitude of mind and body. There being no need for her to fall back on the indomitable energy which has helped her through so many public functions, she seemed to let herself go and the end, which after all came as such a shock to the whole of the Empire, seemed to many to be looming large in the near future even then.



MENTONE THE ENGLISH CHURCH



# A NEW CANADIAN GLACIER.

A STORY OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN THE ROCKIES.

*By Welford W. Beaton.*

IN speaking of a "new" Canadian glacier, I do not wish to be understood as making any reference to the date of its origin, for glaciers have a universal habit of being about as old as time. "New" is used in this case merely to point out the fact that the glacier has fed the streams of the Slocan country for untold centuries but had never, until quite recently, been traversed by man; had never been named, and had kept its extent and nature a secret. Prospectors would tell with a jerk of their thumbs towards the Kokanee peaks, the highest seen from Nelson, that there was a glacier "somewhere up there," but none of them had crossed it; so information regarding it was very vague.

One of the first men to cross it was Mr. Ernest Mansfield, a mining engineer, who represents English capital that is looking for dividends in the wealth-laden mountains of the Kootenays. He had secured a property late in the season and a sudden and heavy fall of snow had cut off his only known means of access. But he tackled it from another direction, and after very nearly losing his life, a fate which his two companions would have shared, he got safely over the great glacier and returned to his mining camp long after the other members of the party had quite decided that they were lost. The glowing description which Mr. Mansfield gave of the beauties of the glacier, which he christened the Kitchener, quite determined me that not another season would pass until I had climbed to its very summit.

It was not till the end of August, 1900, that our expedition got under way, Mr. Mansfield having spent the early part of the summer in Europe. By that time a trail had been made across three summits and as many valleys, to Camp Mansfield, where half a dozen mining properties were then being worked. This trail allowed us to use horses, a privilege we readily availed ourselves of, for a thirty mile walk in such a country had no particular attraction for us. It was at Slocan City that we outfitted. This beautiful town is situated on Lake Slocan, the "Lucerne of North America," and from there we struck due east, for the glacier lay midway between Slocan and Kootenay Lakes. Men were leaving the same morning for Camp Mansfield and a pack train of twenty horses, laden with provisions, tools, powder, blankets, etc., which comprised the first instalment of the winter's supplies, pulled out a couple of hours ahead of us. Mansfield rode a beast that looked like a superannuated English hunter, while my mount was a little bay mare with spirit and strength out of all proportion to her size.



"A SNAPSHOT OF OUR PARTY BEFORE WE LEFT THE CAMP."

It was a glorious morning, and as a waggon road formed the first ten miles of our journey, we made such good time that the pack-train was overhauled before we had reached the end of it. At last it terminated abruptly, and a sudden turn to the left made me feel a trifle creepy, as the horses had to pick their way, *via* two logs, over a yawning chasm, in the bottom of which a mountain stream roared and plunged as it did centuries ago, when the work of carving that chasm through the solid granite first commenced. Then we went up-hill and down-hill, across more logs, stumbled over "corduroys," waded through mud, jumped fallen trees, scrambled around rocks, but always getting higher, until a plateau of some extent was reached from its farther end. The first range we had to cross stretched heavenward, and once over them we looked down on a mountain hotel, thousands of feet beneath us. The descent was so steep that we dismounted and let the horses pick their way down the treacherous trail, while I led and Mansfield brought up the rear. After an excellent lunch for horses and men at the hotel, we pressed on again, but had proceeded but a little way when a drizzling rain began to fall. It increased in volume steadily and drenched us to the skin. Then, as we got higher we got out of the rain, to pass into snow, which stuck to our wet clothes with an unrequited affection. The trail all afternoon lay through forests of immense pines, but progress was slow on account of the softness of the black soil, and it became apparent that we could not make our camp that night. It was growing quite dark in the heavy forest before we struck the abrupt rise that would take us over the second summit.

Finally the trail commenced to zigzag up the steep mountain side. The higher we got the colder it became, and in our wet condition we were in anything but a comfortable state. I had an excellent pair of long water-tight boots—so water-tight, in fact, that the rain and snow that had dripped in at the top from the bushes we

swept through remained in the feet, and as it was reinforced constantly with snow, remained in a frigid condition that chilled me to the marrow. Having the surplus room in your boots filled with ice-cold water as you ascend a bleak mountain side in a raging snow-storm is no pleasant experience, I can assure you.

The ascent was rapid, and as the sure-footed horses picked their way along the narrow path, the knowledge that one slip meant instant death on the sharp rocks hundreds of feet below us distracted our attention, but not pleasantly, from our bodily discomforts. But presently we rounded a towering bluff that brought us to a level, and revealed ahead of us in the fast gathering gloom the narrow pass through which lay a mining camp that would provide a night's lodging.

But what a sight! That sudden turn brought us into the region of peaks. It was August, but snow lay everywhere on the ground. A small lake, with its intensely green water lashed into angry whitecaps, dashed spray at us as our horses picked their way along the shore. Around the peaks, to the right of us, to the left of us, behind us and before us, the snow-laden wind whirled and twisted and turned as it cruelly stung our faces and froze the saturated clothes until we were encased in an icy armour. But we felt like intruders. It was the home of the god of storm; we had no right to complain, for the lower regions were made for the habitation of man, and this was where the god called the four winds of the earth to disport with those mighty monarchs of the mountains that lifted their heads above the clouds. He sang to them love songs in the wild, weird tones of Boreas and Euroclydon. He snatched the crown of snow from the brow of one kingly giant, broke it into a million particles, and scattered the fragments in the valleys below, with a long triumphant shriek of laughter, which ended in a repentant wail, as he plucked another diadem from a mountain side and placed it on the uncrowned head.

And then he would stop as if for breath, and we could see those immense crags above us, standing as monuments to Nature's marvellous handiwork. But it was only for an instant, for the elements again commenced to play, and the landscape became a whirling mass of snow. Our horses neighed, pricked up their ears and shied at every harmless rock, for the weirdness of the scene had affected them. The wind would sweep by us, as if to beckon us on, and then exultantly throw back a multitude of snowflakes in our faces. The path was a path no longer, and we must needs creep along the shore of that wonderful little lake, that seemed strangely out of place in a region so grand and wild, for the pass must be reached and the dangerous descent made lest darkness hem us in and doom us to spend the night in the inhospitable home of the Storm King.

But, notwithstanding the cold, the darkness, and our wretchedly uncomfortable condition, we turned in our saddles and gazed on that magnificent scene behind us until we rode through the narrow pass into the shelter that a mountain provided. Then our hearts were cheered by a twinkling light in a clump of timber below us. Half an hour later we were sitting before the hospitable fire in a miner's cabin, whose owner was searching his wardrobe for dry clothing.

Another rapid ascent next morning took us higher than we had yet been, but it was a glorious day and those awful peaks, which the night before had almost trembled as the wind played havoc among them, now smiled at us, and their snowy caps were as diamonds as the sun shone on them from a cloudless sky. When over the third and last summit, we began a very precipitous descent along a narrow rocky path that clung to the side of an almost perpendicular mountain. Down we went, zig-zagging back and forth, until we again reached the land of summer, where the grass was green, and merry brooks trickled over mossy rocks, and birds sang autumnal madrigals from

the leafy limbs of the mountain trees. We crossed a turbulent stream by a rude bridge of logs, plunged into a pine forest and again began to ascend, but this trail wound all the way around the mountain, so the ascent was gradual, and it was not yet noon when we reached Camp Mansfield, quite tired enough and hungry enough to make us feel perfectly satisfied that so much of the journey had been completed—feelings in which, I have every reason to believe, the horses were in entire sympathy with us. Their work was over, for the glacier could only be attempted by man.

All afternoon and all next day it stormed, and we caught only occasional glimpses of the edge of that great glacier towering up above us. During an interval on the afternoon of the second day I set out to endeavour to reach the lower edge of the immense ice field. I chose the most gradual slope, but it was a hard climb, for the big boulders which centuries of grinding by the glacier had carved out covered the mountain side, and over this "slide" was a foot of snow which made the footing very precarious. But after a great deal of slipping and sprawling I finally reached the region of ice.

Just here it might be well to point out that the Kitchener glacier lies in the middle of the Slocan country, in West Kootenay, and is its highest point. All the important creeks that flow into Lake Slocan, Lake Kootenay and the Western Arm of the latter, upon which Nelson is built, have their sources in the one spot. From the glacier, streams flow in every direction. The ice is about nine miles north and south and five east and west. The snow of centuries keeps pressing it down and it still grinds away the mountains as it did untold ages ago, when it carved the beds for all the streams that rush away from it now. As it pushes down the mountain side, and down where the sun is strong enough to honeycomb it, it assumes strange and fantastic shapes. It was on the south side that I first approach-





"I STRUCK AN ATTITUDE ON THE FIELD OF ICE"

ed, and, sliding down an opening in the snow, I found myself at the entrance of an immense ice cavern. The roof was of solid green ice, 100 feet thick, through which the light scintillated and made it as bright as day. Several huge pillars rose from the floor which was bare rock of the mountain side, and supported that wonderful roof which was studded with boulders that had been gathered high up the hill, and now looked strangely out of place in the transparent greenness. Miniature mountain ranges, hanging upside down on that great canopy of ice, lent a weirdly beautiful effect which

was heightened by picturesque shelves that protruded many feet from the walls. Over all of these was an opening, and I scrambled out through it to find myself quite high up on the sloping ice. I sat down and slid to the bottom where I came a cropper in a huge drift that completely buried me. After much slipping and tumbling I reached the camp.

Next morning the sun lit up the distant peaks two hours before the stalwart pines cast their shadows over our cabin. Not a breath of air was stirring, and deep blueness of the sky was not marred by a single cloud. That was the day for the ascent, for there might not be such another for weeks. The cook prepared us a tasty lunch as we saw to our rifles, unearthed our snow-glasses, slipped our storm-caps under our belts and strapped our snowshoes on our feet. Then, accompanied by "Patsy," a faithful little spaniel who had a *penchant* for mountain climbing, we set out. There was a long "hog's back" that took us to

the eastern side of the glacier, and for this we headed. In two hours we mastered it and reached the foot of a wall of ice and snow. Here we poked steps in the hard crust with our snowshoes and Mansfield crept up. We had tied the strings of our snowshoes together, and the line thus made reached to the first ledge. By means of his collar, "Patsy" was hauled up in a half choked condition, of which he seemed



"THE NORTH SIDE WAS TOO STEEP, SO WE PASSED AROUND TO THE SOUTH"

to be rather proud. We advanced about thirty feet in this way in an hour, and were then on the undulating surface of the glacier. Three miles away in the middle of it Mount Kitchener reared his lofty head—the very highest point in that vast territory of peaks. It was bitterly cold, but our extreme exertion was keeping us warm, and we felt in splendid trim as we set out for the peak. The hard crust made it excellent snowshoeing, and with occasional slides down slippery hills, our progress was rapid. Often we came to long crevasses that had been formed by the glacier cracking up above when it settled at the edges. These crevasses were hundreds of feet deep, and as we looked into some of them we saw nothing but walls of that intensely green ice. Long detours were necessary to surmount these obstacles, but we arrived at the north side of the peak in a very short time. A huge drift of snow, reaching half way up the peak, made it impossible for us to ascend on that side, so, leaving our rifles stuck in the snow, we passed around to the south side, which was so steep that snow would not stick on the steps of rock. We sheltered ourselves from the biting wind behind a hummock of ice, lit our pipes and had a good rest before we made the dash.

At such an altitude, 10,000 feet above sea level, breathing is very difficult, and this was the most serious obstacle that we encountered as we scrambled from ledge to ledge, for we had to stop at every few steps for breath. We had many



A BIT OF A STIFF CLIMB

narrow escapes, for a slip at any time would have meant instant death. Once we stopped and asked ourselves why under the sun we were going up the mountain anyway. In lieu of any satisfactory solution we continued to ascend, Mansfield declaring that if he ever got down alive he would devote himself thereafter to climbing prairies. But in two hours from the time we knocked the ashes from our pipes we were on the highest rock.

Then were we rewarded for the dangers we encountered and the exertion we exercised. No pen in the world and no brush could do justice to the scene that met our eyes. In one of his essays



A FEW MOMENTS' BREATHING SPELL



"THE HIGHEST POINT IN THE SLOCAN COUNTRY"

Pope says: "Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise"; so it was where we were. Turn where we would, north, south, east and west—there was that great sea of snow-capped peaks. Ruskin has it that, "Mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery." There was nothing but scenery, grand, glorious scenery all about us. Beginning at our feet, it was without end—one vast sea of wondrous grandeur, with the motionless white-capped waves sparkling in the mid-day sun. Those peaks that three nights before lent their countenance to the storm that raged about us, were now still. The goddess of beauty had stepped in, and, with a wave of her wand, dispersed the clouds, sent the winds back to their haunts in the Northland, and peace was restored in the kingdom of the peaks. Away in the west, three hundred miles, the sun-kissed summits of the Rocky range mingled with the sky; in the east the vision lost itself behind a peak, a day's journey distant; yonder hoary monarchs to the south gaze down

on the valleys of Idaho and Washington; in the north we look, but there is no end there to that concourse of monuments to Nature's sculpture work. Our eyes sweep the horizon for three hundred miles or more in every direction, but we see nothing but the untarnished whiteness of snow-capped summits that stretch upward their jewel-bedecked brows to be made glorious by the rays

of the dazzling sun; and in all that region there is not a stir, not a sound. It is awe-inspiring in the intensity of its stillness.

But could we peer through those massive piles what a different scene would be presented; around the base of yonder mountain that stands as the very incarnation of primeval peace, roars and plunges a train with its load of human freight; it screams aloud as it rushes past the miners' cabin, where a score of men are robbing that proud giant of its riches. Over there is the city of Nelson with its electric street cars clanging along its busy thoroughfares, with its steamboats arriving and



"WE STOPPED FOR LUNCH ON THE WAY DOWN"



departing, with the railway trains carrying goods from its wholesale houses to all parts of the region that is now beneath our vision, with its six thousand souls forming a bustling and enterprising community. And there is Rossland, that energetic mining camp, and there is Slocan City. Yonder are Silvertown and New Denver; there, Sandon, and over here, Kaslo. Away down in those valleys are hives of industry; the bases of the mountains do not share the peacefulness of the peaks. But that does not now distract our dream, for we are too high up to see and too far away to hear.

The biting wind assists us to quickly drink our fill of the scenery, and after putting our cards under a pile of

loose stones—the surface is too smooth and the winds too strong to allow snow to accumulate on that mountain top—we commence the descent. We start down the north side where the ice and snow climb up half way to meet us. Reaching the top of this great drift we make sleds of our snowshoes and shoot down a thousand feet in an instant with yelping Patsy coming head over heels after us. Then we partake of our long-delayed lunch and reach the camp as the sun transforms the landscape of snow into a blood-red scarlet and scintillates through the balustrades of green ice that support the overhanging edge of the Kitchener glacier nearest our camp. 4

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### A SONG TO SLEEP.

COME, Sleep, ere yet the gold  
Fades out at Vesper day,  
Approach thou with soft soles  
And steal my thoughts away !

Dearest of Masters thou !  
Astride thy deathless horse,  
Bear me far down to-night  
Across the Storm and Course.

Far down the Dreamland way,  
Over the bridge of Time,  
To isles of lasting green  
And youth unchilled by rime !

Soothed by thy mystic touch,  
The daylight of the years  
I'll walk, and stagger not  
Beneath life's tasks and fears.

*Inglis Morse.*



PHOTO BY WADDIS BROS., VANCOUVER

MRS. HENSHAW

## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. XXX. JULIA W. HENSHAW.

THE literary career of Mrs. Julia W. Henshaw, of Vancouver, whose novel, "Why Not, Sweetheart?" is now arousing considerable attention in the West, was begun in connection with that time-honoured and highly respectable serial, *The Girl's Own Paper*. Mrs. Henshaw was then Miss Julia Henderson, of Ashford Court, Shropshire—her father's residence—and she had just finished school in England and Germany. No doubt her literary ability is to some extent hereditary, her father being an author of no mean talent, and it is from him,

no doubt, that the subject of this sketch derives her love of nature and her keen observation of the wonders of vegetable and animal life.

Becoming the wife of Mr. Charles Grant Henshaw, of Montreal—a schoolfellow, by the way, of Dr. W. H. Drummond, of "Habitant" fame—Canada naturally claimed her as an adopted child. It was not long before her pen was employed on some articles for the *Montreal Star*, and she soon began a busy life of newspaper and magazine work. A removal to Vancouver followed, and it is as a British

Columbian writer that the greater part of Mrs. Henshaw's literary work has been performed. Nobody has done more to exploit her favourite Province than she, and in her numerous contributions to English and United States publications she has identified herself with the golden west of Canada. When in London and Paris last year, she wrote frequently for such papers as the *Graphic*, *The Sketch*, *The Queen*, *Lady's Pictorial* and *Traveller*.

She became a member of the staff of the *Weekly Province* in 1894, and for four years wrote regularly in its columns on politics, civic affairs and topics of general interest. She also made a name as a musical and dramatic critic, and decidedly raised the standard of such work in the British Columbian press from its former dead level of indiscriminate praise.

As an opponent of the wanton destruction of the beauties of nature Mrs. Henshaw has done valiant work. She is a great lover of outdoor life and an ardent sportswoman, being one of the best rifle-shots in British Columbia. In fishing and canoeing she is a past mistress, while croquet and photography are among her lighter recreations. And it may be said that the croquet the B.C. women play is a far more serious matter than the game as it was known in the earlier Victorian days. From her pleasant home in the suburbs of Vancouver, which the horticultural skill and taste of her husband surrounds with lovely flowers, Mrs. Henshaw, as she sits at her desk, looks out on a beautiful prospect of mountains and water, and it is from inspirations such as these that she draws the vigour and effectiveness with

which she tells the world of the advantages, resources, and attractions of British Columbia. Mrs. Henshaw is a member of the Canadian Society of Authors, and also of the Incorporated Society of Authors of London, England.

Mrs. Henshaw's first novel "Hypnotized?" was a little lacking in humour and sprightliness, but was, nevertheless, a fair piece of work. Ursula Harlowe, the heroine, is a daughter of an English farmer, transported through the eccentricities of a titled gentleman to the society circles of London. This gentleman exercises a strong influence over her and unconsciously affects her life. This results in one or two dramatic situations, which bring up the question of unconscious hypnotism as being the only explanation for the unfortunate tableaux which make the fifth act in the drama.

Mrs. Henshaw's second novel "Why Not, Sweetheart?" has also an interrogation mark woven through its fabric as well as into its title. It has been published in England by Unwin, and in Canada by Morang. Its scenes are laid in "the Western edge of Canadian soil," and the descriptions of British Columbia bring out the peculiar charm of its fascinating wildness and picturesque beauty. The *motif* of the tale is the embarrassment of a young girl, half married to a man who had become insane in the midst of their marriage ceremony, and who later desires to marry a young man with whom she has fallen in love. His question, "Why not, sweetheart?" is one she cannot answer until the mystery of her first unloved but betrothed husband is cleared up. ♪

B. M.

## HOME.

CALL no man happy who afar does roam  
And has no resting place to call his home,  
No woman's welcome and no child's pure kiss  
To turn his night to peace, his day to bliss;  
No bond to bind him with a sacred chain  
To all that proves earth's living is not vain. ♪



# THE PUBLIC SCHOOL QUESTION

By GOLDWIN SMITH

IN addressing the school teachers the other day at the Normal School, Toronto, I disclosed what I fear would be generally regarded as the scandalous fact that I was not a thorough-going believer in the system of State Schools.

I had once an opportunity of hearing this great subject specially well discussed. The British Parliament, having, after some tentative efforts through the agency of the Privy Council, decided to take up in earnest the whole question of national education, a Commission was in 1858 appointed to investigate the subject and to prepare a scheme for the consideration of Parliament. Of that Commission I was a member, being appointed, I believe, specially to deal with the charitable foundations, the report on which was consigned to my hands. The Chairman was the Duke of Newcastle, whose name the Commission commonly bears. The other Commissioners were men who represented sections of opinion. A question cannot be debated better than by such a conclave having a practical object of great importance in view, and unrestrained by the presence of reporters. The result in my mind was a leaning in favour of the parental and Voluntary against the State system. That view was embodied in a paper which was signed by one member of the Commission besides myself, and now slumbers among the archives of the Home Office. Being outvoted, we waived our dissent and concurred with our colleagues in carrying on the investigation and submitting recommendations to Parliament. Being the junior member of the Commission and the only one free from engrossing avoca-

tions elsewhere, I did much of the general work and became pretty well posted in details.

The impression which I then formed in favour of the Voluntary system I have always retained, though the State system was so completely established that I saw no use in saying anything about it or in declining to act under it when called upon. In this spirit I accepted the honour tendered me by the Public School Teachers of this Province of representing them in the Council of Instruction. The Council was abruptly dissolved by the Ontario Government in consequence of a collision between it and the Chief Superintendent arising out of an appointment made by the Council to the headship of a Normal School. The incident was one which seemed to throw a sidelight on the liabilities of the State system in its connection with party government, as does that chronic dispute about the school books from which the Voluntary system would be free.

Natural right and duty may on occasion be superseded by State necessity, as in time of public exigency or peril. But they must always be the general basis of institutions, and always demand recognition. It is apparently the natural duty of every man to educate as well as to feed and clothe the children that he brings into the world; nor has he any natural right to cast this duty on his neighbour or on the community at large. It is not in accordance with natural justice that the man who has prudently deferred marriage till he was able to support a family should pay for the imprudence of the man who has brought into the world a family which he is unable to support. On the other hand,

the parent has a natural right to say in whose hands he will place the education of his child. The Catholics, being a large and united vote, assert that right against the general principle of the State system. The State has no natural right to take away the child from the parent or those to whom the parent chooses to entrust it. Nor, if the parent is willing to do his own duty, has the State any natural right to tax him for the immunity of others. The State cannot reasonably say that those upon whom it has conferred political power are imbeciles in the matter of education and incompetent to perform their natural duty or exercise their natural right in respect to the education of their children.

This, I am afraid, will sound like rank heresy to the theorists who hold that the rights and duties of the individual and the family ought to be surrendered to the State.

Natural right, however, whether of the individual or of the family, must sometimes give way to public exigency. In this case the public exigency, so far as the State is concerned, is the danger of an ignorant electorate. As Robert Lowe rather bitterly said, "We must educate our masters." The fact that the exigency has been created by the rivalry of political parties which has abolished all qualifications for the franchise and puts the ballot into every hand, instead of letting industry and frugality stretch out their hands for it, does not make the peril any less. On the other hand, the security for the voter's intelligence which the State requires might be obtained, without taking away education from the parent, by certified inspection or an educational test. Nor does it seem that the community is in any way bound, or that any public interest would lead it, to go to the expense of imparting any more than a strictly necessary education. To excite and gratify the pupil's ambition of rising above the station in which he happens to have been born, may be a good thing in itself; it certainly is when the person to be so raised is well selected

and helped either by private munificence or by State endowments specially devoted to that object. One who assisted in the foundation of Cornell University may fairly say that he has not personally failed to take part in the opening of that door. The State may also properly endow special institutions for instruction in technical science, scientific agriculture, or other studies which are profitable to the community at large. But the community at large has no interest in the indiscriminate fostering of ambition. On the contrary, an extensive displacement of industry may be economically injurious to the commonwealth. Nor is happiness more than contentment certain to be the fruit of such a policy. As was said in the address to which I have referred, we cannot all actually climb over each other's heads, though restless desire may be kindled in all.

To the exercise of educational charity, of course, there are no limits. Nor can charity be better exercised than in encouraging education and in enabling real ability to attain the station in which it can be most useful to the commonwealth.

A State system of education can hardly fail to be mechanical and Procrustean. Its spirit was depicted by the French Minister of Education who boasted that when he rang a bell the same lesson commenced in every school in France. The Voluntary system, on the other hand, if it can be made successful, is flexible, and adapts itself to local, social and industrial circumstance. It has also in it the motive power of emulation, which, in all things, is a stimulus of improvement.

Under the Voluntary system teaching is a profession which the teacher enters expecting to live by it, as he knows that his special gifts and exertions will, in this as in other professions, fetch their proper price. Under the State system teaching is hardly a profession, so far as many of the male teachers are concerned. The man is never sure of earning his fair market value. It is inferred from facts before the Department of Education that the



average continuance of a male teacher in the service is between seven and eight years. Other estimates have been still lower.

At the same time a large increase of salaries is hardly possible. The expense already is startling, and has alarmed the Toronto City Council. It may soon seriously interfere with the ability of the city government to provide for its direct and proper objects, such as the police, the thoroughfares, the health and the buildings of the city.

The consequence of this is that education is falling more and more into the hands of women, who will accept smaller salaries, but are not well qualified to form the character of boys after a certain age. The consequence of this, again, is probably seen in the manners of the boys, of which complaints are heard, and perhaps in a certain lack of some strong points of the male character. The devotion even of women to the calling, unless they renounce marriage, must generally be short.

Mr. Rice, who has given us the results of an inspection of schools in a number of cities of the United States, reports inequalities almost as great as any which would be likely to be found under the Voluntary system. Some schools are very good. Others are much the reverse. A compliment is incidentally paid to Toronto. But the parent has no choice; he must send his child to the school of his district whether it be good or bad. Under the Voluntary system his choice would be free and would act as a stimulus to the teachers.

A prominent feature of Mr. Rice's description is the indifference of parents, who regard their duty to the child, including the formation of character, as made over to the State. They will not even take the pains to inquire into the sanitary condition of the school house. We see that instead of supporting the teacher, as they would if he or she were chosen by them, they are inclined to take the part of the child against him, thus impairing the discipline of the school.

The union of the sexes beyond a very early age is a feature of our Public School system which some high authorities view with mistrust.

In the country the Public School system seems to work better than it does in the city; the whole community using the school, which is thus really common; taking an interest in it; having a voice in the selection of a teacher, and keeping the financial management under control. This approaches the old Scotch or New England model.

In the city the opposite of all this is the case. The schools are hardly common, the Voluntary school being frequently preferred by those who can afford it. Nobody has a voice in the choice of the teacher of his district. The citizens generally take no active interest in the schools. You have the usual evils of the system of political election applied to what ought to be a matter of administration. A place on the Board of Trustees is sought apparently, in many cases, less from special interest or aptitude than as the first step in the ladder of municipal ambition. Little seems to be generally known about the candidates. Nor is much interest generally shown in the elections; though as all the ballot papers are marked by the voter at the same time, voters generally mark their papers for School Trustees as well as for Mayor and Aldermen. The elections are hardly noticed by the press.

The existing system, as I have already said, is so thoroughly established that any attempt to raise the general question would be futile. At the same time there is a growing feeling, which, if it is founded on natural reason and justice, ought not entirely to be refused recognition. The practical object of this paper is to introduce the memorandum hereto appended on Voluntary Public Schools by Mr. Lawrence Baldwin, who has been carrying on in his school on Avenue Road with apparent success an experiment in the Voluntary direction. His system comprehends open selection of teachers, remuneration in proportion to ability, active participation of parents. At the



same time Mr. Baldwin asserts that it meets the legitimate requirements of State, and that therefore there is no reason why it should be denied recognition.

MEMORANDUM RE VOLUNTARY PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The aim of this movement is, shortly, as follows :—

1. To encourage parents to take a personal interest in the education of their own children, and enable them by contributing a voluntary fee to supplement the amount expended through the Public School Board, so that they may obtain a more liberal education. The elementary education covered by the Public School curriculum can thus be supplemented by a grounding in classics, by adding drawing, music, commercial, religious or other special instruction desired by parents.

2. To encourage teachers who have qualified under the Public School system and have also ability to impart such special instruction as is above enumerated, to do so and earn some recompense therefore as supplemental to the salary to which they would be entitled for imparting the ordinary Public School instruction.

3. To economize in the number of Public School buildings. It can reasonably be expected that parents might group themselves according to their common desire for religious instruction, for instance, and in cities nearly all places of worship have attached to them school-houses, which might be made available for the purpose, but these school-

houses are now used only on Sundays and are closed up through the week. Ten of such buildings accommodating one hundred pupils each, and representing a total of one thousand, would mean a saving to the Public School Board of about \$50,000 in the capital expenditure, based on what has been done in the Public Schools in Toronto.

It will be seen that no public money is used in the erection of the buildings in which, for instance, religious instruction may be imparted in which the public is not interested, and the desire for religious or other special instruction might induce parents or others to establish these schools and provide suitable buildings. Any grant from the Public School funds would be made only on account of the educational work done on Public School lines. The fact that such schools would be required to employ only qualified Government teachers, use Public School Text Books, and submit to inspection, would be a guarantee of the efficiency of the secular work of the Public Schools.

The experiment made with the Avenue Road Voluntary Public School began in January, 1900, with twelve pupils. We have now an attendance of over thirty, and from an educational standpoint I think I may say that the experiment has proved of value. Our chief difficulty has been in regard to the building, as it was erected in the first instance without any regard to its use as a day school.

The school is managed by a Board of three trustees elected by the parents, and an annual meeting is held in January, when the report of the year's work is presented. In the election of trustees each parent is allowed a vote for each child of his in attendance.

## OUR HERO DEAD.

ON lonely veldt, and where the distant kopje  
Upreads its frowning head,  
Comrades of march and bivouac and battle,  
They lie, our hero dead.

But not forgotten, for, in shining letters,  
Writ large, their names shall stand  
Forever on the pages of the story  
Of their dear Native Land.

And so we leave them, while the stars above them  
Their faithful vigils keep,  
In quiet slumber, till the great Reveillé  
Shall wake them from their sleep.

*J. H. Long.*

# THE RECIPROCITY OF TO-DAY

By ARTHUR H. U. COLQUHOUN

A PIOUS tradition that reciprocity with the United States was the key to permanent prosperity in Canada long held sway in the minds of many Canadian politicians. Until one party chose a new form of worship by the Protection Tariff of 1879 the belief was common to nearly all our leading men. It was accepted, as other dogmas are, without searching examination. If you argued that the terms on which it could be obtained were of primary importance and that under certain conditions reciprocity might even be injurious you courted derision as a person of unsound opinions, if not a real danger to the State. From the sacred circle of the devotees of reciprocity, the doubter or the freethinker was cast forth with reproach and contumely. In 1879, as has been said, one party suddenly left the shrines at which they had so long paid homage, and modified the tradition. Henceforth they were required to do reverence only to reciprocity in natural products. This reformed religion lingered on with much outward show of vitality until 1896 when a new party, which for five years had gone far in the worship of reciprocity, attained office and began to consider the whole question, not as an economic theory—from which standpoint discussion is idle—but as a commercial and political issue.

Now the whole matter is in the melting-pot. Both parties are sane. You are free to examine the policy on its merits. You may adhere, if you prefer, to the theory that reciprocity with the United States on any terms is a commercial necessity and excite only a cynical smile. Better still, you neither gain nor lose a vote, which accounts for much of the clear

thinking on the subject now common. Or you may openly advocate an Imperial Preferential Tariff, and the windows of your house will not be broken. A short time ago Sir Wilfrid Laurier declared that his Ministry would send no more deputations to Washington to seek reciprocity, and it is not related that he was mobbed in the street. Instead of freedom of trade we have happily secured freedom of opinion.

No one doubts that the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 was, in its day, dictated by sound commercial sense. So, too, the Cobden policy of 1846 which benefited the British manufacturers by removing the duties on food and on raw materials. Neither of these measures was perfect, but each commended itself on different grounds for years afterwards to the commercial interests affected.

But any business man knows that his policy must change to meet new conditions. The human race is not one large family. There are political divisions. There are commercial rivalries. Some nations pursue one aim, some another. A man who maintains the contrary, who argues that national distinctions are immoral, patriotism a delusion, and artificial competition a crime, is an interesting person, to be treated with respect, but his proper place is a museum. As the world is now constituted, the policy of Governments is dictated largely by commercial considerations, and the subject of North American reciprocity must submit itself to the inevitable laws of politics. These laws may not be the same in 1854 and 1902. The consistent man who held the same views on some subject in both years is usually the most tiresome of our acquaintance.

In 1902 reciprocity will, therefore, be considered by practical men in the light of the circumstances that govern us. The situation is certainly without precedent. The agitation for reciprocity with Canada comes for the first time from the United States. A party in favour of freer trade relations has always existed there, but has never been potent enough to make any headway. The Treaty of 1854 was granted, not on commercial grounds, but partly through the astute diplomacy of Lord Elgin, and partly because the Southern Democrats, foreseeing the Civil War, thought it well to make friends with Canada. The treaty was no sooner in force than a clamour against it arose in the United States, and the clause relating to the use of the canals was cunningly violated.

The way to make Washington adhere to its solemn engagements is still undiscovered. The morals of the highwayman may be objectionable, but his superb audacity has its admirers. When, therefore, the Washington authorities were caught in the act of evading the provision of the treaty which gave Canada the use of the United States canals, after they had claimed and obtained the use of the Canadian canals, they created a diversion by loudly complaining that we were really the violators of the treaty. We had, they said, broken the spirit of the treaty by putting higher duties on products not mentioned in the instrument. This cry effected its purpose. It kept Canada busy explaining that she was perfectly innocent of the slightest attempt to evade her engagements, and that every provision within the four corners of the treaty had been faithfully carried out.

It was the United States manufacturers who preferred this charge, and who enabled the real offender against good morals and international obligations to escape in the confusion. Curiously enough—and this is another exceptional feature about the present situation—the demand for reciprocity emanates from a section of the manufacturers whose predecessors successfully started the preju-

dice against the old treaty, and whose hostility was a factor in its abrogation. This element consists chiefly of the big Trusts. They are fearful of overproduction, of a glut in the labour market, and of a consequent conflict with the industrial forces. To avoid this they make overtures to foreign countries, and have discovered that their dear friends the Canadians are precisely the people to whom they would like to sell more goods. There are others, needless to say, but we stand in the first line for projected embracement, and the idea that we might reject the proffered hug of the United States Combines is far from their mind. With them probably are joined the forwarding interests, the Western shippers, the exporting and importing concerns of the East. Against them are the smaller manufacturers, who declared at the Washington convention last November that the only sort of reciprocity they wanted was the kind in which the foreigner provided a reciprocal demand, and they furnished a reciprocal supply. The *Hartford Times* sums up the verdict of the Convention correctly when it declared: "Everybody was in favour of Reciprocity in the abstract, as long as there is no attempt to put it in practice." Opposed to Reciprocity also is the Northern farmer who has been educated in high protection by the very party now talking largely but indefinitely of tariff concessions.

We in Canada are invited by the Trusts to forget the past, to forgive the violation and ultimate determination of the only arrangement on a give-and-take basis we ever had with the United States, and to condone both the repeated infringements of the Treaty of 1818, relating to the fisheries, and the haughty resentment of Washington because we ventured to resist those infringements. We are to turn the other cheek to the smiter with meek submission, provided that the compensating advantages appear sufficiently seductive, although we have no guarantee that these advantages will be continued an hour longer than they can be withdrawn legally, or



illegally, if a pretext can be found. We are to forget stolen territory, forged documents, broken treaties.

Is the Canadian memory of this accommodating order? Under the enormous development of our export trade with Great Britain, the ardour of the Canadian friends of reciprocity has perceptibly cooled. The protected industries are alert, and they present a strong case. There is no division of party lines on the question, and, at the moment, no disposition on either side to construct a policy out of the problematical sincerity of the agitation now proceeding in the United States. President Roosevelt has declined to single out Canada in any negotiations, so that until the terms of a proposed arrangement are known prediction of the outcome would be rash. These factors then are to be counted upon: the hostility of the Canadian manufacturers, the apparent unconcern of the farmers, the caution of the Government, the absence of enthusiasm for reciprocity as a principle. Assuming that the Opposition in Parliament are looking for a policy, it is inconceivable that they are looking to Washington. To these discouraging signs may be added another, the growth of a deep-seated distrust of the Congressional politicians.

Between the average Canadian and the average citizen of the United States the relations are friendly, and in many cases intimate. In social life the Canadian finds his neighbour an intelligent, agreeable and generous companion. In commerce he finds him prompt, shrewd, courteous and business-like. But the groups of political worthies who, from time to time, strut their brief hour upon the Washington stage, embody the worst, not the best, instincts of the country in their foreign policy. They mend or end a treaty as it suits them. They mistake cunning

for sagacity, faithlessness for resource, the manner of the bully for the dignity of strength. There is a passion for over-reaching the other party to a bargain, and boasting of it afterwards. None of us cares to be taken in by the foreigner, but if it is done with subtlety and cleverness, there is a certain philosophy in laughing at one's own discomfiture. There must have been a gleam of pleasure in losing a handkerchief to so well trained a performer as the Artful Dodger. But the lustre of the merry gentlemen in the school of Fagin is dimmed by the achievements of many brilliant but less pleasing successors. The Englishman who negotiated the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty related in after years that he took care when framing that instrument always to use terms and phrases in the exact sense in which they were understood and officially defined by the other negotiators. To this he attributed the permanence of the arrangement. But it, too, has at last gone by the board, and, if a treaty could speak, the Clayton-Bulwer agreement would long ago have imitated Charles II and apologized for being so long a time in dying.

The fate of every treaty with the United States ought to be a warning to us. Surely we have learned prudence from dearly-bought experience. We cannot trust the Congressional politicians, and unless we like being the victims of a "bunco game" we should avoid the skilful manipulators whose exploits date from 1783, and who have been found out by every nation in Europe excepting one. Our relations with Washington should be regulated by good-humoured cynicism and strict vigilance. Our commercial future ought to be a business partnership with England, the richest, the most stable, the most honourable country in the world.

# MILITIA AND DEFENCE

By HON. L. G. POWER, Speaker of the Senate

THIS is a time of wars and rumours of wars; and, while during the peaceful days which preceded the Spanish-American conflict and the hostilities in South Africa, when many people thought that Tennyson's vision of the golden age, when

the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world,

was about being realized, Canadians, busied with the development of their country's resources, might be pardoned for not turning their thoughts very much to the subject of self-defence. That is not the case now, when we seem to have gone back to that earlier condition of things of which it was said, "When a strong man armed keepeth his court, those things which he possesseth are in peace. But if a stronger than he come upon him and overcome him, he will take away all his armour, wherein he trusted, and will distribute his spoils."

To-day, three questions naturally suggest themselves to anyone who thinks of this country's future. Is there any reasonable ground for believing it possible that before long we may be called upon to defend Canada against serious attack? If there be such ground, is our present military system such as to inspire a belief that the attack could be successfully resisted? And, if it be not, is it possible to so alter the system as to enable us to contemplate with comparative confidence the issue of any such attack?

If we look upon our own position from the same judicial standpoint which we would assume in looking at

another country situated as Canada is, we shall be obliged to admit that it is not only not impossible, but not even highly improbable that before long we may be compelled to fight as we have not fought since 1814. The empire of which Canada forms a part can hardly be said to have a reliable friend among the great powers of the world; and her widespread dominions and varied interests offer continual temptations to enemies to attack her, particularly when she labours under disadvantages such as those arising from the existing conflict with the South African Boers. If England becomes involved in war with France, Germany or Russia, we shall have to bear a share of the burden and the risk; but, in the case of war with the United States, Canada will be called upon to fight for her national existence.

This brings us to our second question: are we now in a position to defend ourselves if attacked by a great power?

It can hardly be claimed that we are. We have, scattered over this vast country, some 35,000 men, excellent material for soldiers no doubt, but, with the exception of the Permanent Militia, some nine hundred men, the battalion now in garrison at Halifax numbering about eight hundred, and a few crack corps—comparatively raw and imperfectly equipped material. Such a force, which might have been able to hold its own against such invasions as took place during the war of 1812, would be altogether unable to resist the kind of army which a hostile power could now put in the field. And unfortunately, however willing our peo-

ple might be to take up arms in defence of their country, the weapons for the purpose and the organization which would render our existing force, such as it, capable of prompt and considerable expansion, are both wanting. If war were to break out and find us situated as we are, Canada would probably be overrun, our principal cities taken and our few defenders driven from the field before we should have the necessary supply of arms, or be able to avail ourselves of the great reserve of fighting power which undoubtedly exists in the Dominion.

It would seem to be the duty of those charged with the government of the country to put an end to this condition of things; but since the Union of the Provinces in 1867, neither Government, Parliament nor the people have appeared to treat the subject of the militia very seriously. It was felt at the time of the North-West Rebellion of 1885 that there were advantages arising from the possession of a militia force, and that on the whole our citizen soldiers did well. The war in South Africa has again called attention to the soldierly qualities of our young men; and our people are now perhaps in a mood to consider any scheme for strengthening our means of self-defence.

Two important steps in the right direction have already been taken by the Government, at the instance of the Minister of Militia. Facilities, which have been taken advantage of to a gratifying extent, have been afforded for the formation of cadet corps in boys' schools; and substantial and effectual encouragement has been given to the establishing of rifle clubs. It is to be hoped that even greater results will follow from the policy of the Department, and that cadet corps and rifle clubs will multiply and become permanent features of Canadian life. We can see the good effects which follow from them in the case of Switzerland, whose military system is said to be the cheapest and best in Europe.

"Previous to the commencement of his military service the Swiss recruit

has undergone a considerable amount of training. The word 'raw,' at any rate in the sense we use it in speaking of a squad of our own recruits whilst learning the goose step, could never be applied to a young Swiss who had just joined his regiment. The playground of the village school was his first barrack-yard, where he learnt gymnastics, the manual exercise, and the elements of company drill; so that on the day he receives his *livret de service* he has a far better understanding of the rudiments of soldiering than the average British recruit. The *Tir fédéral*, so liberally encouraged by Government, and the many cantonal and communal shooting societies, have, by making rifle shooting a national pastime, contributed their share towards raising the standard of marksmanship in the Swiss army. On fête days one may see men in all the different grades in the service, from the newly joined recruit to the major of his battalion, standing together in the Schützengraben of the Commune, and there voluntarily spending the holiday afternoon in perfecting themselves in the use of the rifle. There is much of the 'sportsman-soldier,' if we may use the expression, about the Swiss marksman; his skill is by no means solely acquired during drill hours or at the regimental butts. The system of rifle meetings is, moreover, utilized for the purpose of musketry instruction; thus each Swiss soldier is compelled to fire thirty rounds annually; if he does not do this at a cantonal rifle meeting, he is compelled to attend a three days' course under military supervision."<sup>\*</sup>

It must, however, be borne in mind that, although military drill in schools and the practice of rifle shooting by clubs will, if persisted in, improve the material which would be used in our fighting force, not a little time must pass before their effects will be very perceptible, and that they will not give us the organization or the arms which are absolutely necessary to provide for

<sup>\*</sup>*The Swiss Confederation.* By Sir Francis Ottiwell Adams and C. D. Cunningham. Macmillan & Co., 1889. Pp. 153-4.



the expansion of that force to a war figure. For these purposes, prompt and vigorous action by Parliament and Government is needed; and, unless advantage is taken of the present temper of our people, the country is likely to relapse into the state of comparative indifference with respect to the militia which followed hard upon the end of the rebellion of 1885.



What action should be taken? Two things should, it is submitted, be done at once. A supply of small arms and artillery of the best patterns sufficient for a force of one hundred thousand men should be imported; and a radical change should be made in the organization of the militia, so as to make our system in its practical results like that which enabled the Boers to place the whole adult male population of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State under arms at such short notice.

As to the former point: it is not contended that the quantity of arms which is mentioned would be sufficient to meet the demands which would arise upon the proposed reorganization of the militia; but anyone who knows how small the present reserve of arms is, must feel that neglect to act promptly in supplying the deficiency, at least to the extent mentioned, would be almost unpardonable. What would be required beyond that could perhaps be made to advantage in Canada.



The third question is: Can these things be secured without placing a crushing burden upon the shoulders of our people? In the writer's opinion they can.

The cost of rifles, artillery and necessary equipment would be considerable. That of the supply just indicated—which is not intended to include uniforms—would probably amount to two millions of dollars. It would not, however, be a yearly charge, but in some sense one on capital account. In any case, it is absolutely necessary, and we could much better afford to dispense

with various other expenditures than to fail to make the needed appropriation.

The opinion that Canada could inaugurate, at a not excessive cost, a system which would supply a fighting force proportionately nearly as large as that placed in the field by the Boer Republics is not merely theoretical. Without going beyond our own country, we have the fact that at the time of the union of the Provinces there was in operation in Nova Scotia a law, under which the active militia—for whom the Government undertook to furnish rifles and artillery—included the whole male population between the ages of sixteen and forty-five, while the reserve included all men between forty-five and sixty.

If this had been continued there would now be twice as many active militia in Nova Scotia as there are in the whole Dominion. All the militia-men were enrolled, and those of the first class—the active militia—were drilled for five days every year. The officers were obliged to undergo a fairly long course of instruction, and to pass examinations on their duties; and the men were drilled by sergeants qualified as instructors. Substantially the active militia were not much inferior to the present comparatively small force known by the same name. The privates did not as a rule wear uniforms; and, with the exception of the headquarters staff, the adjutants and the drill sergeants, none of the force were directly paid. The yearly training was not looked upon as a burden or a grievance. In fact, it was regarded rather in the light of an annual picnic. It appears from the returns of 1867 that the total number of men enrolled in the active militia in 1866 was over 58,000, of whom 45,767 were actually drilled, while the cost of the militia for the last mentioned year was \$114,460, of which amount \$36,561 was of an extraordinary character, arising out of the "Fenian Scare" so called. This trifling expenditure covered besides small grants in aid to the volunteers, who were required to undergo twelve

days' drill in each year, to wear uniform, and to put in a certain amount of target practice, and who numbered in 1866 something over eleven hundred.

The total expenditure on the militia in Nova Scotia under the system in operation at the time of the Union was considerably less than two dollars for each man actually drilled, or than a dollar and a half for each man enrolled in the active class. These figures seem absurdly small to us now, but they are taken from the public accounts of the Province and from the report of the Adjutant-General, which also shows that, as already stated, about one-sixth of the whole population were enrolled, and that nearly one-seventh actually underwent military training. It is the writer's honest belief that the Nova Scotian system as it existed in 1867 was the best and cheapest in the world. Its direct cost was, as we have seen, almost incredibly small, and the interference with the industry of the Province was most trifling, while it supplied a force of over fifty thousand men well organized and officered, which in a month after a call to arms, would have been prepared to do credit to the Province, and would not have been unworthy to be associated with the British regulars.

One of the most remarkable circumstances in connection with the Nova Scotia system was its rapid growth. In 1859, when Lord Mulgrave, then Lieutenant-Governor, drew attention to the matter, while there were certain battalions on paper, there were as a matter of fact neither volunteers nor militia. An Act passed in that year provided for the training of volunteers, and the movement developed rapidly, until 1862, when the number of effectives reached 2,356. In the last mentioned year an Act was passed dealing with the militia as a whole. The number enrolled under this Act in 1862 was 43,221, and the number drilled was 2,356. In 1863, 48,675 were enrolled and 34,873 were trained, while the number of qualified officers was 820. In 1864, the number of those enrolled was 56,111, of whom 41,871 under-

went training, and the officers numbered 1,484. In 1865, 59,379 men were enrolled and 45,616 drilled, while the number of officers rose to 2,267; and in 1866, the last complete year in which the provincial system was in operation, the number of men enrolled was 58,031 and the number trained 45,767, the number of officers having increased to 2,975.

The Act of 1862 was repealed and re-enacted with amendments by the "Act in Reference to the Militia," Chapter 16 of the Acts of 1865, the law in force at the date of the Union. The Adjutant-General from 1860 to 1867 was Lieutenant-Colonel R. Bligh Sinclair, who had been a Captain in the Forty-Second Highlanders; and anyone who reads his judicious, painstaking and instructive reports for the several years during which he held office will conclude that to him is due much of the credit for the success and excellence of the Nova Scotia military system.

Now, let us see what the result would be if this system were applied to the Dominion to-day. The active militia—the men undergoing actual training every year—including the permanent corps and the volunteers, would number about 800,000. Leaving aside the reserves—enrolled but not drilled—this force, if properly armed, would, taking into consideration the advantage which the magazine rifle gives to the defence, be able to hold its own against any number of men who might be put into the field for the purpose of invading Canada.

The figure given for the active militia is large, and may seem an impossible one; but, in proportion to the population of the Dominion, it is no larger than that which actually existed in Nova Scotia in 1866; and what was done then, largely in view of the probability of difficulty with the United States, can be done again in the wider field of this whole country. The people of Canada to-day are, it is believed, as patriotic as were those of Nova Scotia in 1866, and would as cheerfully give their services to the coun-



try for a few days without any reward beyond the sense of duty performed.

One can imagine the reader saying that, the scheme roughly outlined above may be all very fine and desirable, but that its enforcement would place a burden on Canadians greater than the people of a young and moderately wealthy country could reasonably be expected to bear. In answer to this objection, it may be pointed out that Canada could pay as much a head for 800,000 men as Nova Scotia paid for the men who were actually trained in 1866 and still spend less than two-thirds of what is now spent every year for the Militia. Allowing, however, that Canada could not now do what was done in 1866 at the rates then secured by Nova Scotia, those rates could be doubled, and we should pay about three million dollars a year and be still far below the amount which the Commonwealth of Australia, with a greater debt and a smaller population than our own, has undertaken to spend for naval defence.

The reference to Australia's proposal to spend five million dollars a year for the naval service alone, suggests that there is probably solid foundation for the statement made by a gentleman lately arrived from England and likely to know the feeling in Government and military circles in that country, to the effect that Canada is expected to do considerably more in the way of preparing to defend herself than she has been doing in the past. Under the Nova Scotia system or a modification of it, the Dominion could, for a comparatively small pecuniary outlay and with a very trifling interference with the business of the country, provide the materials and machinery for such a force as would satisfy the most exacting Englishman. The law which has been in operation since the Union of 1867 does not, indeed, involve a greater outlay than Canada should be prepared to make for an effective system of self-defence, but it does not give us such a system or anything at all approaching it.

It is clear that, apart from the cost of the necessary arms, the scheme here

advocated would not involve any considerable increase in the amount now paid for military purposes, while the yearly training would involve no appreciable burden or inconvenience to our people. A very brief inquiry into the sums spent and the losses to industry borne by other countries, whose risks and possible losses from hostile powers are no greater than our own, will satisfy any reasonable man that Canada should be, as the writer believes she would be prepared to bear the slight additional burden in the most cheerful spirit.

Not to speak of great European Powers, such as Russia, Germany and France, where the taxpayers are mulcted in enormous sums for the support of military systems which take their sons by hundreds of thousands away from all productive work for years, let us take some three or four states not so unlike our own in condition and population. The Argentine Republic has a population considerably less than that of Canada, and maintains at a yearly cost of about \$4,800,000 a navy of more than twenty ships, manned by 7,760 seamen, a battalion of marine infantry and a battalion of marine artillery, besides about 700 officers. The standing army comprises about 1,500 officers and 13,000 rank and file; while the "national guard is put at 467,572, the majority of whom now receive military training, those of 20 years of age being mobilized every year and given two months' drill in camp. The other guards are drilled every Sunday during two months." The military budget amounts to over \$6,400,000 a year.

Chile has a population about half that of Canada, a standing army of 9,000 men, a national guard in which every Chilean from 20 to 40 years of age is obliged to serve, and a navy of over twenty vessels exclusive of torpedo boats.

The Republic of Switzerland, with a population of about 3,000,000, and an area considerably less than that of the Province of Nova Scotia, spends about \$5,700,000 a year on her military sys-



tem. The Elite—a kind of standing army—numbered in 1889 148,435, and the total force available in case of war was over 509,000.

The kingdom of Serbia has an area of 19,000 square miles, a population two millions less than that of Canada, and a revenue of about \$15,500,000. Out of that small sum, Serbia devoted in 1899 \$3,130,000 to military purposes. She maintains a standing army of over 22,000, and under her system of compulsory military service, has a total available force of 353,366 men, who have all spent two years in the army.

Any reader who will look into the *Statesman's Year Book* or any like work of reference, will see that the cases of the four countries cited are not exceptional.

This is not the time nor perhaps the place, even if space permitted, to go into details as to the exact manner in which the Nova Scotian system should be made applicable to the Dominion. One may, perhaps, venture a suggestion or two. In Nova Scotia the drill sergeants were obtained chiefly from the Imperial Army. In Canada the instructors would naturally be taken from the permanent corps, the strength of which would need to be considerably increased. No doubt several of the present militia regiments would continue to exist as volunteer organizations, and should be encouraged to do so by some small allowance from the public treasury, as was the case in Nova Scotia. The experience of the United States in the Mexican and civil wars would seem to teach the wisdom of finding employment for as many graduates as possible of the National Military School in the military service of this country.

Another suggestion is that, in military matters, Canadians should not be afraid to rely upon their own judgment and should be ready to adopt any course of action which commended itself

to that judgment, even though it might not have the sanction of use by the Imperial authorities. Nor should we feel bound to follow in every detail the practice of the British army; in the matter of head covering, for example.

Since the greater part of this article was written, I have had the pleasure of reading an editorial in the *Military Gazette* of the 17th of September, under the heading "Our Policy," and venture to say that, generally speaking, I concur in the writer's recommendations. I think, however, that a radical change in the basis of our militia system—which he does not seem to contemplate—is absolutely necessary; and I think that the keeping down of expenditure to the lowest level consistent with effective work is of more consequence than the article in question would indicate. I am at least as fully convinced that this is the acceptable time for action as is the *Gazette* writer, and feel that if the Government and Parliament fail to act promptly now, before danger is in sight, their wisdom will be on a par with that of a town council who would defer the buying of a fire engine until a conflagration had begun.

I am not a military man, and therefore write with some diffidence on the subject which I have ventured to discuss; but I feel that the time has come when our military system needs to be recast; and I have thought it my duty to direct attention to another system which produced much greater results in proportion to the expenditure involved than that now in operation in the Dominion. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that I have spoken only for myself, and that I have not the faintest idea of what line the Government propose to adopt, if, as I hope, it is their intention to take steps at an early date to render more effective and available than it is to-day the latent military strength of Canada.

Halifax, October, 1901.

## CONCERNING OMENS.

*By Basil C. d'Easum.*

"THERE are some fellows who believe in omens and presentiments," said the returned Canadian trooper, who was spinning war yarns guaranteed to consist of the truth, part of the truth, or nothing of the truth.

"Yes," he continued, "and these same fellows aren't always fools.

"I remember that on the morning of July 16th, 1900, there was a heavy white mist hanging over the hills near Pretorius' Farm at Riet Vlei. Over these hills the sun rose looking like a monstrous blood-red ball.

"It was a weird sight, and many men remarked upon it at the time.

"That day there was a very bloody fight. The Canadians were hard hit; among our dead were Lieutenants Borden and Birch. This was generally known as the battle of Witpoort; the Boers made a most determined attack along a front of nearly thirty miles. They were driven back and lost many men. One of our lyddite shells killed twenty-seven Boers; I saw their bodies the next day.

"But, talking about omens, there was a queer thing that happened at Middelburg, in the eastern part of the Transvaal, later on in the campaign.

"A troop of about thirty men of the Canadian Mounted Rifles had been on a patrol in the neighbourhood of the town. The party had started at day-break and it was late in the evening when they returned. Men and horses were dusty, hungry and very tired.

The Middelburg burying ground was upon a little hill to the right of the road. As the troopers were walking their horses along this road a large, black object came out of the shed at the entrance to the graveyard and began to move down the hill, slowly at first but gaining speed as it drew nearer. When it came close it was seen to be the hearse which was used for carrying coffins to the graveyard. This hearse, when not in use, was kept in the shed at the top of the hill, with blocks under the wheels to prevent it from running down.

"It is a mystery how and why it should have broken loose and started down hill just at the moment when the Canadian Mounted Rifles were riding past that place.

"But break loose it did and rumbled steadily down the hill into the very middle of the troopers, who scattered in all directions. There is nothing in the drill books about the formation to be adopted when receiving a charging hearse.

"The officer in command of the patrol party ordered four of his men to stop the runaway and to help to take it back to its proper place in the shed on the hill.

"Now, of that particular troop of the C.M.R. who were on patrol that day at Middelburg, every man returned to Canada safe and well—except four men, and they were the four men who touched that hearse.

"Queer, isn't it?"

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## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ORGAN.

*By F. Miron Warrington.*

MY natal home and parentage lie in obscurity. That I came of a distinguished family I do not doubt, for how else could I be so filled with the love of the beautiful. As it has always

been my custom to give forth in vibrant tones my every feeling, so, at this critical period, under the shadow of a fatal illness, shall I pen my life, that my posterity may be warned and

give heed to the moral of my story—not to partake of human love or human feelings.

It was my misfortune to be born with a romantic nature, and, indeed, to this very day, the sight of a bridal party proceeding slowly up the aisle, thrills me through and through. The whole gamut of life has flitted daily before me, alternating between the sob of the *Miserère* and the peal of the *Te Deum*. But, instead of becoming hardened to this kaleidoscopic view of life, I felt the fever of love and romance grow stronger and stronger, which makes me reflect that, had my environment not been so unfortunate, I might have overcome my hereditary weaknesses, and lived and died the usual life and death of a good honest organ.

JANET TURNER was the name foolish mortals had bestowed upon her, but to me she ever was—my Saint Cecilia. How well I remember the day she first caressed me with her little hand! I responded as I never had before. I felt the magnetic touch of youth palpitate from her beloved fingers to my very heart. Yes, it was indeed love at first touch. What blissful days were those, days when she and I sat alone within the great church, I responding to the litany of love that her gentle fingers called forth; but it was when she surreptitiously played Tosti's *Ninon* that my cup of bliss was full to overflowing. But my happiest moments were the wedding service days, when my St. Cecilia and I played the old familiar wedding march, for then I felt as if I too was wedded, wedded to her who fondled me so sweetly, so knowingly, so truly. But the happiness of mortals is of an evanescent quality, as I was shortly to discover.

I awoke one bright morning, the sun pouring through the stained glass windows, filling the church with rainbows, to find pillars and arches gaily

bedecked with flowers and bunting. This gave me great joy, for it meant another nuptial; then would not my St. Cecilia and I again play our wedding march. Ten o'clock struck and I waited with impatience the sound of the light, youthful step, now so familiar and sweet. Suddenly a hand, fat and coarse, was placed upon me, whereat I gave a little shriek of terror. I felt a premonition of impending evil steal over me, but the sight which met my gaze was the cruelest that an evil Providence ever displayed. Slowly walking up the centre aisle of the church, her hand—*my hand*—lightly placed on the arm of the groom, was my St. Cecilia. I gave one mighty cry of anguish, and e'er I lost consciousness, heard the hard, metallic voice of a mortal exclaim, "The old organ has broken down at last!" He did not know, poor, weak worldling, that it was my heart alone that had snapped.

I awoke from a dead faint to hear a light, nimble step rapidly ascend the spiral stair—that step I knew so well. I again felt the beloved touch of her hand, but I could give her back no answering beat—she was mine no longer. "Poor old organ!" spoke my St. Cecilia, "we have spent many pleasant hours together, haven't we? And to think that in the hour of my greatest joy you should fail me." And I heard with an aching heart a low, soft sigh, and felt with something of my old time ardour, the hot tear that fell, like a diamond, upon me.

Well, my end is nigh; but what an end! Instead of the prayer of a brother instrument over my bier, there will be but the ugly yellow poster to taunt me:—

GREAT STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL,  
St. Thomas' Church, Friday, 7 p.m.,  
in aid of the new Organ Fund,  
Admission, 10c.



## DOMINION STANDARDS OF LENGTH, WEIGHT AND CAPACITY.

*By W. J. London.*

**L**OCKED up in the strongest vaults of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, secure from all danger of burglary or of fire, and surrounded by safeguards which even royalty might envy, lie the primary standards of the Dominion of Canada.

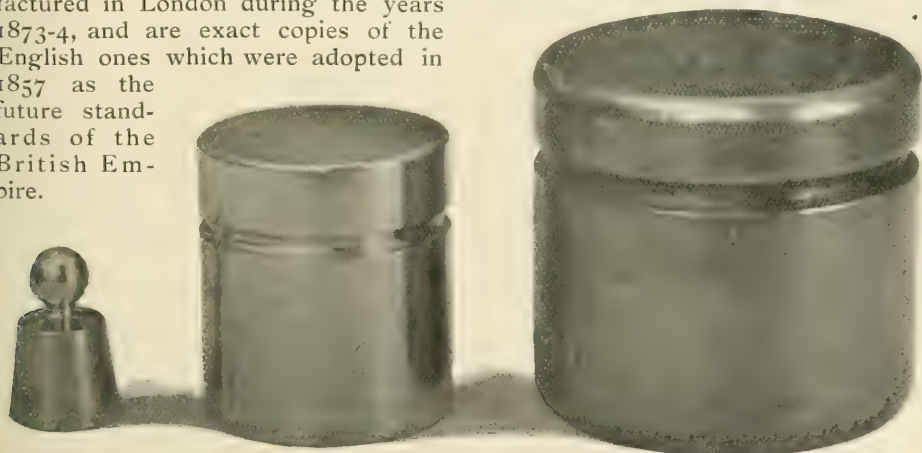
Once in five or ten years, by special order of the Minister of Inland Revenue, under whose control they are placed, a scientific expert examines them, in order to insure that they have met with no accident and that they have suffered no depreciation through lapse of time ; but, during the remaining portion of that period, they lie, symbolical of all that is constant and stable, amid the noise and bustle of many sessions and the ever-changing tide of public opinion, safe from the public gaze and touch, more inaccessible than the Prime Minister himself.

All our standards, of length, of weight, and of capacity, were manufactured in London during the years 1873-4, and are exact copies of the English ones which were adopted in 1857 as the future standards of the British Empire.

The history of the production of these latter is particularly interesting, as it takes us back to the year 1834, when the Houses of Parliament were destroyed by fire and all the standards in use prior to that time (with the exception of a solitary Troy pound) were completely ruined.

Soon afterwards, a commission was appointed to investigate the question of their restoration ; but the methods to be used were not very well defined, and nearly four years were spent in preliminary discussions as to the possibility of restoring the lost standards by reference to something in Nature absolutely fixed and invariable.

Unfortunately, we have nothing in our world of nature to which we can point and say that it is constant, except the period of rotation of the earth on its axis, in fact, what we call the astronomical day. Mathematici-



TROY OUNCE AND AVOIRDUPOIS POUND OF PLATINO-IRIDIUM, AND AIRY BRONZE POUND OF 1844. (ALMOST NATURAL SIZE)

ans, it is true, had devised formulas, from experiments on falling bodies, showing that a relation existed between this period of time and the length of the yard : and it was proposed by some members of the commission to infer the yard from the day (by means of these well-known formulas) and then to infer the pound from the yard by defining the former as an equivalent to a certain fixed number of cubic inches of water.

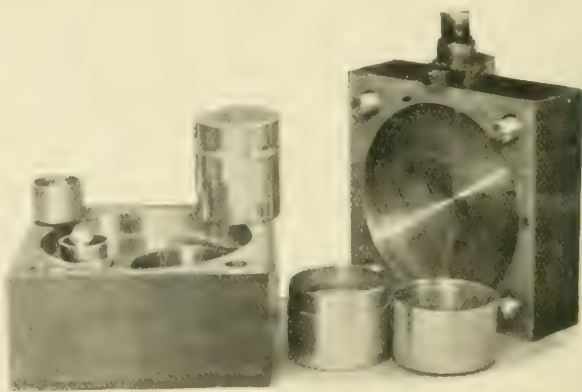
But this roundabout process was abandoned after two years of calculating and computing, and, in 1843, it was finally decided to reproduce the standards (by aid of the Troy pound and a few rough copies of the yard and gallon), so as to represent as nearly as

The copies sent to Canada in that year were known as the "Airy" standards No. 9, and they formed the key-stone of our system of weights and measures until 1873, when it was decided to obtain a complete set of primary and secondary standards in order to place that system on a proper scientific basis.

Accordingly, instructions were given to the Warden of the English standards to make three sets of primary standards and two sets of secondary standards for the Dominion of Canada ; and, on their arrival at Ottawa in 1874 a proclamation was issued by Lord Dufferin, making them our legal standards for all purposes (commercial or otherwise), on and after July 1st, 1875.



PLATINO-IRIDIUM STANDARD  
POUND (NATURAL SIZE)



PLATINUM POUND AND OUNCE, GOLD BOXES, AND  
CASKET OF BRONZE

possible their former values : the commission was also instructed to make a large number of the copies of the standards, one to be sent to each of the British Colonies ; and all these material copies were carefully compared with one another and their values registered in terms of the ones kept in England, so that, in case of the loss of any one of them, it might be restored by the simple process of manufacture and comparison with one of those still in existence.

The labours of the commission closed after ten years of actual work, and Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal, presented the final report on the standards in 1857.

The three sets of primary standards are marked respectively A, B, C, each set containing a pound Avoirdupois and a Troy ounce, a yard, and a gallon. A is deposited in the Inland Revenue Department, set B with the Clerk of the Senate, and the set marked C is in charge of the Speaker of the House of Commons.

These sets are so similar to one another that no one by ordinary methods of measurement can detect any differences in them ; and it is only by application of all the refinements known to scientific men that inequalities are found to exist.

Of these perfect things the most perfect are the three "pounds," made of

an alloy of iridium and platinum, well rolled and steam hammered, and constructed with the most minute care; they do not differ from one another by the thousandth part of a grain.

To reproduce an object in duplicate may seem an easy task to the unscientific, but those who have experience in such work know that it can be done only by patient application and great labour. Nature herself never produces the same thing twice, and, when we use the expression "as like as two peas," it is a figure of speech which appeals only to the imagination; no two peas were ever found exactly alike.

And so we may look upon these standard pounds as true objects of Art in the highest sense of the word, and we may consider them, especially the two marked B and C, as the most unique things in Canada.

They represent not only that which we term familiarly a "pound," but also time, labour, patient investigation, not of one man, but of many; scientists for a generation devoted their whole energies to the study of their reproduction; and although the sordid individual thinks of them as mere pieces of platinum, "worth their weight in gold," to the scientist they denote the unselfish labour of a former generation of fellow-workers.

When not in use the pounds are inclosed in fine gold boxes, so as to prevent any possible oxidization; these boxes in turn are inclosed in caskets of bronze, the parts of which can be screwed securely together; and, finally, each casket is placed in a fireproof box and stored in a fireproof vault.

The standard yards are made of a particular kind of bronze which can be cheaply manufactured and which, after careful experiments extending over nearly ten years, was found to contain all the properties essential for the con-

struction of a standard intended to last through many ages. It is an alloy of sixteen parts copper, two and a half parts tin, and one part zinc.

A bar of this bronze is made thirty-eight inches long and one inch square in cross section, and an inch from each end two small circular wells are sunk to the mid-depth of the bar, and at the bottom of each well is placed a small gold stud, on which is engraved a fine line visible only under a microscope. The yard is defined as the distance between these two finely engraved lines, at a temperature of sixty-two degrees Fahrenheit.



SECONDARY STANDARD MEASURES OF CAPACITY

The gallon measures are also made of bronze, and are cylindrical in form, having an internal diameter of seven and one-half inches, and a depth of about six and three-eighths inches; each is provided with two handles cast solid with the measures and with a circular cover of thick glass, at the centre of which is a small hole: the object of this is to enable one to fill the measure exactly with distilled water, by first filling it to overflowing and then sliding on the cover sideways so as to leave no air bubbles beneath the glass plate.

When thus filled at a temperature





SECONDARY STANDARD WEIGHTS (BRONZE)

of sixty-two degrees Fahrenheit, the gallon contains ten pounds of water.

The two sets of secondary standards, marked "a" and "b," are used for official verifications, and to serve as intermediaries between the primary standards and the sets which are carried about in "kits" by the inspectors to test the ordinary weights and measures of commerce.

It is only when any serious doubt arises about the accuracy of a secondary standard that the primary standards are brought into requisition.

Our whole system of weights and measures is in reality but a series of compromises: when, for instance, a purchaser wishes a pound of any material he may legally demand that it be weighed by means of the standard pound "A," or its commercial equivalent "a"; but, as a seller of goods could not, without great care and loss of time, give him an exact "pound of flesh," a limit is set on all commercial weights by the inspectors of weights and measures, who test the seller's weights, measures and balances, and thus make a compromise between the

seller of goods, the Dominion Government and the public.

If the work of the inspector be done scientifically and in good faith, there is no danger of fraud; but it is obvious even to the ordinary individual that unless the representative of the Government be both competent and faithful, the so-called "commercial limit," especially in the case of flour, coal and other commodities which are sold in large quantities, may be very much abused.

In addition to the foregoing standards, the Government have in their possession a standard kilogram and metre, and a set of metrical weights, in order to provide for any possible emergency which might arise owing to the Act passed in 1871, making the employment of



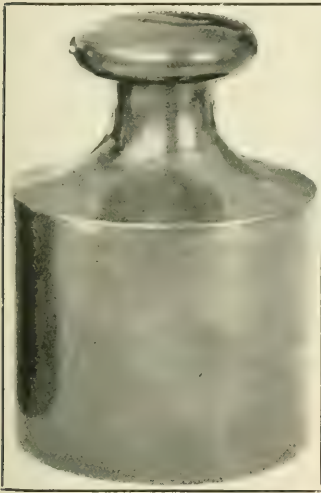
BRASS KILOGRAM—NATURAL SIZE

the French metric system permissive.

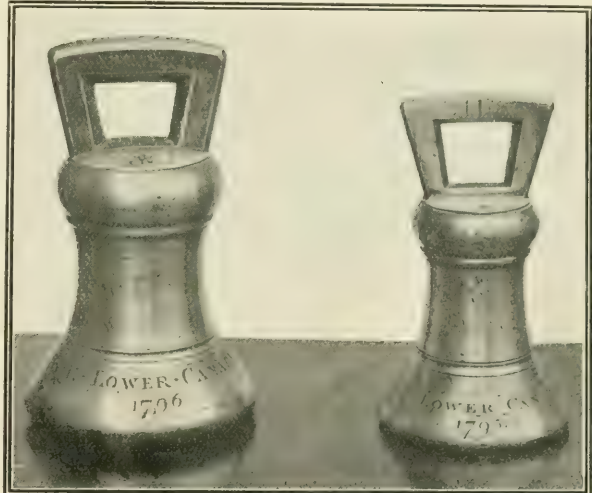
Although no one seems to have made any use of the permission then granted, the recent action of the United States Congress has revived the question of the adoption of the metric system on this continent, and there are those who hope that in a short time the decimal system of weights and measures may be adopted all over the civilized world.

The following is the text of the Bill introduced in the House of Representatives of the United States, January (1900), and referred to the Commit-

The House Committee have this Bill still under consideration, and will, no doubt, report favourably upon it during the coming session. But, even if it is passed, the adoption of the metric system will still be far from its initial stage, for the Bill apparently is directed only to the conduct of Governmental business, and does not prohibit the use of the present system for the transaction of business throughout the country. Without entering too fully on a discussion of the advantages and disadvantages of a decimal system of weights and measures, a reference to



BRASS POUND (NATURAL SIZE)



OLD STANDARD TROY WEIGHTS (14 LB. AND 7 LB.)

tee on Weights, Measures and Coinage:—

"From and after the first of January, nineteen hundred and three, *all the Departments of the Government* of the United States in the transacting of all business requiring the use of weights and measurement, except in completing the survey of public lands, *shall employ and use only* the weights and measures of the metric system, and on and after the first day of January, nineteen hundred and three, the weights and measures of the metric system shall be the legal standard weights and measures of and in the United States."

the history of its adoption in France, the land of its birth, may be instructive to those who are now agitating for its introduction into North America.

The establishment of the metric system in France was first publicly proposed in 1790; in 1791 the unit and base of the new system was sanctioned; in 1793 the *mètre* was fixed as the fundamental unit, and a decimal system of weights and measures advocated; the new metric system was definitely established in April, 1795.

The Directory (1799) ordered the new system to be used exclusively in France, but in 1800, and later in 1812, the Consular Decree authorized the



UPPER-CANADIAN HALF-BUSHEL OF 1825



LOWER-CANADIAN HALF-MINOT OF 1795

concurrent use of the old system of weights and measures. Finally in 1840, Jan. 1, the use of all other systems was prohibited under penalties; and yet, in the year 1901, we find that the old system is still in use in many rural districts and amongst the peasantry.

From these simple historical facts it may be seen that, even under favourable conditions and on its native soil, nearly a century has been spent in introducing a new system of measurement into the commercial operations

of the people of France; whether it will be more favourably received here or not is another story.

Let all those enthusiasts who believe in the merits of the decimal system of weights and measurement, who foresee in its adoption the abolition of complicated arithmetical methods and the gradual substitution of the ten fingers for the multiplication table, rally around its standard, and then, perchance, we may all be able to enjoy the scientific luxury of the metric system before the dawn of another century.

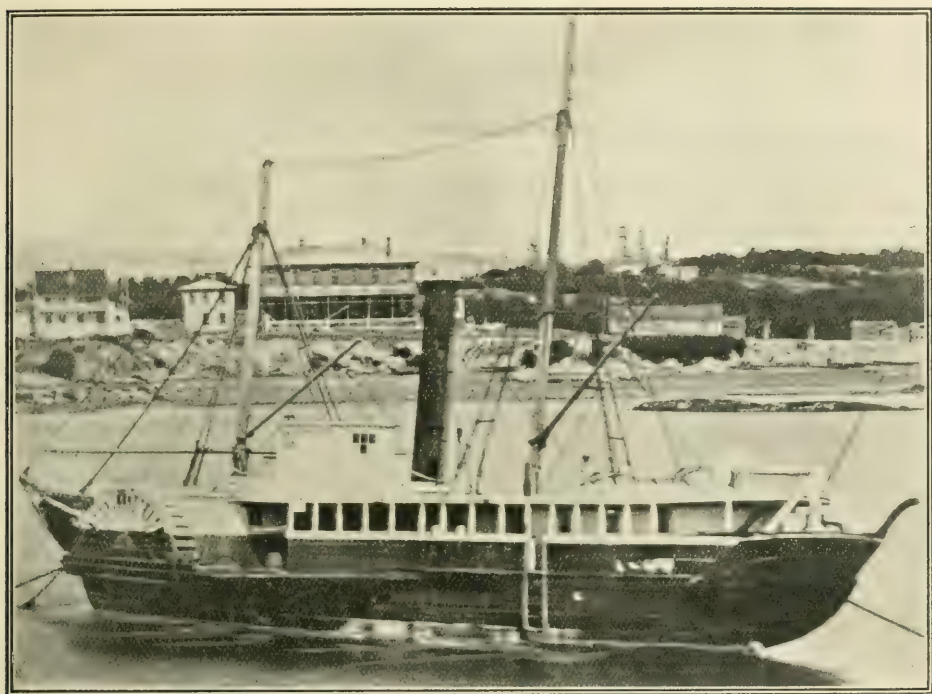


HALF-GALLON WINE MEASURE AND WINCHESTER PINT (1795)  
AND POISSON OF 1860—LOWER-CANADIAN  
( $\frac{1}{4}$  NATURAL SIZE)



OLDEST LOWER-CANADIAN  
MEASURE OF CAPACITY  
—THE 'POT' OF 1795





FIRST STEAMER ON THE PACIFIC—STEAMER "BEAVER" IN VICTORIA HARBOUR

## THE FIRST STEAMER ON THE PACIFIC.

*By Agnes Deans Cameron.*

THE *Beaver* was the first steamer on the Pacific. Until very recently her tattered remains were to be seen on Brockton Point at the entrance to the harbour of Vancouver City. Now, wind and wave and the relic-hunter have done their work and the old *Beaver* as an entity no longer exists, though bits of her anatomy may be seen side by side with the elks, moose, papier mache salmon and Indian totems in the Victoria Museum. The *Beaver* was launched sixty-five years ago, so she nearly attained her scriptural three score and ten of usefulness ere passing into the place "of weeds and out-worn faces." In 1835, on the banks of the Thames, the *Beaver's* bows received their christening dash of champagne at the hands of a fair Duchess. How many of those who read this can carry

their memories back to that time? Not many. For the Sailor-King ruled then, and instead of "Bobs" and "Buller," the Duke of Wellington was the people's hero. Sixty-five years ago electric telephones, lights and telegraphs were a dream, and railways were unknown. Canada was indeed "Our Lady of the Snows," an inhospitable region renowned for the pelts of the *Beaver's* prototype;—the Greater Britain from ocean to ocean was almost unknown, at least this western part of it was.

The engines of the *Beaver* were made by a son of the great James Watt. She was brig-rigged, and under Captain Home made her voyage (under sail) to Astoria in 163 days—not bad time for a pioneer! Astoria was the then head-quarters of the Hudson's

Bay Co., and the *Beaver* in charge of Captain McNeill found her work in sailing up and down the coast trading for furs. Then she became a servant of His Majesty, doing duty as a survey-ship for the British Government. That she did her duty well is proven by the fact that many of the hydrographic charts now in use are copies of those made upon her decks. The decadence of ships and steamers always seems to me pathetic. We pity the war horse made to do duty in a milk-waggon in his sere and withered leaf (!) From the court ladies of the Royal Retinue of King William to the "skid-greasers" and longshoremen of Hastings saw-mill is a long drop in society's sliding scale. Needless to say, there were many intervening steps of gradation

or degradation. One of her latter-day commanders was Capt. Geo. Merchant, himself a pioneer of pioneers, having come to the Pacific on H.M.S. *Zealous*, the first *iron-clad* in these waters.

The *Beaver's* twin engines would be a curiosity to the newly-graduated marine-engineer; her four great walking-beams were down in the lower hold; her certificates allowed her to use 12 lbs. of steam, and credited her with having 80 horse power. She used salt water and when the encrustations impeded progress, they were religiously blown out. Her anchor was like those "long-fluked" ones about which we translated in our youthful Virgils. The *Beaver*, like the sturdy pioneer, has passed away; so ever the old order giveth place to the new.



THE LAST OF THE "BEAVER" — WRECKED OUTSIDE  
VANCOUVER HARBOUR



THE SEA—FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY F. BRIGDEN

## A LITTLE STUDY OF THE SEA.

*By Arnold Haultain.*

“WHY is it always moving?”

The question was addressed to me by a fellow-gazer at the great and restless Atlantic, as we leaned together over the railing of the esplanade at the New Jersey city, so aptly named after that ocean. Ceaseless motion, that was certainly its central thought: from the farthest horizon, on the dim brow of which might be detected its frowning ridges; down through the middle distance, ploughed into a myriad furrows; to the tiny wavelets lapping at our feet, not a drop of the mighty mass thought for one moment of rest; but, acted upon by innumerable, incommensurable forces, was hurried hither and thither, the sport of wind and tide, of sun and moon and planet, of heat and cold, of coast-line, of oceanic and of fluvian current. And yet each and every movement was the outcome of inexorable law. And every movement was one of undulation: that billow,

roaring and racing out in the distance, its hoary mane glistening in the sunlight, and this smiling, foam-flecked ripple dancing up the sand—each is a simple wave; the ocean from shore to shore is a contending mass of confluent waves.

These waves make, as Gilbert White would have said, the most amusing of studies. Out at sea they run generally in long parallel lines, breaking, if there is a breeze, every now and then into a glistening crest—the “white horses” of the mariner, the Neptunian steeds of mythology; blown into flying spray in a tempest; and in a calm, such calm, at all events, as you get on the Atlantic, borne along unbroken, array after array of heaped-up water. There is never on the Atlantic to be seen that wonderful and peaceful appearance so common to the Pacific, where the surface is a heaving mirror, smooth as glass, yet rising and falling in great long lazy



swells that never once ruffle its stately bosom : the Pacific is a contented matron ; the Atlantic a wayward child. Yet both, in their fury, are fearsome indeed.

The curves of waves vary greatly. In the open, in a calm, the wave is merely a long hillcock. The cause of the breaking crest at sea is generally either the wind itself then blowing, or the communicated momentum of a wind. The waves of the open sea are "oscillatory"—so at least they are known to science—and do not break of their own accord. They consist merely of endless rows of trough and crest, sweeping over the breast of the ocean. But only on the surface ; a few feet down and the water is undisturbed, the exact figures being that at a depth equal to its own length the disturbance of the water is only one five-hundred-and-thirty-fifth part of that at the surface. But these oscillatory waves can be very long indeed, and very high. Atlantic rollers a hundred yards long and fifty feet high are by no means uncommon. The Hydrographical Bureau of Washington has recorded the observation of at least one wave half a mile long and correspondingly high. The force of such a wave must be immense. Thomas Stevenson's marine dynamometer has shown a maximum force of three and a half tons per square foot.

But the most beautiful wave is that which breaks ashore.

Here only is seen that moving wonder, a wall of shimmering water, deep blue-black at its base, a thin pellucid green at its edge, erect, arched, a cool hollow quivering cave. It has been seen and pictured and described often enough. But it is only on certain coasts that this spectacle is seen in perfection. It requires, apparently, a certain depth of water, a certain declivity of beach, a certain velocity of tide. What causes that deep concavity, where the trembling edge comes so slowly over that one holds one's breath to see how much farther that astonishing poise will be sustained? The explanation is interesting. When

the depth of water exactly equals the height of the wave, the friction at the bottom retards the base, while the head advances, advances till it topples over. But I believe even the scientific men differ as to the exact transformation of oscillatory into the solitary wave, as this latter is termed.

There is one book that the world might have had, and it would have been a book unique. It is, alas, too late to propose it now. If, say in the forties, one could have got Messieurs Ruskin and Turner, in the form of describer and illustrator, as in "The Harbours of England," to bring out a book on "The Sea and its Coasts," giving author and painter leave to go where they would, describe and paint what they would, what a work that had been! \* Think of it! In the doldrums on the Indian Ocean at noon, Norwegian fjords with an in-coming tide in spring, the Coromandel coast and its surf, a bright and blue Italian bay, the choppy Channel, the Atlantic in a towering rage, a South Pacific reef. What a work that had been! Someone will attempt it some day ; but in place of a Turner there will be a kinetoscope, and in place of a Ruskin, a Cook's tourist. If by any possibility of chance someone of the younger generation who know not Turner neither are read in Ruskin should ask why choose these two men to make this book, may I quote a passage written by Mr. Ruskin "merely to show the meaning of Turner's picture of the steamer in distress?"—so he himself explains it. See what they can do in concert :—

"Few people, comparatively, have ever seen the effect on the sea of a powerful gale continued without intermission for three or four days and nights; and to those who have not, I believe it must be unimaginable, not from the mere force or size of surge, but from the complete annihilation of the limit between sea and air.

"The water, from its prolonged agitation, is beaten, not into mere creamy froth, but into masses of accumulated yeast, which hang in ropes and wreaths from a wave to wave, and where one curls over to break, from a festoon

\* Ruskin himself thought of writing a book on the sea. See Preface to Vol. V. of "Modern Painters," Section 5.

like a drapery from its edge ; these are taken up by the wind, not in dissipating dust, but bodily, in wreathing, hanging, coiling masses, which make the air white and thick as with dust, only the flakes are a foot or two long each ; the surges themselves are full of foam in their very bodies, underneath, making them white all through, as the water is under a great cataract ; and their masses, being thus half water and half air, are torn to pieces by the wind whenever they rise and carried away in roaring smoke, which chokes and strangles like actual water.

"Add to this, that when the air has been exhausted of its moisture by long rain, the spray of the sea is caught by it as described above, and covers its surface not merely with the smoke of finely divided water, but with boiling mist ; imagine also the low rain clouds brought down to the very level of the sea, as I have often seen them, whirling and flying in rags and fragments from wave to wave ; and finally conceive the surges themselves in their utmost pitch of power, velocity, vastness, and madness, lifting themselves in precipices and peaks furrowed with their whirl of ascent, through all this chaos ; and you will understand that there is no indeed distinction left between the sea and air ; that no object, nor horizon, nor any landmark, or natural evidence of position is left ; that the heaven is all spray, and the ocean all cloud, and that you can see no further in any direction than you can see through a cataract."

Mr. Ruskin himself depreciates somewhat this his description of a storm—not, perhaps, quite unreasonably—and points to that in "*David Copperfield*."\* As a rumour has reached me, from whence or with what amount of truth I know not, that Dickens is a bit "out of date," I boldly quote that passage here :—

"The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and at their highest tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out deep caves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster. Undulating hills were changed to valleys, undulating valleys (with a solitary storm-bird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to hills ; masses of water

shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound ; every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away ; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and buildings, rose and fell ; the clouds flew fast and thick, I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature."

Probably the common impression as regards the waves of the sea is that they are spread over the surface in regular ranks, the direction of which is determined by the wind. This is not quite accurate. They are not wholly superficial, they are not absolutely regular, and many things contribute to shapen their course besides the wind. To begin with, there are the attracting forces of the sun and the moon, acting either conjointly or in opposition, at every angle in the semi-circle, forces which often set up currents far from merely superficial. There are the great oceanic currents and the currents occasioned by the flow of rapid rivers. There are the northward and southward flows of the warm equatorial waters towards the poles. There are the shifting winds, which to-day may send an army corps of waves, in really regular ranks, in one direction, to-morrow in another, which shall overtake the first in the flank, and the day after a third, face to face, and all three differing in direction from the steadfast march of the tide. When we remember all this, we shall begin to understand how faulty is the idea of purely superficial and parallel waves. The whole ocean is one infinitely entangled commixture of forces of every degree of strength and every direction of motion, acting and counteracting the one upon the other, and always and everywhere in the form of waves. And opposing forces are rarely destroyed. Throw two pebbles into a placid pond. The concentric rings from each, which run out and meet, do not annihilate one another ; they flow through one another. Only when, not only are the opposing waves exactly equal, but when trough meets crest and crest meets trough, do they annihilate one another. And so no doubt on the sea. Even yet we have not exhausted the

See *Frondes Agrestes*, section iv.



activities at work, for there is yet to be taken into account the reflection of waves, from precipitous coastlines, from submarine mountain sides. The undulatory force is not dissipated on reaching an unyielding surface; it is thrown back, like waves of light from a reflector. So that, even if the mid-ocean is free from superadded activities such as these, the shores at all events are the battle-ground for hosts of contending powers.

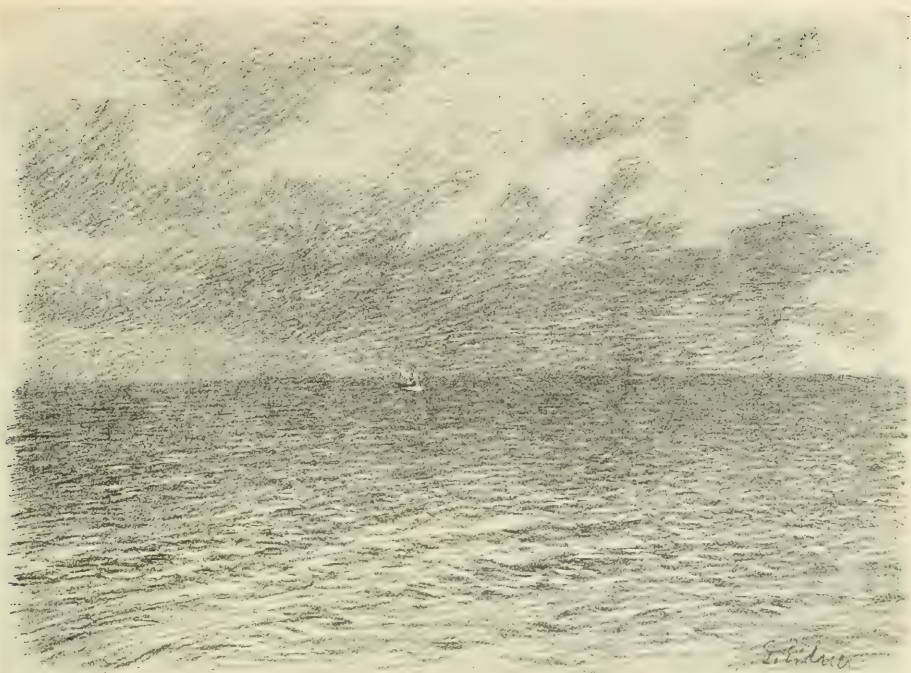
✓ We have now got some little inkling of the immense unrest which so disturbs the tumbling sea, the tossing sea, the insatiable sea. How implacable it is, how cold, how cruel. And yet, too, how magnificent, how large-hearted, how adorable, how fascinating. A gleam of sunshine makes it smile. It dances beneath the breeze. Only a harsh gale rouses it to wrath. The sea is feminine in its attributes, as the land is masculine. The latter solid, stolid, crumbling before it yields. The former impressionable to the lightest touch, yielding, sinuous, enveloping; full of moods, incalculable; soft, sunny; but under ill-treatment vengeful, exasperated, unappeasable; beautiful always; never revealing its deep heart to mortal man, a heart mysterious, the home of quiet, peaceful calm, secret and unfathomable—but contented and untroubled only perhaps when kindly landlocked.

What a play of colours on a great stretch of sea! We go into raptures over landscapes; there are nearly as many beauties on the unvintagable fields of ocean. Look down from the cleaving prow of a trans-Atlantic steamer and see the myriad tints of blue, from the dark, rich depths into which the eye cannot penetrate, to the transparent ultra-marine at the fringe of the up-cast stream. The blue is keen in its purity; the masses of boiling bubbles beneath it, within it, all through it, dazzling in their whiteness. Let a rain-cloud pass; how the great ocean glowers in the shade. Every cloud, every kind of cloud, has an effect on its colour; and so has every kind of wind. Approach land, too, and the

variations of colour are manifold, the blue imperceptibly sometimes, sometimes suddenly, giving way to green, or drab, or purple, or ochre. Watch it also under a wholly cloudy sky; what a leaden grey replaces the blue. And if in the afternoon a sinking sun streams under the clouds, notice the cold and flinty aspect the sea puts on. Indeed the sea wears always a cold and flinty aspect even on the warmest day and beneath the brightest sun—in this perhaps preserving its likeness to its feminine analogue, whose veil of reserve is never wholly removed. The sea is infinitely sensitive to the sky, though it never actually reflects it—wet sand will do that, and long stretches of shallow sea at very low tide. And what blazing wonders we see at sunrise and sundown. I rose early yesternoon for the purpose of seeing sunrise here. A hazy horizon in an otherwise cloudless sky betokened by its glowing red the approach of the monarch of day. Yet the sea beneath lay dull as lead, it seemed even more dull where the red glowed most—perhaps from contrast. Suddenly, without any sign, the burning globe uprose. Still the sea remained inert, untouched; only the wavelets at my foot were fringed with fire. Soon, however, a golden path lay straight across the sea from shore to sun, a golden path which by slow degrees gave place to an argent field. The reflection of the sun at sea is dazzling. But to see it in its utmost glory one must pass from east to west of the Atlantic.

After the colours, the sounds of the sea deserves attention. To me there is something infinitely pathetic about the sound of the waves on the shore. What a cosmic song they sing, moved to music by forces far beyond the sun, a slow susurrant song. It is an infinite sigh, bespeaking infinite potentiality, infinite unappeasability; yet so dignified, so modest, so majestic. The deep-hearted sea would embrace everything, would enclasp continents, wind its loving arms about nationalities, draw them into its stately, motherly





THE SEA AT PEACE —FROM A LITHOGRAPH

bosom. It alone unites all nations and makes a family of Man. How feminine it is. And yet, if there is anything more pathetic than the sigh of the shore, it is the silence of the deep, there where it has retired to its own abysmal self.

Very interesting it is to watch the markings on the ribbed sea-shore in process of making. They are made by waves; they are, of course, curvilinear. And these very markings go to prove that ocean waves are not regularly parallel. The longitudinal lines naturally predominate; but in the details these markings more resemble a meshwork. Take a little isolated pool on the beach, cut off from the sea, itself a miniature ocean. It is ruffled by the breeze, as is its parent; it throws up waves on its tiny shores; if shallow enough, it arranges the sands on its bottom in regular methodical patterns—infinately diversified, no doubt, but still methodical. On a sunny day the crests of its little waves act as lenses, and the sun throws on the bottom a pattern in light exactly

corresponding to that which we shall find in shape when the pool shall have dried. This pattern is a network. And naturally. The wind comes in gusts, or differs in strength at different spots; the resulting waves, though in the main long and parallel, advance here more than there, are caught up at this point, join together at that, meet interfering waves, are opposed by reflected ones. And what happens on this little pool happens more or less the wide seas over. But how the waves treat and arrange the sands on the shore is a complicated matter. It has been a pet subject of study with Signor Cornaglia. To begin with, a wave is not water moving forward, it is merely impact or pressure communicated from atom to atom. But under impact or pressure, combined with the action of gravity, complicated, not only by surface tension, but also by friction—the atom is slightly moved; and its motion is, at the surface, circular or elliptical, at the bottom, to and fro. How this to and fro motion affects the sand Signor Cornaglia has found out:

the sand under the crest is pushed shoreward; that under the trough dragged seaward. But this again is affected by the declivity of the beach and the size of the pebble.

Despite its ceaseless motion, the sea is the most changeless thing on earth :

"Such as creation's dawn beheld thou rollest now."

Compared to it the mountain range is evanescent. "The hills which," says Mr. Ruskin, "as compared with living beings seem 'everlasting' are, in truth, as perishing as they; its veins of flowing fountain weary the mountain heart, as the crimson pulse does ours; the natural form of the iron crag is abated in its appointed time, like the strength of the sinews in a human old age; and it is but the lapse of the longer years of decay which, in the sight of its Creator, distinguishes the mountain range from the moth and the worm." But the sea . . . time writes no wrinkle on its azure brow. All things enter its devouring

maw—the rain—the rivers—the wrecks—and it is still the salty sea, unchanged, unchangeable. Yet it itself changes all things. No coast-line but it yearly, hourly, heaps up or wears away. Here in Atlantic City the Absecon Lighthouse stands now removed some hundreds of yards inland. Yet forty years ago there was necessary a breakwater to shelter its tower from the waves: there was then sea where now are streets, shops, tramways and hotels by the hundred. And what, after all, is the greater part of the soil of the North American continent but pelagic and glacial detritus?

Above all, no works of man can spoil the sea:

"Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain."

The solid earth man strews with shards and ruin; the fluid sea, symbol of the Eternal, sees all things change, and itself remains changeless, silent and serene.

## A FANTASY.

*By M. MacL. Helliwell.*

A WOMAN lay in a pleasant garden. The fragrance of summer was in the air, and a soft stillness, broken only by the sweet trilling of many birds, and the monotonous droning of the great, yellow bees as they buzzed in and out among the countless, perfume-laden flowers.

The woman had thrown herself down upon a slope of luscious clover, and off in the distance she could see the sparkling bosom of the ocean rising and falling with a regular, rhythmic motion, as if nature had her breathing-chamber in its mysterious depths. The fleecy, feathery clouds floated airily through the misty azure of the summer sky, taking strange shapes as they sailed.

As the woman gazed, half-dreamily, suddenly her heart surged with a hundred noble yet vague impulses. Shadowy forms flitted through the

chamber of her mind—and all were heroes: they spoke—their words were music, and at each strange, sweet, vibrating cadence something of the hidden sin and darkness of the world melted away.

And there came upon the woman a great desire to write that which she felt and saw and seemed to hear, that all the world might read and its corroding crime be washed away. There was joy for the light-hearted, comfort for the sorrowing—peace for all men.

So she rose, and sought her own private chamber; there she took paper and pen, preparing herself to write; but the paper stared blankly into her eyes, for the shadows slipped away as she tried to grasp them, and the words they spoke sank into meaningless murmurings when she strove to repeat them.

Then a great anguish seized her soul

and she cried aloud in her impotent despair, for crushingly it was borne in upon her that the world, unconscious, was hastening to its destruction, while she, possessing the means of its salvation, was powerless to avert its doom.

Then suddenly, softly, across her weeping came a gentle voice: "Peace, it is the beginning. Wait in patience and Inspiration will come to thee."

And hearing, she pressed back her tears, and gave herself up to studying the shadows as they came and went, straining her ears that perchance she might catch one clear note of the music of their voices.

Day by day she lay in the garden, watching the ocean rise and fall, while the birds sang, the bees droned, and the flowers flung their scented breath on the heavy air. But Inspiration came not.

Suns rose and set. The flowers faded slowly, their beauty-shorn petals strewn the ground, the fragrance passing away in the misty, stifling perfume of death and decay. The yellow bees buzzed no more among the clover-blossoms; the birds fluted plaintive farewells and sailed far southward; the heaving of the ocean became wild and tumultuous—winter had supplanted summer. The woman could no longer linger in the garden to dream beneath the azure sky. Yet Inspiration came not.

So she built a shrine to him in her chamber, and kneeling before it she would pray and plead. Ceaselessly the anguish grew within her, and the shadows ever flitting wore her brain and tore her heart. Her soul was racked with yearnings and agonized longings, growing stronger day by day as the shadows grew more elusive.

She plucked the sweetest flowers of her fancy, the brightest blossoms of her imagination, to lay upon the altar she had built; and there they withered and shrivelled, not even her tears availing to refresh them—and still Inspiration came not.

And gradually her hands became weak and trembling, until the pen slipped from her nerveless fingers, and

she realized that her power was failing. Then she left the shrine and took her station by the window, through which she could see the ocean tossing cold and gray in the distance. And as she gazed, sad-eyed, her youth and strength departed; lo, a shadow fell across her. She raised her eyes—Inspiration stood before her.

"Write," he said.

Eagerly the woman took the pen, but her trembling fingers encircled it so weakly that, escaping from their grasp it fell to the floor.

Now the shadows grew clear and vivid in the chamber of her mind: they stood before her in their order, waiting for her to bind them eternally to the paper before her. Still she sat motionless, and again the shadow fell and Inspiration spoke:

"It is the end," he said. "Write."

But slowly the woman shook her head.

"The waiting has been too long," she murmured. "Power has flown, and now at the tardy coming of Inspiration, Desire lies dead. I cannot!"

And the music of the voices of the shadows fell soft and sweet upon her ears, and the message that they spoke was clear and of great peace, so that as she listened the yearning of her heart was lulled, the longing satisfied, the anguish overcome.

She looked out to the ocean: its heaving was long and low. And still the music of the voices of the shadows whispered to her, so that a light shone in her faded face, and a smile played about the weary mouth. And Inspiration, observing her, smiled sadly.

"Is it always to be thus?" he sighed. "Will the world *never* know?" And still the woman lay back with closed eyes, smiling.

Then Inspiration gathered tenderly the faded flowers of her fancy, the blighted blossoms of her imagination which lay withering on the altar where she had cast them, and with one backward look he left the woman alone, with the shadows flitting, flitting through the chamber of her mind, and the music of their voices singing to her soul.





“GREYFACE”

## IN THE CLUTCH OF THE REDTAIL.

THE STORY OF A BLACK SQUIRREL.

*By O. J. Stevenson.*

GREYFACE had had one of her frequent scares, but this time it was worse than usual, and she had had a very narrow escape indeed. When she woke up in the morning she felt very tired and sore, and, besides, she found herself in a strange part of the wood, and in the hole of one of her old enemies, the red squirrel.

This is how it all happened as far as Greyface could recollect. She was returning from the cornfield, the second trip of the season, and had just reached the old zig-zag rail fence, on her way home with a white glistening corn-cob in her teeth, when she caught a glimpse of the two farmers' boys whom she had narrowly escaped the week before, cutting across the woods in pursuit. There was nothing to do but to run for it; but a zig-zag fence is death to black squirrels, and even after she had sacrificed the corn, she knew that her pursuers were gaining upon her at every step.

Bang! bang! both barrels! That settled the matter for Greyface. The

shot ripped away the top of the fence-rail before and behind; but a desperate leap brought her to the foot of an elm fifteen feet away, and while the boys were busy looking for their game on the ground, she had skimmed up the opposite side of the tree and was at last safe in hiding in the topmost crotch.

A black squirrel's tail is indispensable to its owner, and does not exist simply for the sake of its beauty. Nothing in nature does. The squirrel's tail is the parachute which prevents him from falling when leaping from tree to tree, the blanket in which he curls himself to sleep, the flag which he makes use of as a signal of excitement and distress, the shield with which he protects himself against attack, and the whisk with which he brushes the fur of his face after a dinner of mushrooms and dandelions—an indispensable five-in-one. But it is not always the squirrel's best friend, for, more often than not, as every boy who has hunted black squirrels well knows, it is the little black

shadow of fur that betrays the hiding-place in the tree-top.

And in this case, as in most others, the black bushy tail-tip hung out from the crotch, and the boys were not long in discovering it. It was in vain that Greyface tried the old trick which her mother had taught her a twelvemonth before, of clinging close to the tree and moving around the trunk as the boys moved below. Once they got a glimpse of her head, and the next moment a hail of lead showered over all the branches round about her. Greyface was thoroughly frightened, and, yielding to the frenzied impulse of the moment, leaped to the top of the tree, and the next moment went crashing away through the woods from limb to limb and from tree to tree. Home was forgotten now, as her pursuers cut her off from the old beech by the zig-zag, and she found herself, in less than a minute's time, at the edge of the creek in an unfamiliar part of the wood. One spring more and she would be across the gap and away from her pursuers! The spring was made, but the same instant she felt a sharp twinge in her breast, heard the report of the gun, and the rattling shot, missed the leap, twirled over and over, and went stumbling down through the branches to the ground below—but on the other side of the creek.

A wounded squirrel, as a wild animal of any kind, is loath to fall into the hands of its enemy. If die it must, it will die in its native element, and it longs for the tree-tops as Antæus for his mother earth.

The creek was the salvation of Greyface, for it gave her a moment to recover. When the boys reached the spot a minute later, they found only a drop of blood on the grass, and though they hunted high and low, they could not discover the faintest trace of their game.

And so it happened that when Greyface woke up in the morning with the first harsh scream of the blue-jay overhead, she found herself very tired and sore. Although it was just breaking day she heard voices by the creek side

below, and fancied for a few minutes that her old enemies of the evening before were still lying in wait. A hasty glance from the hole, however, showed her two men with axes, preparing to cut down one of the trees, and, to her terror and dismay, in a few minutes they started at the very one in which she had taken refuge. Greyface knew very well what that meant, but with true squirrel instinct she preferred to bide her time at the mouth of the hole and make a leap for it when the critical moment came. It did not take the choppers long to complete their work, and when the tree fell Greyface made the flying leap in safety, for the young men were too intent on clearing themselves, to see or care whether a score of black squirrels, instead of poor little frightened Greyface, had leaped from the hole in the tree.

She found no difficulty in making her way back to the old beech tree; for if a black squirrel has gone by a certain road once, he always remembers it perfectly, and goes exactly by the same tree-path the next time.

In the course of a few days, Greyface was as active as ever and apparently none the worse for her adventure. The corn season soon passed as the mushroom season had done before it, and, before long, the beech-nuts and the hickory nuts began to ripen and fall. These were great feast days, and Greyface enjoyed them to the full. The nuts which she required for immediate use she gathered in from the branches, and devoured them greedily on the spot. When the nut was once found it took her only a few seconds to dispose of it, for, instead of having to laboriously chisel out the whole side of the nut, after the fashion of the red squirrel, she simply filed a little hole in one end, jerked the nut neatly in two with her strong teeth, and then proceeded to eat the meat, breaking the shell into little pieces as she went along, and flicking them out to one side with her busy little tongue. Greyface was an adept at nut-cracking, and yet no one had ever taught her the secret of how it was done; it

had simply come to her with all other inborn instincts, and was as natural to her as her life in the tree-tops.

But, strange to say, with all the abundance of autumn at their command, Greyface and her mate made but little preparation for winter. The red squirrel had stored his granaries to overflowing, the chipmunk was busy from morning till night carrying down a supply of nuts into his underground cellar, and even the white-footed deer-mouse had filled the hollow of a young, soft maple with white, cleanly-shelled beech-nuts. But Greyface and her mate were enjoying a long honeymoon, and were quite content to let the future take care of itself. Instead of hoarding up a supply for winter use, like the provident red squirrel, they were satisfied with burying a few hickory nuts separately, here and there on the surface of the ground under the tree, on the bare chance of finding them again if they should possibly be required.

But if Greyface was less provident than the red squirrel, she was at least more careful in another respect. The falling of the leaves in October left the squirrel paths in the tree-tops exposed, and out-door life was more or less dangerous. To provide against surprise, and ensure her safety in time of danger, Greyface built, up among the branches, a big loose nest of twigs and leaves, which served as a special shelter when she found that it was impossible to reach the hole in the beech-tree in safety. A black squirrel, like all other animals, has enemies of his own, silent and stealthy all of them, from the hawk, or the weasel, or the snake, to the gun of the unseen hunter crouching in the undergrowth below; and a quick eye, fleet foot, and a shelter near at hand, are the price of safety.

When the winter came on, and the snow lay thick and heavy on the ground, Greyface began to feel the effects of her improvidence in neglecting to supply a store of food for winter use. If she managed to go a couple of days without food, it was as much as she could endure, and then there was

nothing for it, after all, for herself and her mate, but to go out and burrow beneath the snow in search of the scanty supply of nuts that had been buried at haphazard early in the fall. Away they went, floundering through the deep white fleece of snow, and the guardian spirit of the wild things that live in the wood stirred up within them mysterious instincts and memories of the past, so that their searching was not in vain. It was surprising to see how unerringly Greyface went to the very spot, a score of rods away from the old beech tree, where a nut had been buried months before, dived down into the snow, dug out the frozen soil, and returned a moment later with the coveted treasure in her teeth. Sometimes, on such occasions as this, there was a rough-and-tumble tussle in the snow, for unselfishness is not a prime quality among the lower animals, and when Greyface found a nut she very often had an out-and-out fight with her partner in life, who disputed the possession.

Once in the course of the winter in the search for food she had an experience which she did not soon forget. She had, many a time, looked with covetous eyes at the storehouses of the red squirrels; but the chickarees were shrewd business fellows and kept a sharp eye on their supplies. On one occasion, however, Greyface found the red squirrels away from home and took advantage of their temporary absence to help herself. But the watchful owner returned sooner than was expected, much to the dismay of Greyface. The moment she caught sight of the red squirrel approaching she stopped eating the nut, stretched herself out on the branch and lay perfectly still, hoping that she might pass unnoticed. The red squirrel, however, had already spied her, and when he came within a few inches of her, stopped, stretched out his head and touched her black fur with his nose. There was a sudden whirl of fur, a sharp squirrel cry, and a moment later Greyface appeared on the branch below, trembling in every limb, her teeth chattering, and her tail coil-



ed tightly over her back, shield fashion, as if she expected another onset. She was not disappointed, for the red squirrel is the inveterate and implacable enemy of the black, and in spite of his smaller size is superior in fighting qualities. There is something malicious and relentless in the way in which he pursues an advantage over his unfortunate antagonist, and something pitiful in the apparent weakness and helplessness of the black squirrel in the struggle with the vindictive and implacable red. But it is not always those who are the most pugnacious for whom we have the most affection; and the very gentleness and timidity of the black squirrel which places him immediately at a disadvantage in a conflict with the reckless and malicious daredevil, the red, has an immediate claim upon our sympathy and good-will.

The red squirrel always attacked in the same way—a lightning spring at his antagonist, a savage onset with tooth and claw, and an equally swift retreat. No matter how Greyface shifted her position from limb to limb, it was still the same. At times she turned desperately on her assailant with uplifted paw and teeth bared, lashing her tail furiously, and the red squirrel did not escape without ugly gashes. But the latter, nothing dismayed, returned again and again to the attack, and in the course of a few minutes, Greyface, her big bushy tail-shield torn and bleeding, found herself completely exhausted, and unable to retaliate upon the repeated attacks of her infuriated enemy. As matters stood it must have gone hard with her, but, to make things worse, and to render escape impossible, she caught a glimpse of a second red squirrel in the neighbouring tree, hastening as fast as possible to the scene of the conflict. Doubtless they would have dismembered poor Greyface then and there without more ado, as they had done many another unfortunate black squirrel in this very same wood—but just at this critical juncture something unexpected happened.

There was a sudden silence in the

branches above, followed by a sharp squirrel cry and the sound of a struggle. A single glance was sufficient for Greyface. The newcomer was not a red squirrel at all, but a red weasel, and the victorious chickaree was already in the death struggle and death grip. Greyface knew only too well what would happen next if she remained where she was, and exhausted as she was, fear lent her wings. Fortunately, the appetite of the weasel was sharp, and he stopped to drink the life-blood of his victim, so that Greyface was able to reach the old beech tree once more in safety. But it is safe to say that she never forgot her experience with the chickarees.

The coming of spring did not bring with it an immediate relief from care, for early in March four little black squirrel kittens appeared in the old beech and their care and education were a sore strain upon the strength and patience of Greyface. By the middle of May, however, they were able to shift for themselves, and then she began to enjoy life once more in earnest. Her old coat which had worn very thin, and was bare and white in patches, was replaced by a fine, glossy new one. With the return of spring, too, the birds came back; the tanagers built once more their stem-lined nest in the beech-tree above, and the grosbeaks sang their triumphant songs at the edge of the thicket near by. The woods contained an abundance of food, maple-keys and dandelions and a thousand and one new and wonderful things delicious to a squirrel's taste. And after an early morning's feasting, nothing was more delightful than to lie out flat on a limb, like a little fur rug, and bask the whole long day in the bright May sunshine, enjoying life to the full, and dreaming of the golden days to come when the mushrooms would be white and tender and the corn would be ripe in the autumn corn-fields.

Early one morning in June, when Greyface came shambling down the beech tree as usual, she saw something curious at the bottom of the trunk.

Such a bright glittering red thing she had never seen before, and she was all inquisitiveness regarding it. It did not move, and Greyface yielded to the temptation to have a closer look. But, strange to say, she had scarcely gone half a yard towards it when she found that she was unable to take her eyes off it, and felt that under the unaccountable fascination she was slipping down towards it, inch by inch, in spite of herself. She could see the glittering eyes and the red lips distinctly now, and now she was almost upon it, but she was powerless alike to utter a cry or to retreat. Suddenly the red thing moved! The spell was broken now—and with a hunted cry Greyface sprang up the tree. But alas, too late! and a moment later she felt herself wound tightly in the coils of the big milk snake that was lying twisted in and out among the roots of the tree.

What happened next, Greyface never rightly knew; she felt the coils suddenly loosen, heard a sudden whirr and rush above her head, caught a glimpse of a pair of very bright eyes and a cruel indented beak—then she was dashed violently against the roots of the tree, and from that moment knew no more.

A few days later when I was passing the cabin of an old hunter who lived no great distance off, he called me in to show me a fine specimen of a Red-

tailed Hawk, which he had shot a few days previously under peculiar circumstances. It had in its claws, when brought down, a live black squirrel, twisted loosely about with the coils of a large milk snake. The black squirrel was none other than Greyface who, in the course of a couple of minutes' time, had escaped death from three of her worst enemies, the snake, the hawk and the gun. She had soon returned to life and consciousness and was chafing under an enforced captivity in the hunter's strong box.

I negotiated for her possession, took her home with me and kept her in a big cage until the following spring. A full-grown squirrel does not readily make friends, but Greyface so far overcame her natural wildness in the course of the winter as to eat out of my hand and to show a strong attachment to her comfortable winter quarters. I took her back to the woods in the early spring, and in due time she found her way to the old beech tree. But she still carries with her as a mark of her winter's captivity, a little patch of grey fur on the forehead, and when in my woodland walks I chance to pass the old beech, it is pleasant at least, as she comes shambling spirally down the tree to my outstretched hand, to find that I am still regarded as a benefactor and friend.

#### THE GREAT PROBLEM.

FOR the fish to get the worm,  
And yet the hook escape;  
For life a lengthened term,  
Yet merry with the grape.

For the fox to get the bait  
And leave the trap behind;  
For the poet that sweet fate—  
Fruit without core or rind.

For all beneath the skies  
To gratify their bent,  
Nor pay for every prize  
Its just equivalent.

*Ethelwyn Wetherald.*

# IN THE SECRET SERVICE

A Series of Thirteen Distinct Episodes

By ROBERT BUCKLEY

## EPISODE VI.—A FOUL AND MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

"SPEAKING of racial characteristics," mused my friend Anthony, luxuriously extended in my father's old leather chair, and with his slippered feet on the fender-rail, while he watched the fragrant smoke dissolve on the ceiling—"speaking of racial characteristics, I question whether any nation surpasses the Keltic population of Ireland in point of subtlety."

"What do you mean by the Keltic population?" I inquired.

"The descendants of the Keltic immigrants as distinguished from the Scots and English settlers who form the Teutonic and Protestant population of Ireland, and who differ as widely from the Kelts in sentiment, in tradition, in ideals, as Englishmen differ from Hindoos."

"Yet," I remarked, "Englishmen rule the Hindoos, who are also very subtle, I think."

Anthony Hallam is decidedly irritable, and but for his known good-nature would often give offence. He's "all right when yer knows him, but yer've got ter know him fust." His air and manner indicated that I had said something to display the proverbial ignorance of the brutal Saxon.

"My dear boy," he said at last, "you speak without knowledge, yet with assumption thereof, a characteristic of the English character at all periods. Yes, the Hindoo is subtle, but—have you any true idea of what constitutes a Hindoo?"

I thought a native of India was a Hindoo, and I said so. He smiled; but his smile was not of a flattering character.

"My friend Ronald, now at Dum-

dum," he continued, "writes to say that he has four native servants, none of whom speaks the language of the others, while in tradition and religion each one differs as much from any of the other three as an Englishman differs from a Russian. *You* call them all Hindoos and lump them together."

I accepted the reproof but humbly ventured to point out that the English language was universal in Ireland.

"Another mistake. Thousands of Irish cannot speak any more English than the Russians or the Chinese. These are the Keltic Irish in their original state. These Kelts dominate the political situation, and this is the race of which I spoke when giving them the palm for subtlety. Another feature of their character was mentioned in the House the other day, by that truly great and philosophic statesman—Mr. Arthur Balfour. He said that the genuine Irishman never forgave an injury. He was right."

Hallam pronounced the last words as though recalling some illustrative experience, and knowing his little ways I maintained a discreet taciturnity. I was rewarded. He sent up several smoke rings, and after repeated attempts succeeded in blowing a small one through its larger predecessor.

"Bravo!" I said. He took a deep draught from the flowing bowl, which in this case was a large white mug with a handle. He thinks cold tea with cream drinks best from such a vessel. Two more satisfactory rings, and then he commenced:—

"Not long ago, I had to grapple with a case of Irish subtlety of the genuine Keltic sort. When I heard



the particulars I recognized at once that the thing had been cleverly arranged, and would take some fathoming out. I have worked in several Irish cases, and never had I such skillful opponents as in the distressful country. At once subtle and resolute, it was hard to find the weak spot in their armour. The records of Irish crime are largely records of crime unpunished.

"The crime to which I refer was of the most mysterious character. In the first place, it was only by the merest chance that the murdered man had not been decently interred with a burial certificate setting forth that the cause of death was apoplexy."

I said that as the medical man who last attended him would have to sign the certificate, it was hard to see how that was possible.

"Listen a moment. Take the facts as they occurred; but, first of all, let us have the persons of the drama. Mr. Richard Hanna, J.P., of Gallinagh, County Donegal, was a Master of the Foxhounds, a county gentleman, and head of his family, jovial, popular, open-handed, and beloved by the peasantry, yet a 'Black Protestant.' Though a downright good fellow he was not perfect, his fault being a congenital hastiness and a tendency to punch the heads of all and sundry who aroused his ire.

"A widower of sixty, he had a son of twenty-five and a very lovely daughter of twenty; named respectively Robert and Margaret. Bob was a lieutenant in the Royal Irish Rifles; Mag was the prettiest girl in the county, and, moreover, was just as sweet as she looked, yum-yum! Those Irish eyes—yum-yum!

"Richard Hanna, Esq., J.P., M.F.H., was an excellent sportsman, a kind landlord, and a faithful friend. Captain Hanna (as he was called) was a splendid young fellow who made the military profession his hobby, with a special inclination to scientific rifle-shooting. At the time to which I now refer—the fatal time—he was spending his furlough at the ancestral hall, and

the private rifle range in the valley between the house and the lake re-echoed to the ceaseless detonations of the Lee-*Metford* and Lee-*Enfield* rifles, with which the Captain and his friend Dr. Terry, of the Army Service Corps, competed against each other, and endeavoured to raise their skill to the height demanded by the Irish eight in the contest for the Elcho Shield.

"It was a happy home; father and children were wrapped up in each other, and respected by the whole countryside. Conceive the shock sustained by the children and the whole household when, one fine morning at eleven o'clock, the Squire of Gallinagh, without a moment's notice, without a groan, without a sigh, sank to the earth stone dead.

"He had never had a day's illness, and though sixty-one, was apparently hale and sound. After breakfast he had walked outside, and having taken a few turns in the garden had seated himself under a spreading chestnut tree to read his morning newspaper. This seat in the shadow was his favourite resort in summer, and on this particular June morning he had just settled himself to con the news, when he was observed to sink forward as though devoid of will or muscular control. And when Patsy Kerrigan, who was busy snipping a hedge hard by, ran to his assistance, he was dead. Help soon came from the house, and a messenger was despatched on horseback for the nearest medical man, Dr. Terry being out with the Captain shooting, nobody knew where. The village doctor was away, too, but his assistant returned with the messenger, and having heard his story pronounced for apoplexy before seeing the body; and repeated the verdict after a single glance. There is much of the slipshod in Ireland—another markedly Keltic trait.

"The poor Squire was removed to the house, and great was the wailing at Gallinagh. The lovely Mag was crushed but brave, and the Captain bore himself like a man, though in unguarded moments his heart-break was terrible to see. But Dr. Terry was, from

one aspect at least, the most important of the trio. Of course he wished to see the last of his hospitable host, and, as a medical man of uncommon attainments, he naturally took some interest in the case from a scientific point of view. From the first moment a doubt as to the cause of death had existed in his mind. The Squire, in his opinion, was not a likely subject for apoplexy.

"A short examination not only convinced him that apoplexy counted for nothing, but also revealed the astonishing fact that, unknown to everybody, the Squire had been shot dead as he sat in his chair, and that a most foul and cowardly murder had been perpetrated by some mysterious means and by some unsuspected person.

"No doubt could possibly exist. A bullet had traversed the body, passing directly through the heart, and had lodged in the bole of the great tree behind the unfortunate Squire's garden chair. Nor such a bullet as old-fashioned people imagine, but a modern bullet of the thickness of a lead pencil, such as leaves at the most a red mark as big as a barley-corn, owing to the almost immediate closing of the skin. But Dr. Terry knew all about such wounds. He had seen them in the Afri-di expedition, and had met with cases in which the wound, though fatal, was hard to discover.

"The revelation produced an appalling effect on the family, and, indeed, on the county at large. Excitement was intense, but even when the coroner's jury had pronounced a verdict of 'Wilful Murder by some Person or Persons unknown,' the local constabulary had not a shadow of evidence pointing in any direction whatsoever. Let me put you in possession of the situation as it stood when I arrived in Donegal, premising that I systematically cross-examined Major Duffy, the County Inspector of Police, Dr. Terry, Captain Hanna, Patrick Kerrigan (who saw his master fall), and the coachman, Michael Brown, who had come to Kerrigan's help and had afterwards ridden away to bring the nearest doctor. I even interviewed this last-nam-

ed man of genius, who had decided for apoplexy, and found him to be a drunken Englishman down on his luck, but learned from him nothing more valuable. The facts were as follows:—

"The house called Gallinagh stood on high ground, sloping to the edge of an extensive lake. Standing at the principal entrance, or looking from the drawing-room windows, you saw about fifteen acres of lawn running down to the water's edge, sloping gently at first, then somewhat steeply, so that the bottom edge where it met the lake was not visible from the lower rooms of the house. You must follow these descriptions carefully, or you will fail to understand the circumstances which cast such a veil of mystery over the whole affair.

"First, then, the house, next the sloping lawn, then the lake to which it fell. From the house to the lake was a walk of some four hundred yards; the lake was about eight hundred yards wide; on the other side the bank sloped upward to the Donegal mountains, bleak and desolate. The whole country was lonely, and from Gallinagh only one cottage could be seen, a white spot on the green tract on the other side the lake and about a thousand yards beyond it.

"It seemed that the Squire used to boast that from his garden chair under the chestnut he could see for forty miles without a break or a brick, save and except this solitary cottage, which was built of stone! And this, he said, just served to vary the desolation without destroying the beautiful loneliness of the scene. One, Dennis O'Gorman, lived there, and though the house was but half-a-mile or so from the farther edge of the lake, the distance from Gallinagh to the white cottage was over four miles by land, though as the crow flew, under a mile and a half.

"So much for the position of the house. On the fatal morning the Squire had occupied his usual seat in an easy garden chair, which in fine weather was placed every morning in the same spot, that is, on a side lawn



immediately on the left of the house, said lawn having several fine horse-chestnut trees, and behind it, at a distance of twenty yards, a thick shrubbery of laurels and forest trees. You see the situation? The house, the lawn to the lake; eight hundred yards of water, the slope on the other side, O'Gorman's cot, a tiny white speck on the mountain-side. Do you see all that?"

I imagined myself at the front door of Gallinagh House, looking at the scenery, down to the lake, and so forth. "A beautiful view," I remarked.

"Now, imagine the lawn at the left side of the house, the big tree with the seat under it, and the thick shrubbery a stone-throw behind." Here it seemed to me that I might distinguish myself by forestalling the disclosure of the spot whence came the fatal shot. It was an unlucky thought, I said:—

"Of course the shrubbery was a capital hiding-place for the murderer, who could conceal himself among the dense growth of shrubs."

"Exactly, a capital place, none better; only—the great butt of the tree beneath which the Squire sat was between him and the shrubbery, and the minute nickel-covered bullet was found in the opposite side of the tree, that is, the side next the lake!"

I admitted that these facts disposed of the shrubbery.

"Another thing, dear boy, seems to have escaped your notice. Guns fired a few yards away can generally be heard, eh? Now, if the Squire had fallen concurrently with the report of a gun, not even Patrick Kerrigan, who could neither write nor read, would have believed apoplexy to be the cause of his death. And be it observed that in addition to Patrick's being beyond suspicion, the solid fact was before me that Miss Margaret Hanna saw him throw down his shears and run to the Squire's assistance. Other dependents and retainers were accounted for in the most absolute manner, and never a stranger had been seen in the district. And I may inform you that a stranger in the lonely parts of Done-

gal would have about as much chance of passing unobserved as a large white elephant, so thoroughly is the country policed, so systematic is their work, so complete their information.

"It seemed that when the Captain and Dr. Terry were out fishing on the lake or engaged at the rifle range, which ran along the bottom of the lawn, and beside the lake, a flag was run up at the house to recall them to lunch or dinner, a pretty fancy of Miss Margaret's, and a sign to which both were tolerably obedient. On the morning of the murder they had taken their rifles and ammunition, but after firing a few desultory shots they had put their guns in the canoe and paddled over the lake to shoot rabbits with ball on the mountain-side, a sport not uncommon among crack marksmen in Ireland. When the Squire's body was brought in the flag was run up, and the Squire's valet, one Millar, an Englishman who had served his master faithfully for many years, swept the lake and the opposite shore for the sportsmen without seeing a living soul except Dennis O'Gorman placidly digging turf in the bog behind his house. The Captain and Dr. Terry had not, in fact, returned until five in the evening, crossing the lake in the canoe, having sustained existence by a rough-and-ready meal at O'Gorman's cot, where they had rested and smoked from twelve till two. Imagine their amazement and sorrow on returning to Gallinagh and finding the Squire, who in the morning had so heartily wished them good luck, a pale, cold corpse.

"Now you know all I knew after three days' careful inquiry in conjunction with Upton, who was my clerk and amanuensis, for (you understand) I went to Donegal as the London solicitor and general family adviser, to regulate the succession and in every way to put the change of possession on a legal footing, etc. I was easily accounted for; nothing was more natural than the lawyer, and nobody was at all likely to suspect my real business. I may say that the permanent officials of the Irish Viceroy had hinted that the



murder was of a political character, and might be the first outward and visible sign of a wholesale assassination of the governing classes in Ireland. Hence my interest in the affair.

"Upton was all eyes and ears, but the thing was a thickish sort of fog. The Squire had been shot in broad daylight and from the direction of the rifle-range and the lake. He had also been shot with the service bullet of the Lee-Metford rifle, which was the arm carried on that day by young Hanna and Dr. Terry, who had been seen to cross the lake and disappear in the mountains on the other side; who had, moreover, called at O'Gorman's for matches on their outward march, and for refreshments on their return; while the whole ground from the fatal chair to the lake was as bare as the back of your hand, nothing, in fact, but an enormous expanse of beautifully-kept lawn.

"Now, as every action of importance has a motive, it follows that when we see the act we guess the motive, not always correctly, for men usually attribute the worst motive possible to the case in hand, and this does not answer in every instance. Yet possible motive affords a working hypothesis in cases of murder, above all others. First, who would benefit pecuniarily by the Squire's death? Answer, his son and heir, and his daughter Mag. Taken as furnishing ground for a working supposition this answer was absurd. And though every facility was afforded I could learn nothing which could lead me to believe that the Squire's death was desired by any person in the world.

"The money tack having failed, I turned to another motive: revenge. Now here the Kelt comes in again. The difference between him and an Englishman is once more strongly accentuated. Sir Walter Scott tells of a young Highlandman who, being struck by an English drover, walked for a score of miles back into the hills for his knife; took it without a word, walked the score of miles back, and killed the Englishman who wanted to shake hands. Now the Highlandman is only

an Irishman who has emigrated, and who still speaks Irish, though few Englishmen know that Irish and Gaelic are the same. Mr. Balfour said, 'The Irish never forgive'; he meant the Keltic Irish who are of the same race as Scott's Highlandman, and who have the same feelings and the same sensitiveness to the degradation of a blow.

"Revenge then; was that the motive? Here we groped blindly for days without one single cheering ray. At length, the old vicar of Ballyoran said, quite casually, but in Upton's hearing, that the Squire had in his youthful days practised boxing, and for years was a handy man with his fists; also, that years ago he had thrashed Denny O'Gorman within an inch of his life because the said Denny would persist in poaching in the Squire's preserves, and that Denny, himself a notorious fighter, had thereafter been held in such derision that he had forthwith emigrated to America, from which he had only returned a year ago, in order to take possession of the small farm left to him by his deceased father.

"The revenge motive was clear enough to anyone who understood the long memory of the Kelt; but the thing would hardly work in connection with O'Gorman, who was digging turf behind his cottage when Miller swept the country with the telescope in search of the Captain and the Doctor. Moreover, the cottage was a mile and a half away in a bee-line. The more we inquired, the more narrowly we scrutinized the matter, the more mysterious it seemed. The answers to the queries, 'Who shot the Squire? How was he shot? and why was he shot?' seemed farther off than ever. 'As to O'Gorman,' said Upton, 'that cock won't fight. Besides the *alibi*, which is proved, he was on the best terms with Squire Hanna, and often referred with glee to the hiding the Squire gave him a quarter of a century ago. It seems that his Kathleen threw him over because of it, and that he never married, an escape for which he declares himself deeply indebted to the Squire! He's alone in the cottage, and is trying to

sell the farm. 'America is the only country fit to live in,' says O'Gorman.

"I lay awake for four hours that night, thinking, thinking; tossing restlessly from one side to the other. I rose in a high fever (for I must have my sleep), but with a plan; a humble, tentative plan, the object of which was more to dispel the O'Gorman suspicion than to forward a profitable investigation. Yet somehow I felt that to search O'Gorman's cottage would be a benison to my struggling soul. And so strong was this inclination that I took immediate measures to indulge it, and to get O'Gorman out of the way in order to obtain a favourable opportunity.

"This was easy enough. He was advertising the farm, and I arranged for a pretended probable purchaser to meet him at Ballyshannon. O'Gorman rose to the bait and departed in peace. He would be absent for the night, and the search over so small an area was easily feasible in the time. I had a theory, you may perceive. I expected to find something—if O'Gorman were guilty, and I knew what that something would be. On the other hand, if I found nothing to support the theory I had formed, the matter stood precisely where it was before. But—I had seen O'Gorman, had spoken with him of the Squire's murder, and I strongly suspected that he was in some way connected with the crime. A fair-spoken, plausible, intelligent Irish-American of the baser sort, that is, with the Yankee craft and villainy overlaid on the original Celtic subtlety; a highly-dangerous combination. He was about forty-five, swarthy and unprepossessing, already tired of the loneliness of Donegal, although he had at first declared he had returned to end his days there, as is the manner of many Irish emigrants.

"Upton and I rowed over in the night. We were rewarded. In an upper room were two chairs with deep marks on the upper bar of the backs. I asked Upton to look out for the small vices that had made those marks, and presently one turned up,

under the bed. Upton did not understand. He had never studied scientific rifle-shooting; did not know that Sir Henry Halford had put eighteen bullets out of twenty into a mark at two thousand yards; nor that the service rifle used against the Boers is sighted up to 2,800 yards, a mile and a half being only 2,640. Upton was not prepared to find that a grudge could be borne for a lifetime, and notwithstanding protests of friendship could be paid off at last by means of a rifle-shot from a fixed rest, the weapon carefully laid by means of a telescopic sight. Yet so it was. We found the other vice; we found the rifle in the thatch, with the marks of the vice on the stock; we found the cartridges and books which led to the belief that O'Gorman had been employed in an American rifle factory. And as the summer morning dawned, we looked across the lake, and with the naked eye in the clear mountain air discerned a newspaper I had spread on a chair at the fatal spot where the Squire had fallen. The distance was afterwards found to be exactly 2,247 yards, and there can be no doubt that the Squire had long been the object of rifle practice from O'Gorman's cottage. The continual shooting of the Captain and Dr. Terry at the range by the lake would cover the report of the rifle, even if it could have been heard at the distance which is doubtful, for your modern rifle does its work without much noise.

"On careful examination we found minute scars on the chestnut trees, and the track of bullets through the shrubs behind them. It had taken O'Gorman some time to get the range, even with the help of the Squire's newspaper, which would be a conspicuous object against the green background, especially through a telescopic sight. Those who best understand the difficulties of rifle-shooting will award to him a larger share of luck than of skill, since to make his first hit in a vital part was much more than he could count upon, even with everything in his favour.

"Will you believe me that O'Gorman gave us the slip?"

"With the marvellous instinct of the Kelt he divined something; perhaps doubted the *bona fides* of the hard bargainer he met at Ballyshannon, and running thence to Londonderry *via* Donegal and Strabane, got clear away! We waited, and waited in vain. The appliances and appurtenances found in the cottage were undeniable when compared with the cause of the Squire's death. If you want an Irish farm, try for O'Gorman's, which lies derelict. Government will probably arrange the matter. Capt. Hanna is a Major now, and the lovely Margaret (she was the forty-ninth Irish-

woman who stole my heart away), runs the old hall of Gallinagh under the wing of a maiden aunt, who spends half her time in religious observances and the other in making herself obnoxious to the housekeeper. Bless me, this is a queer old world; as full of tricks as it will hold, eh? I look upon this affair as one of my failures. We had reckoned with too much certainty on O'Gorman's return. The result was another lesson to me. Never leave anything to accident! Of course he lost the farm. A curious sort of punishment, though probably considered not too dear a price for his long-deferred and carefully considered revenge."



#### EPISODE VII.—THE MORETON DIAMOND ROBBERY.

"I SUPPOSE that the art of the ordinary detective officer is on a lower plane than that of the higher branches of the Secret Service," I said one evening as Anthony Hallam paused to lubricate his larynx with the nectar which possesses such magical virtues in loosening his tongue and opening up the vein of his recollections.

"In some cases, yes; perhaps on the whole the Secret Service takes precedence. But the very highest class of detective and the Secret Service man have much in common. As a rule, the class of work is different."

"Have you had any experience in detective work pure and simple?" I inquired, with some timidity.

"My dear boy, I began with it. It was a piece of detective work that brought me into notice, and in the end led from promotion to promotion until I have reached the point at which you see me, that is, the topmost rung of the ladder. All I now require from the kind fates is that I may keep my robust health, and, drawing a moderate pension for faithful work, spend the remainder of my days in gardening."

"And you began as a police detective?"

"Just that; but I began, as it were, at the top end. A number of our fellows had been at work on a case, without having found the smallest clue; or rather the clue they had all followed led to nothing, and one after another looked into the matter only to drop it in disgust. It was a great diamond robbery, and a lot of time had elapsed without a trace of the missing valuables." I had a stroke of luck in being sent merely on the strength of a casual remark that I would like to have a turn at the affair.

"The Chief was a man of some genius, but past his best days. He sent for me (goodness, how young I was, and how green!) and having got me to confirm the report he had heard of my presumption and cheek in making the remark, he said I might go, and good-naturedly added something about the possibilities of wisdom from the mouths of babes and sucklings.

"I need not trouble you with his further conversation, except to say that he hinted that previous investigators had worked in normal official grooves, and were lacking in insight



and originality. I might take what measures I liked, and in a week's time might report whether I had found any clue or formed any theory concerning the robbery. He added that the owner of the diamonds, whom we may for convenience call Lord Moreton, was not only generous, but also highly influential, and that any service rendered to him would be the making of a young fellow like me.

"My lord lived in a castle, not of the old sort, but a modern mansion which was called 'The Castle' by the whole country-side. It was from the Castle that the diamonds had been stolen six weeks before.

"You must remember that this was thirty years ago, and that though well in the twenties I had a singularly youthful look, principally owing to the absence of beard or moustache. It was therefore practicable to make an arrangement with Lord Moreton's land agent and general estate bailiff to live with him for a time as a student of agriculture and estate management. I stipulated that no one should know of my mission except Lord Moreton, the agent (Mr. G. E. Bertram), and my own Chief. This being settled to my satisfaction, I went down to—, the Castle precincts, and took up my abode with Mr. Bertram.

"The facts which I had to go upon were as follows:—Lord Moreton, on his marriage twenty-eight years before, had formally handed to his bride the family diamonds, which were entailed, and therefore could not be sold under any ordinary circumstances. Their value was immense, no doubt primarily by reason of their number, size, and brilliancy, but also by reason of their antiquity and the historical associations.

"The Moreton diamonds, in short, formed one of the most famous collections in the world, and the latest possessor, the beautiful Lady Moreton, had been looked upon as exceptionally fortunate in being privileged to wear them for her lifetime. Indeed, the tongue of envy had once been exceedingly bitter. For under her maiden

name of Lucy Marsden she had been but the daughter of a poor country clergyman. Lord Moreton had heard her sing at a concert in aid of some charity, had fallen in love with her, and despite the protest of his numerous and influential relatives, had married her out of hand.

"The match turned out well, and Lady Moreton's sweetness of temper and grace of manner had long disarmed all criticism. The union was blest by one child, a son, at the time of my story serving in the army with some distinction, and though quite young (he was about my own age), yet he was clearly marked out for promotion and distinguished rank.

"So much for the Moreton family. Now for the household of the Castle. Lady Moreton's maid was a principal personage. A distant relative of my lady, she had been in attendance on her since her return from her honeymoon, nearly a generation ago; and was therefore in every way marked as a confidante. She bore the same name as Lucy's family, and was known and, I may add, beloved of all under the name of Miss Marsden. In fact, the whole atmosphere of the Castle seemed to radiate peace on earth and goodwill towards men. The names of Lord and Lady Moreton were synonymous for everything that was good, and their son and heir, whenever he spent his holidays in the district, was the subject of honour almost amounting to adoration from all classes, young and old, gentle and simple.

"The butler, John Twells by name, was an antiquity, and, as often happens, had married the housekeeper. Worthy John had a vein of humour, and always had a joke for the numerous maids in the Castle. His wife was prim, precise, and demure, and more severe than her husband on the peccadilloes of the young. Still she was not a bad sort, though prudish as an old maid pretends to be. Her only serious trouble seemed to lie in the fact that her husband's jocosity rather militated against the august dignity which in her opinion should hedge

about the butler of a great and popular nobleman.

"Now we arrive at a point elaborated in vain by my esteemed predecessors, the most experienced members of the detective force.

"At the time of the robbery Lord Moreton's valet had been in his situation but one short year; having succeeded a much-prized servant who had in various capacities served the family for forty years, and who now lived comfortably on a liberal pension and spent his time in growing roses—happy dog! The new valet's name was John Chambers; his character and antecedents all that could be desired—so far as anybody knew.

"He had left the Castle a few days after the robbery, and, having married a young London lady to whom he had been long engaged, had started a rather considerable hotel at Dieppe, in Normandy. These facts were patent to the world. What the world did not know, and what the world wanted to know, was—where did John Chambers get his capital?

"And now, having dealt with the principal persons of the drama, let me give you the main particulars of the catastrophe. On the evening of the 20th of June, some of the persons affected were somewhat widely separated. Lord Moreton was travelling in the Pyrenees, and Lady Moreton was in London, whither she had been called some days before by the sudden illness of her soldier-son, Captain Moreton. At the Castle were the butler and his wife; Miss Marsden, who having in the first instance travelled with Lady Moreton to London, had returned somewhat unexpectedly, and was acting as mistress and general *locum tenens* on behalf of the family; John Chambers who for the foreign trip had been superseded by a Belgian courier who knew the Pyrenees and spoke several languages, and the usual dozens of inferior servants. The evening was excessively warm, and Miss Marsden had slept with her bedroom window open. On awaking in the morning she had felt a sense of bewilderment and had been long in re-

gaining her faculties, besides having overslept herself considerably. But the moment she was wide awake she recognized that her room was in much disorder.

"Hastily examining into the cause of this, she discovered that her keys were not in their usual place, and, hastening to Lady Moreton's dressing-room, where was the safe in which the family diamonds were kept, her worst fears were realized. The door of the safe was wide open, the missing bunch of keys was in the lock, and the jewel-case with its precious contents was gone. Imagine the hurly-burly! The diamonds alone were valued at a hundred thousand, and these, with emeralds and sapphires enough for a king's ransom, had vanished into space.

"A ladder was found in the shrubbery under Miss Marsden's window; owing to the number of trees on the spot it was not noticed until the lady gave the alarm. Moreover a pocket-handkerchief which had been saturated with chloroform was found by the side of her virtuous couch. This, it was thought, had been placed over her face, and had been thrown down unconsciously when she awoke and—in short, the whole thing was as plain as the nose on your face. The open window, the ladder, the chloroform, the absence of Lord and Lady Moreton and the resulting comparative negligence of the Castle household, together with the fame of the diamonds—it required no wizard to declare how and why this thing had been done. The logger-headed clodpate of a policeman who on the first alarm had been fetched from the nearest village pointed it all out, and even his trained intelligence was behind that of John Twells and his wife, who had seen through it all before the man in blue came on the scene.

"Another event that attracted attention was the journey of John Chambers to London on Wednesday, June 22nd, the theft having taken place on Monday, June 20th. He had been called away, he said, on urgent business, and as Miss Marsden had returned to London on the afternoon of the day before,



namely, Tuesday, June 21st, he had arranged the matter with Twells. On his return, Chambers announced his intention of leaving his situation at once. An opportunity had arisen (he said) rather unexpectedly. A relative who for many years had been running a paying hotel at Dieppe was about to retire owing to ill health, and he, John Chambers, had been offered the reversion of the business on favourable terms. Having been brought up in a hotel, he understood the details of management, and he proposed to marry and leave England at once, so as to have the advantage of three or four months' residence in the hotel with his uncle before that respectable person finally left it, a course which at once commended itself to the meanest comprehension.

"So John Chambers had left, somewhat hurriedly, before Miss Marsden returned with Lady Moreton, both ladies looking terribly pale and worn, though the Captain was said to be completely out of danger. In fact, he was understood to have been strong enough to embark on a long voyage in a sailing vessel bound for Australia, the military authorities having granted leave of absence for a year at least.

"Of course our men were at once on the John Chambers lay. But though the clue looked promising, not a vestige of evidence could be found. The retiring valet had been married at a registry office at Lewisham; his bride was the daughter of the eminently respectable proprietor of a private hotel in a good part of London. The young couple had travelled to Dieppe at once, and in the cheapest way, and, in short, their whole action was marked with prudence and economy.

"Followed step by step by the bloodhounds of Scotland Yard, John Chambers and his wife seemed to typify the best virtues of prudent steady English folks who desire to pay their way, and have none too much with which to do it respectably. This staggered our trackers, who were well acquainted with the habits of the newly-rich, and indeed of all who find

themselves in possession of lightly acquired wealth. John tipped the porters with two-pences, and at Dieppe left his uncle's 'Boots' to pay the driver of the fiacre that dumped him and his wife at the door of the Hotel Anglais—a course which ensured his obtaining the bare fare and a penny for *pour-boire*. Who, then, had the diamonds?

"But the unkindest cut of all was the discovery that Joseph Chambers, the English proprietor of the Hotel Anglais, was really and of a truth the uncle of John Chambers, late valet of Lord Moreton, of Moreton Castle, Rusticshireland. Of that there could be no reasonable doubt. And when it was found that John was to pay Joseph out by instalments extending over the next twenty years you may judge the disgust and dismay of the cocksure trackers. John hadn't a shilling to bless himself with beyond forty-five pounds in the Post Office Savings Bank, and his wife's father had handed to her a wedding present of five ten-pound notes with the remark that she would get her share of what he had after his death, and that he held with young folks being made to rely on their own exertions.

"No matter how all these particulars were obtained. Suffice it that all were known, and that all had been checked by different men on three separate occasions. In fact, the Chambers clue had occupied nearly all the time. It was so very obvious, you see! The absence of my Lord and Lady, the valet's knowledge of the safe and who had the keys; with his rush to London the day after the theft, and his announcement on returning that he was about to start in an extensive way—on a foreign shore.

"Our folks (at the first blush) agreed that he had got the stuff away neatly enough, but thought his run up to town and his talk about an uncle and an hotel ridiculously thin. The only thing (they thought) that required judgment was the best moment to arrest him. They wished to at once nail their man and either the diamonds or some clue that would lead to their



discovery. Lord Moreton, on receiving the news, had wired to offer a couple of thousands as a reward for the restoration of the whole plunder, or a proportionate amount for the recovery of any portion thereof. How we did envy our senior man who practically had his choice of work, and who had now dropped on a 'soft job'!

"In concert with the Customs authorities at Dieppe, every inch of the luggage of the happy pair was overhauled for *prima facie* evidence, but the only thing our top man found that related to jewellery, was a receipt for a wedding ring and a brooch bought a few days before, the cost of the two being exactly thirty-nine shillings—not precisely the gift of a man who has made a haul of a hundred thousand pounds worth of bijouterie!

"And when our greatest expert and his assistant (I was not good enough to second him), found that the legal agreement between John and Joseph Chambers was very strictly drawn, and that John and his wife at once commenced to work in the hotel both early and late, and as if for dear life, they hardly knew what to make of it, or where to turn for a clue. No trace of confederates in John's correspondence. The French police, cleverest of letter-openers, assured us of that; no communication with any suspicious person or persons. On the contrary our top man at last began to think he was losing time, and that spite of appearances, John Chambers was just the steady, upright man he had always seemed to be. But if not John Chambers, who was the thief? The more you thought on the subject, the farther off appeared the answer to the question.

"The Castle is situated in a lonely part. The nearest railway station is eleven miles away. No strangers had been seen about the country. None had been seen at any railway station within twenty miles of the disaster. In that lonely district everybody knows everybody, and a stranger is a welcome theme of conversation, and ac-

cordingly is easily traced from place to place. The servants were above suspicion, and Mr. Bertram, who had communicated with Lord Moreton after having advised Scotland Yard, declared that suspicion in their direction was inconceivable. John Twells concurred, and even his wife grew warm in defence of grooms and gardeners generally. But when the agent, or the worthy butler and his wife were asked to propound a theory, they admitted their incompetence to do so—in the absence of evidence against Chambers, in whose guilt they had found it almost impossible to believe, notwithstanding the queerness of appearances. In short, they had only given in their adhesion to the Chambers theory because no other presented itself. And when that was proved to be a delusion, they gave up surmising and sank into something like stupefaction.

"All this was gleaned from various quarters, and carefully tabulated by me. Meanwhile, Lady Moreton's health was failing rapidly, and it was thought that the robbery was alone to blame for this. Miss Marsden had also suffered severely from the shock, and my lord, who had now returned from his sport in the Spanish mountains, though of philosophical habit, was certainly much moved by the terrible loss. It was understood that he viewed the calamity rather as a matter of heirlooms and family honour, than as a question of money, and that he would shrink at no reasonable sacrifice to recover the precious diamonds, especially those brought from India by a distinguished ancestor a hundred and fifty years before.

"Now you are in possession of all I knew when I arrived at Tantara Lodge, the residence of Lord Moreton's agent, Gustavus Edward Bertram, who was just as well liked as anybody else. In fact, it seemed as though there were no disagreeable persons in those parts, and that until the theft of the diamonds, crime had been practically unknown.

"Having studied the human surroundings of the case, I settled down

for some hard thinking, with the result that in the stipulated week I had, if not a theory, yet an idea. Returning to London I saw my Chief, and obtained not only his permission to continue my researches, which could have been done by letter, but also his powerful assistance in obtaining information which might condense or dissipate the nebulous idea that had arisen in my mind.

"The result of his inquiries was distinctly in the direction of confirmation. At last it seemed as though we had hit on a trail that would lead to something. I returned to Tantara Lodge, and, availing myself of the ancient valet's enthusiasm for roses, spent much of my time with him, gradually eliciting hints that in the Moreton household all was not so fair as it seemed. This fitted in with my discoveries in London.

"The Captain, I found, was a splendid young fellow with one serious fault. He had a strong inclination to the excitement of gambling, and had on more than one occasion contracted debts of honour of considerable magnitude, which my lord had discharged of necessity, but with much reluctance. He had declared that any further indiscretion in this direction would be met with the severest punishment he could inflict, namely, the reduction of the Captain's allowance to a point which would compel him to abandon his career in the army, and would, in short, be barely sufficient to maintain him in common decency. And Lord Moreton, though kind and philanthropic, was something of a Puritan in his detestation of gambling and horse-racing. Moreover, he was known to be a severe man of his word, and of inflexible resolution. However, continued old Thomas Turner, the Captain had clearly changed his course, and had been warned in time.

"I was not too sure on this point. I knew that infatuation for gambling is like infatuation for drink, and that no matter how complete the cure may appear, there is no knowing when the old complaint will again break out. I

carefully pieced together what I knew as follows :

The Captain had a taste for horse-racing and high play.

Heavy debts contracted in this way had been paid by his father.

He was under threat of severe penalties if again guilty.

He had been suddenly taken ill about June 16.

Lady Moreton and Miss Marsden had left for London on June 17.

Miss Marsden had returned to the Castle on June 19.

The robbery took place on June 20.

Miss Marsden returned to London on June 21.

(John Chambers went away on June 25, but I eliminated him from my theory).

Lady Moreton and Miss Marsden returned to the Castle on June 27, the Captain having already recovered sufficiently to embark for a long sea voyage.

Both ladies were much depressed, as was natural. Neither wished to converse on the subject of the robbery either with detectives or with sympathizing friends. It was understood that neither had a theory, and that beyond Miss Marsden's first outcry, when she had several times referred to the "burglars," no expression of opinion had been heard from either of them. I studied the couple with great earnestness. Both were soft, sweet and gentle in the extreme. Neither had a particle of fight. Both were, in my judgment, too tender and sensitive for a cold, cruel world like this. While thus engaged came the news from my Chief, for which I had been for some time anxiously waiting. You will observe that information on the following points was not obtained by me in person, but that I put the questions and suggested that it should be obtained. It was as follows :—

"Captain Moreton had lost an enormous sum on a horse. Date, June 15.

"He had tried to recoup himself, or rather to win enough to pay his bets by plunging desperately at baccarat and had only quadrupled his losses.



"He had written a letter to his mother, in which he confessed all, and intimated that he was about to blow out his brains. When she received the letter he would be a corpse.

"A young officer named Bourne, his bosom companion, had known of his losses, had foreseen the probable consequences, and had prevented the Captain from committing the rash act. He had also intercepted the letter, and had sent an urgent wire to Lady Moreton on June 16.

"With this light the whole thing was clear as day. The robbery was a mock affair; the desperate expedient of frenzied women without any knowledge of the world. Lord Moreton being absent the mother could not throw herself at his feet, while her own blood relations being but middle-class people were unable to assist her, and her repugnance to address herself to Lord Moreton's family, her maternal pride, etcetera, explained the rest. Only part of the jewels had been pledged, but in order to give colour to the robbery, the whole had been made to disappear—for a time. All this came out afterwards, together with Miss Marsden's childish plan of restoring the diamonds, little by little, by means of funds saved from my lady's jointure—they were to come from a conscience-stricken and converted thief, though how it was to be made to appear that he was becoming converted and conscience-stricken by instalments, was more than I could tell. This, however, was of a piece with the childishness of the whole conspiracy. Most of the particulars were elicited from Miss Marsden by Mr. Bertram, who was sixty-five, and who never divulged the fact of my participation in the inquiry. I was only twenty-five, while my lady and her confidante cousin were close on fifty; yes, fifty, and with the worldly experience of babies in arms! Many a London boy of ten would have given them points in the art and mystery of effecting a sham burglary.

"To do the Captain justice, it appeared that he knew nothing of the way in which his women-folk had rais-

ed the wind, nor would he perhaps know the agony, the despair and unspeakable affliction he had brought on these two poor foolish women. It seemed that my lady stayed to watch him while her friend returned to 'rob' the Castle. The whole thing was preposterous, and only partially redeemed by its touch of pathos. Of course it would have been seen through at once but for the suspicious movements of Mr. John Chambers. Sham burglaries are common enough, and a trained officer spots them every time. But here the runaway valet, and the absolute confidence reposed in the lady I have called Miss Marsden led them astray with a vengeance."

I asked him how Lord Moreton took the denouement.

"Goodness knows. I told all to Mr. Bertram; he saw Miss Marsden, who, finding all was known, admitted the facts and gave some particulars. But Lord Moreton's conference with my lady and her cousin was, of course, a sacred matter. If I had been disposed to intrude by so much as a guess, I should have said that all was forgiven in consideration of the despair a mother might feel at the prospect of her only son dying by his own hand, and that in due season the Captain was told of the position in which his deplorable foolishness had placed two of the best women in the world. For they were only innocent and inexperienced, and persons of that type refresh my weary soul and reconcile me to the beastly state of things existing on this disreputable old planet. Yes, the Captain was doubtless told, for he never more attended a race-meeting, nor had the green tables any further charm for him. He died of yellow fever a few years ago, his parents having gone before, and so the title became extinct. Lord Moreton never saw me after hearing Mr. Bertram's revelations, but that I could easily understand. He did better, for in addition to sending me a cheque for an amount that represented a small fortune, he spoke a few words which resulted in my joining the Secret Service. What it cost to redeem the dia-



monds I never knew, but all were recovered, and I believe that everybody lived happy ever after."

Here Augustine Hallam rose, and added:—

"Whenever you wish to burgle yourself, my dear boy, be sure to take a few previous lessons from a practical man. The work of a tyro is distinguishable in a moment. Could you lead

the House, or manœuvre an army division, or command the Channel Fleet, or execute a great painting without any previous knowledge? No. Neither could you properly burgle yourself. And if our men had not too hastily jumped at conclusions they would have seen that to call the Moreton diamond affair a burglary was to insult the ancient profession."

EPISODES VIII AND IX WILL APPEAR IN FEBRUARY.

## POETRY AND PROSE.\*

*By Henry A. Harper, M.A.*

HE was a sturdy, not uninteresting old farmer, my companion on the box-seat of the van which drove our party from Kentville to the Look Off, and then on to Wolfville. He had a well-to-do air about him, and entertained me with the names of people and of places, the effect of the six weeks' drought, the prospects in the approaching Provincial elections, and the best points for shipping apples. He explained that his hay was all in, and he had consented to hire his bay team to the liveryman for the day on condition that he should be allowed to drive them himself.

As the afternoon wore on I encouraged silence. A soft summer haze hung over the land, and as I looked across the peaceful, fruitful valley towards bluff old Cape Blomidon in the blue distance, the story of Evangeline floated before my memory. These very dikes which shut out the sea had been raised by her countrymen "with labour incessant." This had been—

... the home of Acadian farmers.  
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that  
water the woodlands,  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting  
an image of heaven.

A girl near me, who had also been regarding the scene through the eyes of memory, ventured:—

Ye who believe in affection that hopes and  
endures and is patient;

Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of  
woman's devotion,  
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the  
pines of the forest;  
List to a tale of love in Acadia, home of the  
happy.

I turned to my companion on the box-seat. "The village of Grand Pré was not far from here?"

He looked puzzled for a moment and flicked some flies from Prince and Peter before replying.

"Perhaps it is Grand Pre you mean," with a decidedly broad, Anglo-Saxon emphasis on the vowels.

I overlooked the superior knowledge implied in his tone, and admitted: "Well, perhaps that's what you call it."

"Oh, yes," the reply came readily enough this time, "Grand Pre (pronounced as before) lies over that way," with a jerk of his whip. "They grow fine hay crops thereabouts."

As he spoke, I remembered how—

"..... vast meadows stretched to the east-  
ward,  
Giving the village its name, and pasture to  
flocks without number."

But this was scarcely the reply I had expected. Evidently the derivation of the name hadn't suggested the remark. I tried again.

"You know about Evangeline, of course?"

"Oh, sometimes we hear the tourists talk about Evangeline."

I gave him up.

\* The author of this little sketch gave his life a few weeks ago in an attempt to save that of the daughter of the Hon. the Minister of Railways and Canals. This sketch is based on an incident which occurred on the Canadian Press Association Excursion through the Maritime Provinces last summer. It was submitted to the Editor, and accepted a few weeks before Mr. Harper's death.

# THE RE-CHRISTENING OF HUMPY

By JEAN BLEWETT

FROM her seat on the wide porch Mrs. Neal could hear the hunchback's voice, full, and singularly mel-low—hear, too, Hilda's bursts of happy laughter.

"The two out under the maples are having a good time," remarked the sweet-faced woman who just then joined her. "What an interesting story-teller the boy is!"

"Hilda is perfectly infatuated with him"—Mrs. Neal's brow wore a frown—"I wish she wern't. It gives me a chill to see her caressing one so misshapen and—and generally uncanny; it does, indeed, Cousin Phebe. I wish they would send him away."

"This is the only home he has," said Phebe; "where would you have him sent?"

"Oh, to school, to the country, anywhere. I know you think me unkind," this in answer to something she sees in Phebe's grey eyes, "but remember Hilda is all I have to love."

"You are too fond of saying that she is all you have to love. Look about you and you'll find hearts hungry for a little affection, lives wanting sorely a little care and brightness. I am an old maid"—Phebe's smile was good to see—"by force of circumstances, and may have erroneous views of the duties and privileges of motherhood, but it seems to me that God doesn't mean a woman to bind up all her love in her own offspring. Take this poor lad you call Humpy—"

"It is all very well for you to talk. You are here on a little visit, but I am here to stay, and this Humpy is the bane of my existence. It shocks you, but you must take into account my temperament, my ardent love of the beautiful, my sensitiveness to all that

is repulsive," said Mrs. Neal. "I cannot do more than tolerate him; indeed, I find it hard to do that. As for the intimacy between him and the child, I do not like it, but see no way to put an end to it without offending my good father-in-law."

"If you saw a famishing person gnawing a crust would you have the heart to take it from him?" Phebe sighed as she asked the question; she felt the futility of arguing with this sad-faced widow whose interest centred solely about herself and child.

"You're a dear little preacher, Phebe, but you can't convert me. You don't understand how the constant presence of the hunchback grates on me. You have the sympathetic temperament, I the artistic." She drew her black lace scarf about her neck and stood up. "Let us not talk any more about it. You know I wouldn't be really unkind to Humpy."

"But you are unkind to him—you make him wince. Those who suffer from physical deformity are acutely sensible of their misfortune. Look, Margaret! stand here by this post; isn't it a pretty picture?"

It was a pretty picture. On a gorgeous cushion of leaves that had lately detached themselves from the maples at the foot of the big old-fashioned garden, sat Humpy and Hilda. Both were bareheaded, for the golden sunbeams rioting round had not the heat and glare of summer in them. Hilda's fair head nestled against the hunchback's arm; her face, eager with interest in the story, was lifted to his.

It was on Humpy that Phebe's eyes dwelt. His was a strangely beautiful face, she thought. Auburn hair pushed back from a high forehead,

eyes big and dark and luminous, mouth sensitive—an unchildish face, with a pathos in it born of self-pity and a bitterness born of self-contempt. Phebe, who would be young of heart when her hair was white, young of heart as long as she lived, felt her eyes fill.

"O words which wound! O looks which scar!" she whispered to herself. "Come, Margaret," aloud, "come, and say something kind to that lonely, unhappy creature. He is shy with me, but his glance always follows you adoringly."

Thus appealed to Mrs. Neal took her cousin's arm, and the two sauntered down the path. "Hilda," she said, and her voice was tender, "mamma wishes you to come for a walk with her and Cousin Phebe."

"Oh, mamma!" cried the child, springing up, "my dear, dear Humpy has been telling me the beautifullest story!"

"Humpy is very kind." The coldness of her speech was marked, yet it was not this coldness which cut the sensitive hunchback to the quick; it was the swift averting of her eyes. He told himself often that he was used to that lifting of the wonderful blue eyes, that he did not care, did not care at all, but the act always made him shrink. It was Humpy's misfortune to love Mrs. Neal better than any one in the world—Hilda not excepted—and the burning desire of his undisciplined heart was that she should think well of him. Humpy was only fourteen, but he was old for his years. He knew that she resented his presence in the home, knew that he was an eyesore to her, and knowing, hated himself for the deformity which made him hideous in her eyes. He smiled sometimes when a shiver went through her if he chanced to touch her ever so lightly, but it was a smile sadder than tears. Crouching down on the crimson leaves he watched her walk away with Hilda clinging to her hand. How beautiful she was! With her slender figure, her pensive face, and pale gold hair she was like the pictured saint in the stained glass

window of the cathedral. If she would give him one, just one, of the loving looks she showered on Hilda! If she would speak to him once with that tender inflection, why—here the lump in his throat threatened to choke him, and he could only bury his face and cry bitter unchildish tears.

He grew so morose that even gentle Phebe felt repelled. To Hilda he was always gentle, to the others he gave no look or word that he could avoid.

Life was not a pleasant thing for Humpy those late days of the summer when the haze was on the hill top, and the crickets hiding in the lean and withered grass piped as cheerily as though all the world were green. He brooded, and brooding is bad for a boy. He rarely whistled, that wonderful voice of his was never raised in song. In the old uneventful life, when there were only his uncle, himself, and the two sturdy domestics in the establishment, he had not been so rebellious, but with the advent of young Mrs. Neal and Hilda, the widow and daughter of the only son of the house, he began to realize his misfortune more fully.

The child with her artless ways, her dependence on him, was something sweet and wonderful to Humpy. But it was the mother to whom he bowed down and worshipped, and it was the mother who broke his heart.

"It's no wonder she can't bear me," he would mutter. "It's bad enough for her to leave her own home and relations and come here to live, without having to feast her eyes on me, a chap that has a hump like a peddler's pack on his shoulders, and who lopes along like a lame cur. I don't know why—" the rebellion growing hotter as the pain and discontent deepened—"I don't know why God made me all twisted up, inside and out. It doesn't seem fair, it isn't fair. Surely it isn't fair."

There had been a time when Humpy knelt at his mother's knee each day of his life, and thanked God for all the beauty of the universe—when the breath and bloom of growing things, the gleam of the river circling the hill, the grandeur of sunrise and sunset, the



beauty and the mystery of the milky way which to his young eyes was a pathway leading to the Throne, luminous with the glory of the white-robed angels going up and down on errands for the King—thanked God for all things fair and good. There had been a time when that soul of his, now so dark and troubled, leaned itself on the tender care of the Father with that absolute trust which is the foundation of perfect happiness, but that time was past and forgotten. Nay, not forgotten! Dear tender-hearted Phebe, in bidding him good-bye one bleak December day, whispered:

"I hope you'll have a merry Christmas, Humpy. I'll be thinking of you. You see, I know what it is to be lonely and downhearted, to miss somebody—oh, very, very much—and this helps me to understand how hard it is for you now that your mother has gone home." He flung himself out of the house, and took the way to the grave where slept the one who had made this world a paradise for him. From there he went to the grey old church, and standing in the silence and soft gloom of the place poured out his very soul in song.

It did him good. The old time expression, half glad, wholly wistful, was on his face that night as he sat with Margaret Neal and Hilda beside the hearth. The wind whistled about the windows telling how bare and bleak the earth was, and Margaret, taking her baby to her heart, crooned softly in the firelight. Her face was so warm and tender that Humpy edged a little nearer. Surely when he was in the shadow where his poor, crooked back could not be noticed she might spare him a little crumb of affection in return for all he felt for her. A heart hunger that would not be put down had possession of him. Maybe if he were to ask her—the dark eyes grew dim for a moment, the face white from the strength of the new resolve. "Do you think," he said, with an effort which cost him all his strength, "you could care a little for me, Mrs. Neal?" Then, as she gave no sign of having heard, he stepped out in the firelight

and faced her. "Couldn't you shut your eyes and make believe I wasn't a hunchback, but a nice spry fellow, straight and tall, and good to look at for a little while? Shut your eyes and listen to me sing. Oh, I can sing; I used to make old Merle the sexton cry when I sang in the church for him on Saturday afternoons. I'll not make you cry though; I'll make you smile, make you feel so happy you'll maybe be a little proud of me, and—it doesn't matter much, of course, but if you could love me I'd be—" He did not finish; something in her averted face struck him dumb.

"Oh, sing for me, sing for me!" cried Hilda, rapturously, "sing of the Child in the manger, the beautiful song you sang me in the garden the day my head ached and my throat hurted."

"I did not know you could sing"—the widow made an honest effort to put the chill out of her voice—"I will be pleased to hear you at any time."

"You'll never hear me," he cried passionately, "for I'll never sing again." Back to the shadows he limped, a poor, forlorn figure, that smote her with a sudden sense of pity.

It was too bad she told herself, altogether too bad that the boy should be, with all his other shortcomings, so pushing, so unchildish. As for loving him, that was out of the question; her artistic temperament made it an impossibility, an utter impossibility. Here a conversation she and Phebe had held came back to her. She had been pleading that artistic temperament of hers, and Phebe had said gravely, "Methinks when the Master begins to say, 'I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger and ye took me not in,' the artistic temperament will be a lame excuse."

Why should this conversation recur to her, and recurring, why should it disquiet her? Phebe was too intense. Phebe got on her nerves sometimes. The idea of trying to impress on her that she owed—really owed—love and care to such as Humpy.

She looked over at him. He sat huddled in a big chair, his head drooping. She spoke to him, but got no answer. What an uncomfortable boy he was! When a little later he returned neither Hilda's kiss, nor whispered "good-night," Mrs. Neal felt aggrieved, and told herself that he had a disposition as contorted as his body.

As for Humpy, he still sat by the grate when all the household were in bed. All the evil forces of his nature were at work. The longing for love, for appreciation, for a little, just a little pride in his one gift, the gift of song, was gone. He had asked and been denied. How he hated himself for making that supplication, and her for refusing it! How he hated all things as he sat there, quivering in every nerve, beaten to the earth with humiliation! The boy was so old for his years, he had all a grown person's capacity for suffering, and only the child's power of endurance. There were terrible depths to his nature, too. Oh, to end it all, to sleep in quiet and peace out yonder on the hill beside his mother! Life was too hard and cruel, he could not live it out. He knew—Humpy was subtly wise in many ways—that a double dose of the drops they gave him when the pain in his back grew to an agony would put him so sound asleep he would never waken. It would be easy—so easy. The temptation to take his own life grew all-powerful with the little hunchback. Nobody would know, or guess, that he had died by his own hand. Not that he cared, save that discovery might keep him from his place beside his mother, and there he could sleep—and there alone.

What was ahead if he lived? Thwarted ambition, heartache. The one person who might have helped shivered at sight of him. Very deliberately he got up from his chair—there was no time like the present. He was not sane. I doubt if anyone is sane whose misery is so great that self-destruction suggests itself. Methinks the Man of Sorrows hath a great pity for the soul that sees no way out of its

Gethsemane but the way of death.

Humpy had to help himself up the stairs by clinging to the bannister. He was so weak that he trembled, but his eyes glowed with the strength of his resolve. Uncanny, Mrs. Neal had called him, and uncanny he was in the deliberate way in which he made his preparations. He turned down the covers of his bed, put the glass of water where it was wont to stand, and began to undress.

There was no faltering. He put on his nightshirt, even brushed out his thick auburn curls, and all the while he was wondering who would come to wake him—wake him.

Should he say a prayer? No, what was there to pray for? He had made his last cry for help to either God or man. Yet, hold—a tremor shook him—yes, he would get on his knees and importune God for one thing—one only.

Then Humpy made his appeal.

There was one who heard it, who will hear it as long as she lives. Margaret Neal had been unable to sleep. Every time her eyes had closed, instead of slumber had come visions of Humpy—Humpy, as he had shrunk from her, hurt, despairing; Humpy huddled in the shadows; Humpy rejecting Hilda's caress. What if he were to revenge himself on the child? Hunchbacks had distorted, evil dispositions very often, and—a fear and unrest took hold of her, and finally drove her to Humpy's room. She would propitiate him, perhaps appeal to him.

So it came to pass that her selfish love of Hilda brought her to the place where she was to receive the lesson of a lifetime, as, standing at his door, she saw the kneeling figure, the white, uplifted face, and heard the low-voiced passionate prayer:

"Oh, God, I'm quitting because I'm a coward. It's all too hard, and hurts too much. You've never been a hunchback and had your heart trampled on, so you can't know how I feel. You haven't been good to me; you took away the only one that loved me in all the world. Nobody is good to me. I

loved *her*”—the listening woman shivered—“and when I begged a little crumb she—she—struck me here,” laying a hand on his bosom. “I didn’t make myself. Being what I am, I couldn’t expect much, but if I can’t have somebody a little fond of me, and proud of me—if I’m to get nothing but sneers and looks that hurt worse than whips, I’m going to end it. If you meant me to be a laughing-stock and eyesore you might have given me a different mind. I don’t ask you to forgive me; send me to hell if you want to; hell can’t be worse than this. I’ve got no favour to ask for myself, but, oh God, listen to me this once, and do what I desire for Jesus’ sake—*don’t let mother know!*”

Oh, the silence in that little room! The widow’s face was white as her dressing-gown, as she stood behind the curtain and watched Humpy pour out the drops with steady hands, then, as he raised the glass to his lips, she rushed forward with—

“Humpy, what would you do? Oh, my boy, what would you do?” She took the poor misshapen form in her strong arms, and, holding him there, a great flood of tenderness and pity swept over her. “Forgive me, Humpy, I didn’t know; forgive me—and love me!”

Humpy did not hear all she said, but he saw her face, and felt her arms about him in a clasp as tender as the mother’s used to be. She was a saint, this fair-haired, white-robed woman, and God had sent her, had surely sent her.

“And the angel of His presence saved them,” he whispered, and fainted dead away.

On Christmas Day the hunchback, conquering himself—a blessed victory—stood up in the cathedral to sing an anthem. It was his thankoffering, and what it cost even the widow did not know, though she guessed when from her pew she saw the perspiration on his forehead, the blanching of his cheeks, the sudden shrinking from the public gaze.

His eyes went to the stained-glass window, where the winter sunshine

revelled, and fixed themselves on a face; his voice rose.

O the sweetness of that song, the moving power, the strength! It filled the old cathedral, it felt its way to the souls of all. It was a chant, a hymn of exaltation.

Hark!

“For He said, surely they are my people!”

“Children that will not lie!”

“So He was their Saviour.”

“In all their affliction”

“He was afflicted,”

“And the angel of His presence saved them;”

“In His love and in His pity”

“He redeemed them,”

“And He bare them,”

“And carried them,”

“All the days of old!”

The widow and children had to eat their Christmas dinner alone, for Mr. Neal had been called away on important business, and would not return until next day.

“Take the head of the table, Theodore Neal Dixon,” said Margaret Neal, and laughed at Hilda’s puzzled air, and the boy’s wide-eyed amazement. No more nicknames, no more Humpy.

“Theodore, your first mother called you; Theodore Neal, your second mother calls you because when you are a great singer, thrilling all hearts with that voice of yours, she wants to feel that she has a share in you; that you belong to her.”

“Hurrah!” cried the boy, and “hurrah!” cried the little maid, till the wondering servant looked in to see what all the ado might be about.

“That’s right,” laughed Margaret; “make all the noise you want to. This is something more than the ordinary Christmas feast, you know.”

“Why, what is it, mamma?” asked Hilda.

“The re-christening of Humpy—our Humpy,” answered the widow, and the eyes turned on the hunchback were tender as those other eyes which had looked on him long ago, the eyes of his dear dead mother.



## Development of Street Railways in Canada

By W. G. ROSS

IN view of considerable climatic difficulties, the development of electric street railways in Canada has points of special interest, among which are :

1. The early start and rapid progress.
2. Invincibility to weather.
3. Liberal fares and universal free transfer
4. Remarkable popular and financial success.

Canadian street railways were among the first roads on the American continent to change from horse to electric traction, and the progressive development of the electric street railways in Canada has been nowhere surpassed in the world; this notwithstanding the exceptional conditions offered in most cities by the severe and prolonged winter. The enterprise and courage required to face the first experiment of a trolley system in Canada were no ordinary qualities; but the Canadian grasp of the electric idea was early, quick and strong, despite uncertainties and difficulties which are not easily appreciated save to those who know the winter conditions in a majority of cities on the northern side of the line.

What the first electric railway promoters in Canada had to face was a problem, popularly considered insolvable, of moving the winter snowfall bodily from the streets as fast as it came. The public laughed at the idea. Investors shied at it. Consider what snow is in most Canadian cities. The average annual fall is from two to ten feet on the level or for the streets probably twice or three times that depth, as each street receives finally the snowfall of a large adjoining area.

Notwithstanding this outlook, Canada, as already said, was in the electric race from almost the start. The first electric railway in America was

inaugurated, I think, in Richmond, Va., late in 1888. Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, ran the first electric car in June, 1891. The following year saw a general change from horse to electric traction. Hamilton began in June, 1892. Toronto on Aug. 17, 1892; Montreal on Sept. 21, 1892, and Winnipeg in the same month. St. John, N. B., started April 6, 1893; Halifax, Feb. 13, 1896, and the ancient city of Quebec on July 3, 1897, running a close race with the comparatively new and progressive coast city of Vancouver.

Perhaps the very climatic difficulties had much to do with the great financial success and the rapid spread of the electric systems, as nowhere (with the exception of Toronto, where climatic conditions are not so severe as in most cities in the Dominion) did the street railways under the old horse traction afford the travelling public as poor accommodation as in Canada. Use of the cars, sleighs or busses was then confined to the unfortunates who travelled on them only in cases of necessity, especially in winter. The circumstances may be glanced at profitably, perhaps. Horse power could not keep a street car track clear of snow and ice during winter in most Canadian cities, and no attempt was made to do it. Two sets of street railway equipment were thus required, horse cars and busses for summer, sleighs for winter. The expense and trouble of this were not the deadly considerations. The winter upset all possibility of cleanliness and comfort; to keep people's feet warm, straw was loaded into the bottom of the sleighs, where no possible amount of renewal could keep it clean or decent; there it would lie, unkempt and unsightly, dirty

and unsanitary, particularly on wet days, contributing dubious odours to the atmosphere of the cars.

The advent of the electric cars was a transformation indeed. The slow, dirty busses or sleighs, disease-breeding vehicles, confined to the condensed portion of the towns, running at intervals anywhere from fifteen minutes to half an hour, were replaced by something infinitely better. People jumped to patronize the improvement, which in turn responded to the patronage, and now are seen magnificently appointed cars following closely one after another to all parts of cities and their suburbs at a speed no one just before the change thought possible. The enterprising men who have been chiefly instrumental in revolutionizing the antiquated street railway systems deserve all honour and credit for the successful manner in which they have developed the new systems and made them what they are; such men are James Ross, William Mackenzie, Hon. L. J. Forget, Thomas Ahearn, W. Y. Soper and H. A. Everett, whose names will go down to history as marking a period of the complete and perfect development of electric street railways in the Dominion.

The construction and equipment of the Canadian roads were the best at the time, and have been kept up with all modern improvements, Montreal being the first road on the American continent to lay rails in concrete without ties, a fact that was an education to many United States roads, and favourably commented on at the annual convention of the American Street Railway Association held in that city in 1894. All the roads are equipped with open and closed cars, rendered absolutely necessary by the severe changes in temperature, a full complement of sweepers and other mechanical devices for the handling of snow, car sheds, power houses and modern machinery. Almost all generate their electricity by steam, though water-power is used in Ottawa, Quebec and Hamilton, and Montreal will shortly get its electrical energy from that source.

In the matter of street railway accounting, Canada has led the way, the standard system of accounts recently adopted by the Street Railway Accountants' Association of America showing practically no change from the system in practice in the principal Canadian companies since 1893.

Steam railway service meets no such problem in snow in winter as street railway service does. In a city street there is more than the natural fall of snow on that area. From the roof tops and the sidewalks, the snow comes on the street, a double accumulation, and as the snow lodges, it is beaten solid by traffic. The street railway cannot shove the snow aside; practically there is no room. The snow must be moved bodily, and not merely the snow from the car tracks, but from the whole street, for otherwise the car tracks would soon be obliterated.

Canadian street car companies take no chances with winter storms. The companies keep a keen weather eye both on the "Probs," and on the local weather manifestations, and the moment trouble is sniffed, the enemy is tackled. Any symptom of a heavy snowfall, let alone a storm or a blizzard, calls out the electric sweepers, and promptly if necessary the snow sleighs. As a result it is probably correct to say that winter street car service in Canadian cities has fewer interruptions than in the northern cities in the neighbouring states; for the simple reason that not so often subjected to attack, and fearing danger less, the American companies are less effectively equipped.

Fighting the climatic conditions in some Canadian cities is a matter of money of course, as well as brains. Apart from the equipment necessary in the shape of sweeper cars and their crews, the mere cost of removal of snow is a large item. As an instance of what this may cost, the Ottawa Street Railway Co. paid out for merely the removal of snow, about 1½ per cent on its capital, while in Montreal last winter the total cost of handling snow was equal to 3 per cent on the

capital of the company; so it is apparent that Canadian companies, most of them, are pretty heavily taxed by the snow-fighting. Yet in face of this great special expense, the operating expenses per cent of earnings will compare favourably with that of roads south of line 45.

A powerful factor in the popularity of street car service in Canada is the universal system of free transfer. Everywhere one fare carries to any point in a city. This privilege to the passenger has been facilitated by several things—above all by the fact that there is but one company in each city. Yet despite the complete transfer privilege fares are low. Five cents is the highest fare, six tickets are given for 25 cents, making the regular fare practically 4 1-6 cents. But there are special tickets, all roads issuing workmen's tickets limited to certain hours morning and evening at eight for 25 cents, or 3 1-8 cents per fare. Tickets for children are issued at 2½ cents by most roads, and some roads give Sunday tickets good all day at eight for 25 cents. About 20 per cent of the passengers use workmen's tickets, and 5 per cent the children's. Thirty-five per cent of the passengers on Canadian

lines—over one-third—used transfers during the past year.

Excellent service, handsome open cars in summer, thoroughly heated ones in winter, liberal concessions in fares and transfers, testify to the conviction of the companies that it pays to be in advance of the requirements of the public. Little is left undone to meet the wishes and comforts of passengers. It is fitting that most of the companies should enjoy, as they unquestionably do, not only great financial success, but popularity.

That demand creates supply is a popular axiom. That supply creates demand is proved by electric car service if by nothing else, and proved particularly in the Dominion. The supply of first-class street car service has brought out a patronage which is unquestionably remarkable.

While it is difficult to give actual statistics of the development of the street railway systems of Canada, so far as the statistics previous to the introduction of electricity go, the following interesting comparison will tend to show the great development that has taken place between the years 1892 and 1899, the statistics being for eight of the principal roads:

#### DEVELOPMENT OF ELECTRIC STREET RAILWAYS.

	1892.	1899.	Per cent Increase.
Gross earnings.....	\$1,702,685.00	\$3,797,086.00	123
Operating expenses.....	\$1,299,659.00	\$2,088,355.00	61
Net earnings.....	\$403,028.00	\$1,708,729.00	424
Passengers, number.....	37,323,810	90,302,198	142
Track mileage.....	150	335	115
Miles run.....	9,662,363	23,224,592	140
Population served.....	592,000	809,000	37
Gross earnings per capita.....	\$2.88	\$4.69	...
Capitalization per mile of track.....	\$18,395.00	\$59,985.00	...
Expenses, per cent of gross earnings.....	76	55	...

During this period the gross and net earnings of the larger roads have increased as follows, the figures being the per cent of increase:

Montreal—Gross, 195; net, 665.

Toronto—Gross, 63; net, 198.

Ottawa—Gross, 268; net, 222.

London—Gross, 196; net, 526.

Toronto leads all roads in Canada in earnings per capita of population, namely, \$6.37, and is lowest in operating per cent. of earnings, 48.76;

Montreal has increased her gross earnings per capita of population more than any other road, namely, from \$2.56 in 1892 to \$5.53 in 1899; Ottawa, \$1.75 in 1892 to \$4.62 in 1899; while Ottawa leads in increased miles run, 557 per cent.

The total number of passengers carried in the Dominion of Canada for the year 1899 approximated 105,000,000, or about 20 rides per capita of the whole population of the Dominion.



# WOMAN'S

Edited by

Mrs. Willoughby Gummings

# SPHERE

## WOMAN AND THE MOTOR-CAR.

**B**EFORE another year rolls around, Canadian women will be indulging in a new sport ; golf will have found a rival. The motor-car will be the third among modern crazes, in which the bicycle and golf were the first two. Ladies who are fond of driving and riding are most likely to turn to automobiling. To guide a motor-car is no harder work than to guide a team of spirited horses, or to wield a brasse. It is more akin in nature to the guiding of a bicycle, requiring the same sensitiveness of touch, the same quickness of the mind, eye, hand, and body. The "braking," being automatic, is not nearly so strenuous as the "braking" of a bicycle when a sudden stop or a slow-down is required. A tense, strong touch is required for changing speed, turning-out, or rounding a corner, but at no point is the difficulty too great for a well-poised woman.

Queen Alexandra has her own motor-car which is known as a "victoriette," being very similar in build to our country phaetons. It is capable of travelling forty miles on one charge and will attain a speed of twenty miles an hour. It is said that the Queen has forwarded a duplicate of it as a Christmas present for her sister, the Empress Dowager of Russia.

Many other English women have taken it up. One society woman, Mrs. Wegeulin, living near London, has several types of motor-cars and goes shopping in Piccadilly with her machine. Since she adopted the fad in 1898, she has covered 30,000 miles. She successfully handles a twelve horse-power carriage, which is much larger than the usual runabout and capable of a higher speed. It is the same size machine as the King uses.

A Miss Butler was the first English-woman to obtain a certificate of driving competency from the French authorities, who are the leaders in this sport. She has travelled through the centre of France, from north to south, in her five horse-power car, and at one point accomplished a climb of 4,000 feet and a similar descent. In five days she covered over 600 miles without any particular attempt or desire to make a record. Of course, Miss Butler is an enthusiast. Lady automobilists are given the title "chauffeuse."

Mr. Selwyn F. Edge is the owner of a fifty horse-power car in which he has competed in the French and German races ; this is the most powerful English car yet built. Mrs. Edge is a clever automobilist also, and is fond of running about the streets of London.

In fact, the number of accomplished *chauffeuses* in England is rapidly increasing, and Hyde Park is getting quite accustomed to them. That is the reason for the assertion in the opening paragraph, that Canadian ladies would soon be taking to automobiling as a sport. In fact, Toronto already possesses two or three ladies who may be classed as *chauffeuses*. The writer was passing down Yonge street one evening recently when two ladies passed in an automobile, and caring on Yonge street in the evening requires some skill. However, the lady in charge of the lever seemed to have no fear of street-cars or congested traffic.

C.

## WOMEN WORKERS.

**I**T is with no little surprise that one hears that in India there is an excellent magazine edited by a native lady of Madras, Mrs. Saththianadhan. The women of India are cer-

tainly undergoing a wonderful transformation when such a thing is even possible. From a Zenana to an editorial chair is certainly a far cry. The *Indian Ladies' Magazine* is daintily got up, and is full of interesting articles affecting British and Indian life, written in good English. Here are a few titles of the papers it contains:—"Queen Victoria and Queen Alexandra" (illustrated), "Social Intercourse between European and Indian Ladies," "Friendly Chats Between Ourselves," "The Home," etc. There are capital Editorial Notes, News of the World, and Cookery and Correspondence columns. The *Bombay Guardian* says, "The starting of this paper marks an epoch in the emancipation of Indian womanhood." It speaks much for the progress of women's education in India, and the capability of India's women, that they are able to conduct periodicals for themselves, to "voice their feelings, grievances and aspirations." The *Indian Witness* says that one of the brightest magazines published in Bengal is edited by a Bengali lady. The subject of one of its most recent articles was "The Rights of Woman!"

The London, England, Needlework Guild have lately been holding an exhibition of the work done by their members. The Princess of Wales personally superintended the arrangements of the sixty thousand garments. The members of her own branch sent upwards of 12,000 articles, and the King contributed twelve warm winter suits and overcoats. The Prince of Wales was a large donor, his gifts numbering five hundred, and included flannel shirts, vests, hosiery, and pretty little cloaks and hoods; the Princess supplementing these by some half-dozen crochet petticoats in pink and blue, made by Her Royal Highness. Princess Victoria gave many useful and seasonable shawls and hand-knitted stockings, and amongst the garments contributed by the various branches of the Guild may be mentioned underclothing of all kinds, babies'

clothes, dresses, petticoats, spencers, socks, blankets, quilts, and other winter necessities, the presidents of several branches and others sending large consignments of clothing, including the Duchess of Somerset, Mrs. Basil Ellis, Lady Harcourt, Mrs. Halford, Lady Faudel-Phillips, Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and Lady Maitland. This Guild was organized by the Duchess of Teck, her daughter succeeding her as president. The Guild has a branch in Canada.

The work of the Victorian Order of Nurses has grown wonderfully during the past year, and many new centres have been organized where the need of the services of a trained nurse seemed most necessary. The Order, which was established in the first place, after much hard work by the Countess of Aberdeen, as a memorial of the Queen's Jubilee, has had to overcome misunderstanding concerning the work and intentions of the Order; but this is now, fortunately, a matter of past history and from every city and town wherever the nurses are at work comes the universal testimony, from both physicians and patients, that their services are invaluable. Owing to the untiring efforts of Her Excellency the Countess of Minto, many Cottage Hospitals have been, and are to be, opened in connection with the Order. So that Canada has good reason to be grateful to two Viceregal ladies for the fact that thousands of those who are sick and needy may now have skilled care. The chief lady superintendent, Miss MacLeod, makes many journeys from ocean to ocean supervising the work.

The biennial meeting of the Dominion W.C.T.U., which has lately been held in Montreal, was successful in every respect. The large attendance of delegates proved that the aims and objects of the organization are still of keen interest to the workers, who at no little self-sacrifice devote so much time to the furtherance of the cause

they have in hand. The re-election of Mrs. A. O. Rutherford as President is cordially endorsed by the Society. The fact that the World's Convention is to be held in Canada again next year proves that the other National Associations found their last gathering in this country, some four or five years ago, to have been helpful to their cause.

E. C.

#### WIFE, PRO TEM.

"MY wife, *pro tem.*, I believe," said Crawford, as, hat in hand, he regarded curiously the young woman whose features were clearly the origin of the photograph he held.

"I think I must be, if your name is Crawford," she assented with a nervous laugh. "Mine is Hubbard—Geraldine Hubbard. Mr. Day told me you would be looking for me," and she gave him her hand shyly, yet trustingly, for Crawford had a face which inspired confidence, and even the strangeness of the situation did not blind her to that fact.

Three months before Geraldine had joined a touring company, and her acting in a curtain raiser had attracted the attention of a famous stage manager and dramatist. The latter's praise had induced Joe Day to engage her for his American touring company.

"I will pay fares," he told her, when the contract had been signed, "but from Chicago you will have to go west with Guy Crawford, my new leading man."

Geraldine murmured some polite little speech about it being nice to have someone to look after her, thereby increasing the confusion which was already crimsoning Day's face.

"Well—you see," he began awkwardly, "Crawford is not the worst part of the job. He's a great boy, big-hearted, tender as a woman, and as—as good an actor as ever walked, but it's this: Crawford has friends in the railway offices in Chicago, and he's got passes right through to the coast for himself and wife. Now, you can

save me a lot of money if you will travel as his wife."

Day awkwardly lit his cigar to cover his embarrassment. By no means had he a reputation for bashfulness, but this novice might not understand the situation.

Geraldine blushed more rosily than he had done, and there was a tremble in her voice as she spoke.

"Your suggestion may perhaps be sincere, Mr. Day," she said, "but I'm already engaged, and you really can't expect me to break my word and marry another man for the sake of a few pounds. Why—why, I'd rather pay it myself!"

"My dear child," he explained, "you don't have to actually get married. All you have to do is to act as though you had known Crawford for a few years. No honeymoon, you know, just pure business, and only the porter and guard will know you as Mrs. C. You are Mrs. Crawford from Chicago to Oakland. You enter 'Frisco as Miss Hubbard.

So it had been arranged, and, though her *fiancé* objected, Geraldine convinced him that it was no worse than being a man's wife on the stage; and Jack Hamilton was even disposed to joke about it as he saw her off in the Erie station. "Remember," he cried, as he waved adieu, "it's only a wife *pro tem.*"

Here, in the Chicago station, it was a shock to look up at the tall, handsome fellow, and to realize that she would be Mrs. Crawford for the ensuing three days.

It was late in the afternoon when the train started on the three-day run. Geraldine was tired, and immediately after supper went to her berth, and she saw nothing of Guy until she stepped off the car at Omaha the next morning to take a short stroll on the platform.

Guy was already out, and he hastened up. "Good morning, Geraldine," was his greeting, and noting her start, he continued: "I shall have to call you Geraldine, and you must



call me Guy, to keep the officials from suspecting anything. The Great Central man came to me last night after you had retired, and made me prove identity, because, for one thing, you had no ring on. He was a bit suspicious. I had letters that fixed me up all right, and I explained that actresses seldom wore their wedding rings. At the same time, to save the position, would you mind wearing this? It was my mother's. And he drew from his finger a plain gold band.

She slipped it on her hand, wondering what Jack would say, but the next moment she had forgotten young Hamilton in the charm of Crawford's conversation. Like most actors of the better class, Crawford was a capital talker, ever ready to amuse, and careful to use the personal pronoun sparingly. The long, dusty trip, ordinarily so tedious, passed rapidly, and by the time Ogden was reached Hamilton was forgotten.

The next morning the spell was completed. The first glimpses of the Sierras strongly moved this English girl.

Even when dusk closed in, and Crawford led her back to their own car, she was strangely silent, and at dinner answered his laughing remarks in monosyllables.

"How could he be so merry, when it would all end in a few hours?" she asked herself.

At last it did end.

The train arrived at Oakland, late, as Great Central trains usually are, and they went on board the ferry for San Francisco.

It was a perfect Californian night, the blue sky studded with stars. A very night for romance, and as Geraldine leaned over the rail, she sighed softly. Guy looked down on her.

"Well, it's over," he said gently, "but I shall always remember this trip. Usually it's so dull across the desert. Has it been tiresome to you?"

"No," she cried, "anything but that. At first I was afraid of my—my 'husband!' but you were so good that

I soon forgot that part. It was almost real. I never supposed marriage was so happy."

"It isn't," he replied harshly. "It's all right *pro tem.*, but the quarrels will creep in. My wife and I travel in different companies, because we always quarrel when we're together, and at that we get along better than most."

"His wife!" Geraldine laid her head on the rail, and for a moment she forgot everything. Then the unconscious influence of the man and the mountains passed away, and she was herself again.

"I thank you so much for your kindness, Mr. Crawford," she said in her ordinary tones. "I have had such a pleasant time, and I hope that when I am married to a man who is now in England, I will be as happy a real wife as I was when a wife *pro tem.* Here is your divorce!" and she handed him his mother's wedding-ring.

*E. W. Sargent in London Magazine.*

#### THE TRANSVAAL WOMEN.

L. F. Austin writes in the *Illustrated London News* as follows:

"I have sadly upset a good lady at Bristol. Mystatements about the concentration camps, she says sweetly, are 'false altogether.' They happen to be literally accurate, as she might discover by a reference to the Blue Book. The doctors declare that the mortality in the camps is chiefly due to the ignorance, obstinacy and filthy habits of the Boer families. The Bristol lady knows better. 'I know several charming Boer women whose lovely fine complexions and luxuriant golden hair one cannot associate with any idea that their owner is partial to 'dirt,' and I know Boer mothers whose large families of well-bred healthy children betoken some knowledge of 'maternal duty.' Pleasing example of feminine Boeritis! Because this lady has seen Boers with lovely complexions and luxuriant golden hair, therefore the doctors have maligned the women in the camps, and I am a miserable traducer, unworthy to be read in the 'parish reading-rooms,' which the Bristol lady patronises. She had better send photographs of her charming acquaintances to the editor of *l'Illustration*, who will be delighted to publish them, together with the assertion that they are the sort of women libelled by the wicked British doctors."

# CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

THAT the keynote of affairs to-day is commerce is no new observation, but every year serves to furnish fresh proof of its truth. Many circumstances seem to show that the world is reaching a crisis in that respect. With the exception of the British Isles every country has been engaged in the endeavour to do two things which, if universally practised, must be mutually irreconcilable. They have endeavoured, first, to protect their own markets from the invasion of the foreigner, and second, to find markets abroad for their surplus products. In the almost universal prevalence of these economic principles the nations are regarding each other with truly barbaric suspicion and jealousy.

Within the next year or two some of the existing commercial treaties expire and the terms of their renewal have become an uppermost topic among the nations. In Germany the matter has already become a subject of practical politics, and will occupy a large share of the attention of the next session of the Reichstag.

Germany, however, does not find herself by any means united about the course that must be pursued. It seems probable that the Chancellor would be satisfied to continue existing conditions except where some pressure could be brought to bear to coerce a rival here and there into granting better terms to German goods, or to throw open her markets altogether to nations whose industrial rivalry she does not fear. It is believed, for example, that she would be willing to establish a *zollverein* with Austria, and is even so favourable to such an idea as to be disposed to squeeze the dual monarchy into a compliant mood. The dominant

feeling in Austria is that it would be better to endure a tariff war than to expose both agriculture and industry to the unchecked competition of Germany. The Italians hold much the same view and one or two of the Italian papers have said that if the triple alliance means opening the Italian frontiers to German goods it would be better to dissolve it.

Conflicting internal opinion, however, causes probably more concern among the Emperor's advisers. German agriculture, or rather the owners of agricultural lands, are in a bad way and clamour for greater protection. But industry is in an equally unsatisfactory state, and to artificially increase the cost of living while starving workmen are walking the streets is something that no responsible public man is prepared to do. The influence that famine in Ireland had in hastening the advent of free trade in England is well known. In John Bright's picturesque phrase, "Hunger against which we had so long warred joined forces with us." In Germany hunger stands in the way and forbids measures which, while benefiting one class would injure another which is sufficiently sore beset now. But the agrarians are showing great determination, their voting strength in the Reichstag is united, and their influence on affairs generally is exceptionally wide and deep—greater perhaps than any other single interest. The supposition is that the Chancellor will be able to hold them in check by threatening such measures as would unite several of the smaller cliques in the Chamber against them.

The next five years will see the most extraordinary searching of hearts in



## TWO VIEWS OF RECIPROCITY



THE DINGLEY TWINS

—*The Detroit Tribune*

"EXPORT" RECIPROCITY

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT: "Take away all you want, but Uncle Sam and I will see that as little as possible comes in. That's reciprocal relations."—*Toronto World*.

regard to what is fiscal truth than has been seen in the world before. In spite of the opposition manifested by Austria and Italy to freer trade relations with Germany it is in the direction of customs unions between countries that the liberation movement will first mani-

fest itself. The United States is showing the uneasy workings of the spirit within her borders. Poor as the South American markets are, the desire to command them is quite pronounced there. If the Americans could under some species of Pan-American agreement get preferential treatment in the markets of her neighbours to the south she would have all the advantages which colonial possessions offer, and none of the disadvantages. And European Powers would resent such an arrangement almost as much as if the sucking republics in the lower half of the hemisphere had been annexed. It is not hard to imagine how Germany would regard that colony of Germans who have settled in Brazil being wholly cut off even from commercial relations with the Fatherland, while the author of the Monroe doctrine did the trade.

This doctrine is being discussed with more than usual interest just now. Two utterances have served to endue it with fresh interest. The *London Spectator* ventured the opinion that there was nothing in the Monroe doctrine to which Great Britain took exception, and therefore she should recognize it as if it were practically a binding maxim of international law. Mr. Bourke Cochran had also something to say about it. A necessary sequence of the doctrine, he said, was that no European Power would be allowed to attack Canada, and

that therefore a further sequence would be that Canada must not give such Powers an excuse for attacking her. Her participation in any of the wars of the Empire would, therefore, be a breach of this understanding.



The suggestion of the *Spectator* cannot be regarded as a happy one. While Great Britain may have no particular objection to the Monroe doctrine, there are certainly plenty of reasons to deter her from voluntarily offering to subscribe to principles whose application could scarcely be foreseen. Indeed, Mr. Cochran reminds us of one application that has been foreseen, and a very objectionable application, the most distasteful of all being the proposition that this country would in some sense owe its safety to the good offices of another Power. If once we admitted that principle, self-respect would prompt us to cease taking a man's part in the affairs of the world. It is only the ill-conditioned boy who stones his neighbours passing on the highway, and then hides from their resentment under the coat-tails of his Uncle Samuel. We do not want the privilege of stoning our neighbours, but when we engage in that exhilarating sport we want to stand to all the consequences of it. The Monroe doctrine will remain an indisputable international legend just so long as it is not to the interests of the nations to dispute it. When any of them chooses to dispute it, and tries to do something in contravention of its spirit, it will depend for its ratification or non-ratification on which of them has the most invulnerable fleet. So far as Great Britain is concerned, she can afford to regard the promulgation of such a doctrine with fine equanimity, seeing that she has already a goodly slice in the northern continent and some unconsidered trifles in the central and southern portions. But to offer to endorse it, while it might be prettily girlish, is scarcely what might be expected of a hard-headed nation.

A remark somewhat in the same line might be applied to the question of the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and the substitution of a new con-



WELL PULLED, BOYS !

It would seem that Lord Rosebery has at last been prevailed upon to come out of his "lonely furrow."

—London "Daily Express."

vention therefor. Great stress is laid in both countries as to what the one or the other would be entitled to do in case of war. Much time need not be consumed in canvassing such points, because when the time comes for war, and we may sincerely hope that that will never be, neither Power will consult what it is allowed to do by treaty but will proceed to ascertain the best measures of attack and defence and take them accordingly. The only provision that would render rules and conditions measurably binding would be those guaranteed by the Great Powers of the world, but as in this the other Powers do not appear to have been consulted, the only guarantee is the disposition of the contracting countries.

An animated debate is going on as to how Great Britain could get her food supply if the United States and Russia were contemporaneously leagued against her. Those who fear such a possibility advocate the imposition

of an Imperial customs duty on food-stuffs, so as not only to furnish an armament fund, but also to encourage grain-growing within the Empire, and thereby relieve the United Kingdom from having to rely on possible enemies for food. The disputants have said a good deal about what the natural laws of supply and demand might be expected to do, but so far as Canada is concerned it is likely that physical considerations would have to be encountered first. How much grain would be shipped out of Canada if Great Britain were at war with the United States? The granary would of course be our Northwest, with that long railway journey between it and the sea. When 250,000 men have found it impossible to prevent a handful of guerillas in South Africa from cutting the railway again and again—almost daily at times—what chance would we have, under the conditions mentioned, of maintaining the uninterrupted communication necessary for pouring grain across the continent to the ocean? It is to be feared that the embargo would apply pretty thoroughly to the whole continent.

It is true that Lord Kitchener appears at length to have solved the problem of defending the railways, by virtually planting block-houses along the lines almost within hail of each other, but such a means of defence is only possible where the defenders vastly outnumber the assailants. By this plan of operation the British general has unquestionably virtually finished the war. The weak point in his armour has hitherto been the railway. The necessity of maintaining his means of bringing up supplies has been paramount, and the time and energies of his men have been taken up in chasing marauders and repairing the breaches

constantly being made in the line. With the railway impregnable, he can now methodically wear out the foe. It is not the sort of work that is to the taste of a high-spirited army, but it has to be done. It is gratifying to feel sure that the end is not far off now. Some system like this block-house system had to be adopted sooner or later if the country was ever to settle down to the ways of peace.

A farcical incident, indeed, was the French naval expedition to the Turkish coast on a debt-collecting errand. It was crowned with almost immediate success, and we may be sure that henceforward Turkish loans will be the most popular form of security on the money markets of the great capitals. The Sick Man is really very sick. How long will he be allowed to manage the fair lands over which he has cast his blight? Even those states which have been torn from his grasp still perpetuate the vices of disorder which were learned in his school. A gang of bandits in Bulgaria seize defenceless women and hold them for ransom, feeling confident that they can escape or defy the feeble civil power. Here is a part of the earth within a ten hours' journey, according to modern means of travelling, of the city where Justinian gave laws to the world, and within about the same distance of those cities where two thousand years ago Lycurgus and Solon legislated, where Demosthenes spoke, where Philip and Alexander planned the mastery of the known universe. In fact, at the very birthplace of Western civilization we have incidents that would be disgraceful in the land of the Troglodytes. Could there be a stronger proof of the curse that Turkish domination has proved?

# PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

THE year 1902 finds Canada in a most prosperous condition. Our total foreign trade in 1867 was 131 millions in value. In

THE NEW 1872 it was 200 millions ;  
YEAR. in 1898, 300 millions ;  
and in 1902 (June 30th),

it promises to be 400 millions. There have been temporary set-backs at various periods, but the progress has been fairly steady since Confederation.

Manitoba, which was unknown in 1867, has become a Province of considerable importance. The year 1900 was a wonderful one, the yield of grain being about 56 million of bushels. This record was eclipsed in 1901 by a yield of 85 million bushels, of which 50 millions was wheat. And yet greater possibilities are in sight for the new Prairie Province. It promises to be, for its size, one of the greatest wealth-producers in the Dominion.

The Territories are also rapidly filling up. Manitoba's progress is almost duplicated in the district which lies just west of it. The railway from Prince Albert to Edmonton will soon be begun, and what is practically a new Province will be thrown open for settlement. Fifty thousand people or more went into the western districts last year, and the number promises to be greater during 1902.

Canadians are at last realizing the development for which the country has waited so patiently. The confidence of the people has been strengthened. Their courage has increased. The pulse of the country is stronger and faster. The tide of immigration has turned northward. Wealth and capital are increasing. The sun of Canadian prosperity is approaching the zenith, after a dull and misty rising. The atmosphere is clearing and the new day has burst upon us. Commerce and industry are flourishing as

never before, and the days of great wealth-gathering are at hand.

And in this new year there will be much to make people proud and thoughtful. The development of our industries, our commerce, our mining, our agriculture and our foreign trade will increase our pride. Canadians will need less to apologize for the slow growth of population, and for the number of young men who annually go to swell the population of the larger American cities. But with the development will come new responsibilities. To those who rule at Ottawa will come greater duties and burdens. On those at the Provincial capitals will be laid the responsibility of providing facilities for this new population and increased production. While these things may make us thoughtful, they need not cause us to be despondent. Canada has as good leaders in politics, trade and finance as she ever had, and the brains of the country may be trusted to keep pace with the increase in wealth and population.

✍

The increase of population in Ontario is now shown to be mostly in the French districts along the Ottawa.

The French in  
FRENCH VS. ENGLISH. Ontario has increased 60,000 out of a total of 90,000 in ten years. On this fact some journalists have based strong articles on the ultimate domination of the French even in Ontario. Not long ago, an English resident of Montreal told the writer that he was certain that some day Toronto would be a French-Canadian city. A French-Canadian ex-Governor of the Territories has ventured the assertion that Manitoba will be French in twenty years. The figures given out concerning the increase of population



in the Province of Quebec do not bear out this theory. The total increase in ten years is 157,037, and of this 121,634 is French, and 35,403 English. In other words, the French population has increased 12 per cent., and the English population 11 per cent. If the French-Canadian is making so little headway over the English-Canadian in Quebec, there can be little fear of his crowding the English-speaking Canadian out of Ontario or any of the other provinces. The French-Canadian's standard of living is rising, and as it rises he will compete with the English-Canadian on more equal terms. The *habitant* is becoming a comfort-loving, liberty-loving agriculturist, and as such is neither to be feared nor despised. His advances, whatever they may be, will tend to make him more and more valuable as a citizen, with an influence on Canadian life which will make for independence and self-reliance.



It is to be expected that now when transportation has developed to the "profitable" point, that control of the Intercolonial

FUTURE OF. Railway should be  
INTERCOLONIAL. sought by private  
capitalists. When

it could not earn enough to pay its expenses, the men with money were glad to leave it in the hands of the state. Its discouraging statement formed a nice background for the statements of privately-owned railways, and would inevitably delay the day of state ownership of all railways. Now that an industrial development in the Maritime Provinces, a greatly increased traffic, and a fast Atlantic service to Sydney, Halifax and St. John seem assured, the case is changed. Private capital is now willing to take over the Intercolonial.

The announcement has been made through the Halifax Board of Trade which, by a small majority, has voted in favour of handing over the I.C.R. to the Canadian Pacific. The men who have managed the latter road have won a proud position in this country. They have been progressive, en-

terprising and generous. They have given the public an excellent service, and their stockholders handsome dividends. The adding of 2,000 miles of excellent road to the C.P.R. system would be quite spectacular. It would bring the C.P.R. into contact with that industrial development now exhibiting itself so prominently in Nova Scotia. The eastern terminus at Sydney would be, perhaps, the western terminus of a fast Atlantic steamship line with a hundred-hour connection between that port and Liverpool.

A transportation company which could sell tickets in London for Yokohama and carry the passengers more than half way round the world on its own steamers and railway trains would be in a position to do a large business in passenger traffic. Similarly, it would be able to take a very prominent position among the freight carriers of the world. All this would benefit Canada. The volume of Canadian commerce would be increased. The opportunities for Canadian traders of all kinds would be multiplied. The outlook is most alluring.

If the C.P.R. would guarantee a fast Atlantic tri-weekly service in exchange for a lease of the Intercolonial, giving the Government absolute control of the rates to be charged for all traffic on that road, there would be much to say in favor of the proposition. It is hardly likely, however, that the C.P.R. would make any such generous offer. The I.C.R. has an annual deficit of nearly a million dollars and no doubt the C.P.R. would desire the Government to guarantee a bonus equal to the annual deficit. This of course the Government would not do, because there is always the hope that the annual deficit may be reduced by a development of the traffic. It would be interesting to know just on what basis the Nova Scotia Board of Trade would be willing to see the I.C.R. taken over by the C.P.R. and just what terms the C.P.R. would be willing to make.

Of course there is another point. The C.P.R. is already a powerful or-

ganization and to increase its power twenty-five per cent. would be a grave question requiring much consideration. Some people would no doubt suggest that the Government should add the C. P. R. to the I. C. R. instead of adding the I. C. R. to the C. P. R. A Government-owned road from Sydney to Vancouver would also be an alluring prospect to many progressive economists and publicists. Australia, Switzerland and Germany have been experimenting with State-owned roads very successfully and there are many Canadians who believe the experiment would be worth trying in this country. It would not be difficult to secure enough money in Canada to buy up the hundred odd millions of C. P. R. stock. The Government would be making a large investment but it would be one which the people of Canada with over 400 millions on deposit in the banks would be willing and able to finance. They would be willing to buy the stock even though the Government alone had the power of choosing the directors.

Whatever may be done, the question of what is best is an attractive one to writers and thinkers. The Halifax Board of Trade has opened up a unique subject for discussion and it would do no harm if some of our best publicists would discuss it at some length.

Mr. Gilbert Parker will visit Canada this month for the first time since his entry into political life, and he will be welcomed as one of

A VALUABLE GIFT. Canada's representatives at Windsor. Mr.

Parker has, as fully as any other Canadian resident in London, and much more fully than some, retained his interest in Canada and her affairs. He has recently made a valuable gift to Queen's University. When he last visited this country he purchased, from an engraver by the name of Sandham, a fine collection of autograph portraits of the governors of New France, Acadia, Cape Breton, and Canada. He has since supplemented this with other autographs and portraits procured in London and Paris, and made the set almost complete. He has further added to the series by portraits of the chief explorers and other noted personages connected with early Canadian history. This will be a valuable addition to the already large collection of Canadiana now in possession of Queen's University. It must be a matter of some pride to such an institution to possess something the like of which is not in existence, even in the archives of the Dominion Government. Nor can Mr. Parker's thoughtful generosity be too highly commended.

*John A. Cooper.*

## THE FUTURE OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.

Canadian writers and artists must have a home market.

They will not have it until three reforms are accomplished.

*First.*—The two million pounds of foreign (not British) periodicals annually admitted free into this market must be taxed as books, unprinted paper and advertising matter are now taxed.

*Second.*—There must be a Canadian Copyright Act which will build up a strong publishing interest.

*Third.*—The postage rate on newspapers and periodicals to other parts of the Empire must be reduced from eight cents a pound to one. This will bring in British periodicals and let out Canadian.



## BOOK REVIEWS

CERTAIN obvious reflections concerning modern fiction occur to almost every one who thinks about the subject at all. Firstly, that the number of novels now being issued from the press is really enormous. Secondly, that a large proportion of readers of books read scarcely anything but fiction. Thirdly, that popularity has more to do with the success of novels than the judgment of professional critics or superior persons. This should make critics modest. They may think that the laws of literary art are immutable, and to ignore or question them is to be anathema. But the truth is that readers often revolt against the decisions of the mighty and cannot be got to accept Mr. That or Mr. This as the only writers who ought to be encouraged. Doubtless a number of people do subordinate their opinion to authority in their habits of reading. But the vast majority, we are convinced, read for entertainment, and fiction has become to so considerable an extent the most attractive form of amusement in current literature that novelists aim to please rather than to instruct. They exhibit astonishing skill in gilding the pill of knowledge, and the number of actually mischievous or worthless books is small. Among the numerous recent novels which combine amusement and instruction may be mentioned, for one, "God Wills It," a tale of the first crusade.\* The author has been at pains to steep himself as far as a modern can do in the thoughts and feelings of those distant times, and to re-create for us a vivid idea of how religion and war went

hand in hand in shaping the conduct of men and the policies of states. To the student or the scholar the result may appear frivolous, but to the average man it will seem vigorous, engrossing and dramatic. The heroine has, perhaps, more than a touch of our own century about her, since the courageous and clever woman in that age had less of the refinement and gentleness of our day than it would be safe to picture with exactness. But the reality of ecclesiastical influence is excellently portrayed, and the book has decided merits of its own both as a romance and as a version of history.

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### VENICE OF OLD.

Mr. Marion Crawford is another literary artist who does his work well. In his new story\* he goes to Venice when its craftsmanship and trade and strong government had built up a great commonwealth. There is much that is curious and impressive in the organization of the various crafts, their social influence and standing, and their political strength. The tale of Marietta and her lover, a foreigner who intrudes himself into Venice and by competing with "native products" renders himself liable to death, is highly interesting. Close corporations or guilds possessed all the tyranny of their modern prototypes. The lover has a most exciting time of it. They were very free with the dagger in Venice, both officially and unofficially, and the strong hand possessed a great advantage in being able to effect its end without

\* God Wills It. By William Stearns Davis. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

\* Marietta: A Maid of Venice. By F. Marion Crawford. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.



much interference from the law, while the waters of the Adriatic hid almost any crime. With these materials Mr. Crawford has done his best, and his best is good indeed.



#### STUDYING CANADIAN DEVELOPMENT.

It is refreshing to find so accurate and intelligent a study of Canada's place in the constitutional system of the Empire as Mr. Holland has just written.\* His book marks the change apparent in English writings about the Colonies. Up to within recent years it was too much the custom to regard the Colonies from the standpoint of Downing Street. Their growth in self-government was treated too often as a petty struggle of no special importance. That their gradual breaking away from leading strings had any significance from the constitutional aspect was scarcely ever considered. Twenty years ago a change of sentiment occurred in respect to friendliness and kinship. Little attention was, however, bestowed upon the relation of colonial systems and the government of the Empire. To day, such steps as the creation of Australia, and the suggested reconstruction of an Imperial Court of Appeal, are turning men's attention to the story of how these things came about and the lessons imparted by this story. Mr. Holland's book is really a practical discussion on why Great Britain lost one set of colonies in North America and retained another, and his grasp of matters, as one is apt to view them from this side of the Atlantic, is almost remarkable, or, at any rate, valuable because honest and impartial. We can see much good to Imperial Unity of the most rational and less jingoistic sort from books like these, and if our universities are not devoting a course of lectures to the whole subject in all its bearings, it must be because they are behind the times.

\* *Imperium et Libertas: A study in History and Politics.* By Bernard Holland. London: Edward Arnold.

#### THE LOST CAUSE.

There is a breathless excitement in the pages of "*The Cavalier*"\* which is quite in accordance with the fitness of things. The tale centres in the Civil War between the North and South, and the blast of war is always sounding in our ears. Both hero and heroine are strenuous spirits actively participating in the hostilities. The sordid and contemptible characters who always figure in wars are apt to be passed over in favour of the glorious and noble, so that the glamour which great military events has for those who read about them does much to keep the war spirit alive. It was probably not Mr. Cable's intention to drive home the pitiless remark of the American General that "war is hell," but we cannot read this enlivening story without feeling that the miseries and misfortunes brought upon a people by such a conflict as this are seldom justified by displays of gallantry, courage and endurance. "*The Cavalier*" is well told, full of incident, and written with the knowledge and insight of one who took part in the fighting himself.



#### THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY.

Outside the diplomatic circle, the politicians, and a few industrious investigators, who cares about the Alaskan boundary question? Of course, as a community, we are all vastly concerned in the settlement arrived at. But will not the average reader, when his eye catches the heading over this paragraph, turn wearily away to something more sensational? This is not a cynical reflection without warrant. When the Canadian authorities actually issue official maps with the western boundaries marked in accordance with the claims of the United States, surely it is time to awaken public interest in the matter. Such we take it, is the laudable purpose of Mr. Alexander Begg, the British Columbian historian, one of a very few

\* *The Cavalier.* By George W. Cable. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

intelligent persons who have studied the question from the standpoint of our national interests, and who presents his conclusions in a brief summary of the principal arguments pro and con.\* In his case local knowledge adds considerably to the value of his evidence. If for no other reason his booklet deserves attention. Except the official papers there is no great body of literature on the subject. The paper of Mr. Mills, the Minister of Justice, and the article by Mr. Gosnell, in the number of this MAGAZINE for January, 1896, are both valuable, and these, with Mr. Begg's paper, should be consulted. The controversy has been illuminated by an article from the pen of Mr. John W. Foster on behalf of the United States, but Mr. Foster's lack of candour is against him, and if the policy of his country is directed in the spirit that characterizes his writings we may well despair of a settlement ever being arrived at. In fact, as long as the United States Senate refuses to ratify treaties which contain concession for concession we do not see how civilized nations are to maintain fruitful diplomatic relations with the republic. Their outward relations may appear friendly. But for all practical purposes the United States attitude will remain as impervious to reason as that of the Chinese.



#### THE WAR OF 1812.

One of the most valuable books issued during the year is "The War of 1812," by James Hannay, D.C.L., published by the Nova Scotia Historical Association. In it Mr. Hannay gives a vivid picture of the struggle which Canadians then made to preserve this bit of American territory from being made a part of the United States. He is keenly alive to the unreasonableness of the war and to the animosity of such men as Jefferson, Clay and Calhoun. He also explains clearly Presi-

dent Madison's attitude, how he was waited upon by a number of leading men of the Democratic party, on March 2nd, 1812, and plainly told that the only terms upon which he could obtain re-nomination to the Presidency was by consenting to a declaration of war against Great Britain; and how Madison yielded against the dictates of his better judgment. He also paints in vivid colours, the despicable backdown of Clay. In a speech advocating the war, he said of the British: "We must take the continent from them. I wish never to see a peace till we do." In February, 1814, he "was glad enough to sneak off to Europe and to spend the better part of a year in begging a peace which had become absolutely necessary unless the United States were to be wholly ruined and the Union dissolved." Each of the various engagements of this three years of mortal combat is carefully described with full and illuminating details. The style is bright and most readable.



#### AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

A dear good preacher said the other day in his sermon, that if there was no room on the school curriculum for religious teaching, let them do away with grammar. He was led to make this foolish remark, no doubt, because grammar has been badly taught and because the text-books used in Canada are worse than the teaching. Grammar does not teach us to speak and write, but it enables us to make our speech and our writings conform to the best models. The educated man must know grammar. History, geography, botany, geometry and all the ologies may be left out of an education, but grammar cannot be omitted. If our writing and our speaking be not correct and grammatical, no other qualities will give us a standing as educated people.

A sensible, logical, practical grammar has just been issued in Canada. It is entitled "A Modern English Grammar,"\* and the author is H. G.

\* Review of the Alaskan Boundary Question. By Alexander Begg. Victoria: T. R. Cusack.

\* Toronto, George N. Morang & Co.



Buehler. It is edited for Canadian schools, with an historical appendix, by Pelham Edgar, Ph.D., associate professor of French in Victoria College, Toronto. It may be recommended to others than teachers; for it will interest and instruct every person desiring to improve his speech and his knowledge of the origin and history of the language.

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#### NEW CANTERBURY TALES.

Charming the idea and workmanship of these "Tales" \* undoubtedly are. Mr. Hewlett supposes a pilgrimage to Canterbury in the orthodox fashion, and he gathers together a company of people who are of different types, who are interesting in themselves, and who have good stories to tell. Of course, the English is modernized, and equally of course Mr. Hewlett is not Chaucer. Were it not for the deplorable ignorance of English people concerning their own language five hundred years ago Chaucer would be the most read of all our early writers, and any "new"

\*New Canterbury Tales. By Maurice Hewlett. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.



"IFTIKHAR TOOK FROM THE SEAT A LITTLE LUTE, TOUCHED THE STRINGS, AND SANG"

ILLUSTRATION FROM "GOD WILLS IT"

tales would have little chance of popularity as compared with his. But this book has humour, a certain picturesqueness of style, and a variety of subject which render it attractive enough.

#### NOTES.

The fifty-fifth *Canadian Almanac* is as valuable as its years are numerous. The British census returns and other



Imperial information mark an extension of the Almanac's usefulness along the right lines. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

Montreal gives us few books, but usually those issued there are worth reading. "In the Paths of Peace," by Lily E. Barry, is a volume of short sketches and five-hundred-word essays, harmonious in tone and treatment. Mental Dignity, Provocation, Jealousy, Self-help, The Two Classes of Humanity—these are samples of the titles. The book is illustrated by A. G. Racey, but either the drawings were too strong or the engraver spoiled them in the reproduction. They lack softness, although otherwise well adapted for the purpose. (Montreal: The Canada Engraving & Litho. Co.)

In the year 1886 appeared the first edition of "Tecumseh: A Drama," by Charles Mair, and copies of that edition are becoming rare. It has now been brought out in a new edition, with pictures of Tecumseh and the author, and with one hundred pages of Mair's shorter poems. "Tecumseh" should be in every Canadian's library, taking second place only to Heavyside's "Saul." The shorter poems include all those published in 1868 under the title, "Dreamland and Other Poems," and some others. Thus this new volume is a sort of three-in-one, a most valuable addition to our growing list of poetical Canadiana.

Some of the English correspondents with the Royal Party did not seem as much pleased with the Grand Trunk Railway as with the Canadian Pacific, and have been quite unfair to the former. The Grand Trunk is a well-managed, enterprising corporation, and Canadians fully appreciate the great improvements in recent years. To descend from the general to the particular, it may be mentioned that the advertising matter got out by this company is a credit to itself and to Canada. The Itinerary for the Royal Tour through Canada was a magnificent piece of artistic printing, and makes a superior souvenir of that part of the Royal journey. Its excellence is but an indication of the general excellence now

running through everything done by the Grand Trunk.

People who have telephones in their houses, gas fixtures, water pipes, stationary tubs, plenty of dust and smoke, street cars and pavements, are envied by those who live in the country. And those who live in the country are envied by those who live in the city and have all the conveniences. J. P. Mowbray sees the funniness of it all, and in "The Making of a Country Home," he describes the attempts of a city couple to found a home in the country—a home in the city is only for millionaires. He makes his story delightful, and shows that dollars and brown-stone fronts are not all of life, nor half, nor one quarter. Let all city prisoners, with their fur overcoats and patent-leather, coin-toed boots read it, and they will come to wonder why cities are not known as "places for the insane." (Toronto: Wm. Briggs.)

To readers who are familiar with Mr. Lloyd's earlier work, "Stringtown on the Pike," no introduction is needed to "Warwick of the Knobs."\* While the plot of the book is laid in Boone County (unlike "Stringtown") it contains very little dialect, and little attention is paid to Kentucky superstitions. The scenery, people, methods of worship, and the prejudices have all been drawn from actual life. Although properly classed as fiction, it is the fiction of fact. Some of the characters are so primitive, so stoical and so uncommon that one can only think of our North American Indians as possessing similar qualities. The scenery, people, customs and prejudices are drawn from actual life. Warwick himself is a fictitious personage, but represents very vividly the iron men of that time who clung to family pride and their narrow religion with a passionate love. He becomes a centre of strangely dramatic scenes of deeply pathetic incidents. His trials of faith are so severe that most mortals would be driven to agnosticism or infidelity, but this hard-shelled Baptist preacher remains true to his God and his faith.

\*Warwick of the Knobs. By John Uri Lloyd. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.



# IDLE MOMENTS



## AN EXCELLENT MEMORY.

THEY are now telling, in England, of the cleverness of the new Prince of Wales. Canada discovered him first as the following incident, taken from a daily paper in October, most plainly shows :

"Sir Adolphe Caron relates an interesting story of the Duke of Cornwall and York's memory for faces. At the dinner at Government House on Friday, the Duke was shaking hands with the guests, and on Sir Adolphe being presented, said : 'Sir Adolphe, I met you eleven years ago.' 'Yes, Your Royal Highness,' replied Sir Adolphe, 'in Liverpool.' Eleven years ago, when Sir Adolphe was Postmaster-General, he went to England to study postal matters, and received great assistance from Hon. John Morley, then the Imperial Postmaster-General. The day fixed for Sir Adolphe's return was also fixed for the laying of the foundation stone of the new Liverpool post office by the Duke, to which ceremony he was invited. Luncheon was afterwards served in the Mansion House, Liverpool, and it was on this occasion that he was presented to the Prince. Sir Adolphe mentioned the Duke's memory to Sir Charles Cust at the Rideau Club luncheon. 'Yes,' said Sir Charles, 'it is wonderful. He inherits it. The King, his father, has the same faculty. He will pick a man out of a crowd and say "That's so and so. I met him"—mentioning when and where.'"



## THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

MRS. HEWMAN.—I never saw such a busybody. Just because the doctor stopped at our house yesterday she immediately wanted to know what was the matter.

MRS. NAYCHER.—Yes, I wonder how she'd like her neighbours to be that curious about her? You know the doctor stopped at her house to-day, too.

MRS. HEWMAN.—You don't say? I wonder what's the matter there?—*Catholic Standard and Times.*



A. D., SAY, 3000.

"Is there to be a challenge for the America's cup this year?"

"That is the report. No names

are given out as yet, but it is understood an English shipbuilder thinks he can build a yacht to carry twenty-five acres of canvas, and yet weigh not to exceed ten pounds ; which is a quarter of an acre more canvas than last year's challenger carried, with an ounce and a half less weight. A leading manufacturer of fish glue is said to stand ready to put up the \$250,000,000 which the boat will cost."—*Puck.*



## ON HER ACCOUNT.

On her account they left the land  
Where rich papa's soap-factories stand,  
And 'mid the Old World's classic  
show,

Where rank is high, if funds *are*  
low,  
She fought the fight mama had  
planned.

At that stragetic dame's command  
She led her trumps for court-cards,  
and

At length kind fortune did bestow  
On her a count.

And so she's titled, great, and grand ;  
Mama is proud, the count is bland ;

All three are pleased, but this we  
know :

Most pleased are those he chanced  
to owe,

For now he draws with lavish hand  
On her account.

—*Joe Lincoln.*



## THE FRIENDS OF YOUTH.

"Oh, where are the friends of my  
youth?"

In a moment's reflection I cried ;  
Through a door peeped a head, and the  
office boy said :

"There's a gent wants to see you  
outside" ;

'Twas one of the friends of my youth,  
With emotion he grasped my hand  
tight :



"You will pardon these tears, I've not seen you for years—  
Could you loan me a V till-to-night?"

—*E. P. Neville.*



#### SENSE.

Once upon a time a certain People experienced an Access of Sense.

The women now put Comfort before Looks, and the men formed the habit of chewing their Food.

But hereupon, there being no sale for Corsets or Patent Medicines, the Press speedily became a Thing of the Past, through lack of Advertising Patronage.

Thus it came about that this People woke up one morning to find themselves crassly ignorant of who all were at the Great Summer Resort and what they were doing there to say nothing of who had been murdered.

And they were given Pause, and fell to wondering if, after all, Folly in Moderation were not a Good Thing.—*Life.*



#### FOOLING SIR JAMES.

In the days of the C.P.R. controversy, Sir James Edgar (then Mr.) visited Victoria, and the town councillors "put up a game." A Mr. Drummond had a pocket full of \$20 gold pieces, and going quietly among the councillors he gave five or six to each. Then getting Mr. Edgar among them, he suggested that they have a game of pitch-and-toss to while away the time until dinner was ready. Mr. Edgar did not want to play, so Mr. Drummond said: "Very well, we'll play without you," and taking twenty-dollar gold pieces the councillors played pitch and toss, while Mr. Edgar looked on amazed, wondering what riches the country must possess where common councillors could play pitch-and-toss with twenty-dollar gold pieces. The game went on gloriously. As soon as one man was broke more coin would surreptitiously be passed to him, and

Mr. Edgar was kept astonished. What he reported when he returned East is unknown, but while in Victoria he often remarked that this must be a rich country indeed, when common councillors could play "pitch penny" with gold pieces.—*Victoria Colonist.*



#### SELECTED.

"But," protested the new arrival, as St. Peter handed him a golden trumpet, "I can't play this instrument. I never practised while on earth."

"Of course you didn't," chuckled the old man. "That's why you are here."

"I suppose," said the physician, smiling and trying to appear witty, while feeling the pulse of a lady patient, "I suppose you consider me an old humbug?"

"Why, doctor," replied the lady, "I had no idea you could ascertain a woman's thoughts by merely feeling her pulse."

To confuse a witness is generally an easy task, and lawyers know no easier way than to make a witness explain the meaning of his words, knowing that very few people can do so without getting excited. Occasionally a victim resents this nagging, and answers in a spirited and unexpected manner. A lawyer was cross-examining a young girl of rather haughty temper. She had testified that she had seen the defendant "shy" a book at the plaintiff, and the lawyer had seized on the word.

"Shy—shy a book? What do you mean by that? Will you explain to the Court what the word 'shy' means?"

The girl leaned over the desk beneath the witness box, picked up a law book and threw it at the lawyer's head, who dodged just in time.

"I think the Court now understands the meaning of the word 'shy'," said the Judge gravely and the girl was allowed to finish her testimony without further interruption.





## ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES



### A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT.

WITH the exception of the season of the equinoctial gales, which though brief are sometimes severe, the valley of the Lower Fraser, in British Columbia, is remarkably exempt from high winds, and in the little vale

about Burnaby Lake this feature of the atmosphere is accentuated to

perfect stillness the greater part of the year. In the middle of February, 1900, however, we were caught in a small two-hours' cyclone, which set the forest roaring and crashing in all directions, and many an old giant of the woods measured its length on the ground in the breath of that short-lived storm. The accompanying pictures show some uprooted trees along the Haszard Road, which leads from the old road between New Westminster and Vancouver, down to Burnaby Lake. One view presents the tree-trunk and upper side of the root to the observer, the other exhibits the back or under side of the root with much of



AN UPROOTED TREE IN A BRITISH COLUMBIA FOREST



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME TREE-ROOT. THE MAN SHOWN IN THE PICTURE IS HOLDING UP A SURVEYOR'S CHAIN, SHOWING THE HEIGHT TO BE 33 FEET

the earth torn up still clinging to it. A figure of a man may be seen in this latter photo holding up a surveyor's chain, measuring the height from the ground, which proved to be thirty-three feet to the point of roots standing into the air. The tree is spruce, and about four feet in diameter at four feet from the base, and the trunk as it lies about two hundred feet in length.

A. D. W. H.

#### THE SMALLEST WATCH.

What is said to be the smallest watch in the world has recently been made. It is so small that you could get four watches of its size on an area equal to that covered by a 25-cent piece. The watch was made at Geneva, where special tools were constructed for the purpose. It contains 100 separate parts and weighs one-thirtieth of an ounce, avoirdupois. The hands are, respectively, one-eleventh of an inch and one-twentieth of an inch in length. The watch has been valued at \$1,250.

#### THE RAREST STAMP.

The envelope depicted herewith bears the rarest stamp in the world. It is declared by philatelists to be worth over £1,000. It is a penny Mauritius stamp in an excellent state of preservation. Its colour, which is red, is as fine as upon the day of issue. The stamp was issued in 1847, and it bears the postmark of the second day of issue. Only one other example, now in the British Museum, is known upon the entire original envelope. The stamp was purchased by Mr. W. H. Peckitt, the well-known stamp-dealer, of 440 Strand, London,



Eng. He gave the largest sum ever given for a single stamp for this unique specimen.

### THE QUEEN OF VALOUR.

According to a London correspondent there appeared, a few weeks ago, some alluring advertisements which were especially attractive to those Parisians who love excitement, and who had had their appetite for such things tickled by the races of the Rue Pergolese. The attraction this time was a woman, Donna Tancreda, who, made up to resemble a statue, was to await, motionless in the arena, the assault of the bull, and to conquer it by her immobility. At the last moment this performance, which was to have taken place at Enghein, was forbidden. It did, however, take place at Roubaix. Here is an exact account of what happened at the "suerte" of the statue:

At a given signal from the president, the doors of the arena opened and a magnificent carriage appeared, all draped in red velvet, fringed with gold. In this carriage sat Senorita Mercedes del Barte, alias Donna Tancreda.

The "Queen of Valour" is dressed completely in white. Her face and hair are powdered. The carriage stops just in front of the presiding party, and she gets out, smiling and bowing, and throws off her mantle, talking with the ushers while the attendants arrange in the middle of the arena a pedestal of wood about two feet high. When all is ready the impresario addresses the public, and begs them to observe the most rigorous silence during the performance. This is indispensable. Then Donna Tancreda mounts the pedestal, helped by the matadors. She

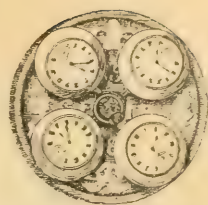
crosses her arms and faces the door from which the bull will emerge. The woman looks exactly like a marble statue. The arena is empty. All the ushers have disappeared behind the barriers and shelters. The deepest silence reigns in the vast auditorium. Half a minute passes thus. Then the door opens, and one sees in the shadow the enormous head of the bull Gitano. The spectators hardly breathe; many of the women cover their eyes with their hands. It is a terrible moment.

The bull is a superb animal, with a powerful neck and long, straight horns. He raises his head, looks around, and at once bounds upon the white statue.

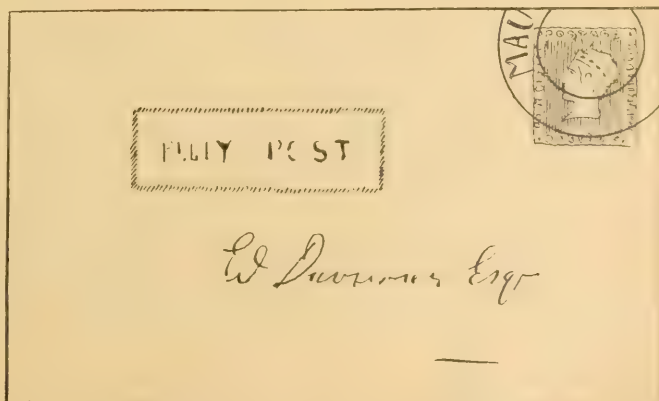
It is with the greatest difficulty that one can restrain a cry of horror; one's sensations are too painful, and a long endurance of such emotion would be unbearable.

Donna Tancreda is as rigid as marble. The least movement would be fatal to her.

The bull starts back, looks at his strange adversary, and then with a terrible bound rushes up to the pedestal. Anxiety is at its height. But once more the bull stops short without striking. He draws back a few feet,

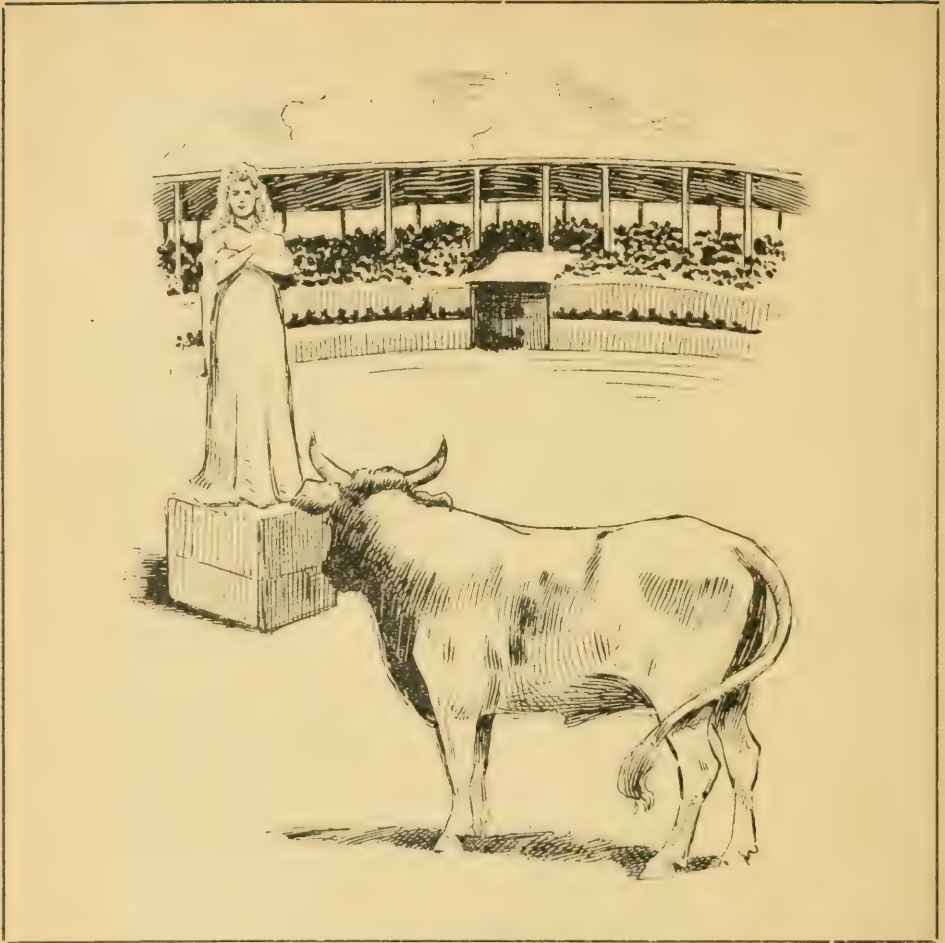


THE SMALLEST WATCH.  
FOUR ON A 25-CENT  
PIECE



THE RAREST STAMP IN THE WORLD





THE QUEEN OF VALOUR

and, taking advantage of this, Donna Tancreda jumps down and rushes behind a screen, whilst the ushers draw off the bull.

The people breathe again. A long sigh escapes from all, and then thunders of applause are heard, and the "Queen of Valour" gets a tremendous ovation.

Donna Tancreda, who was born in Paris, has appeared with success at Barcelona, Valentia, Castile, Madrid, Seville and, for the first time in France, at Roubaix

#### A SIX-FOOT BEARD.

What is said to be the longest beard in the world is attached to the face of a man in South Carolina. The United States people are bound to have the "biggest" in every line of production. This man is six feet high and his beard touches the ground. It grows six inches each year. Whether or not the gentleman works, and what he does with his beard when he is working is not told. Perhaps he will go into a museum.





PHOTO BY CRANDALL, MONCTON

THE BORE ON THE PÉTITCODIAC AT MONCTON



# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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## A FAMOUS TIDAL BORE.

*By Norman Patterson.*

FOR a summer tour, a lengthy holiday or an ideal wedding trip, the Maritime Provinces offer superior attractions to Canadians living farther west than the Lower St. Lawrence Valley. Prince Edward Island, with its sandy dunes, its green landscape and its cool atmosphere, is most attractive. Cape Breton is more rugged, less cultivated, and more the land of the pedestrian and the fisherman, though the Bras d'Or Lakes are alluring to all classes of wanderers. But the land about the Bay of Fundy, the land dominated by its huge tides, presents a weird attraction which is not easily excelled.

When the small boy of western Canada gets his geography lesson on eastern Canada, the teacher tells him that the Bay of Fundy has high tides. It would be just as effective, though perhaps less truthful, to tell him that the Bay of Fundy had measles or tuberculosis. He has never seen a field where the ditch runs dry and is again filled with ten feet of dirty water twice a day. He has never seen a river, out of which the water would run in four or five hours, leaving the bed of the stream exposed and the ships stranded in the mud; he has not seen that same river fill again in a few minutes, in less time than was required to empty it. He has no idea of what a tide means if he lives west of Montreal, nor has the teacher. Who ever heard of an Ontario teacher going to the Maritime Provinces to study the special geography of that region? Even most

of the great and mighty school inspectors never saw a tide. It is doubtful if even the almighty Ministers of Education in Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia ever saw that most wonderful tide in the world—the tide of Fundy. Yet they all tell the uncomplaining small boy that there are high tides at that spot on the map—"down here," as the teachers say—and the small boy remembers it until the examination time and then straightway forgets it. Perhaps some day when he is not a small boy, when he does not come in at the ding-dong of the bell, he will go down to see that wonderful sight and weep for gladness that he has been spared to see Nature in such inimitable majesty.

Standing on a pile of bricks on the rickety docks of the town of Moncton, I watched a small vessel unloading molasses from the West Indies. The vessel's hull was visible to the keel resting in the gravel mud of the Petitcodiac River. The muddy stretches, that had a few hours before been a river of thirty feet in depth, lay at my feet. Beyond were the fertile fields of the Petitcodiac valley. But my gaze was riveted on this waterless river.

Fundy, the huge, the mighty, was filling, drinking in the tide from the sea; and I was assured that when she sucked in seventy feet of sea water between her high rocky banks, filled the harbours of Digby and St. John, flowed up past Blomidon and the Land of Evangeline, filled the great bays running in to Truro and Amherst, then

she would feed the last great stream which owns her sway. I believed the story and trusted that Fundy would again do what she had done twice a day for unnumbered centuries.

In faith I waited. And suddenly there was a slight roar away down the river. Round the bend, a half mile away, came a rushing body of water. And as it swept about the curve, the banks and the bed held the lower stratum back until the upper waters formed a wall four feet high—a muddy wave with a sparkling crest. It came closer. It was opposite the dock. It had passed. It was rushing away up the river bed to die away twenty miles to the north-east. The accompanying picture shows what the writer saw—the most impressive mystery in the Maritime Provinces.

It is considered great sport by the dwellers along the shore to launch a boat upon the tide which follows upon the wake of the "Bore" and be carried up the river without doing anything except steering, and afterwards come down on the ebb. The force of the "Bore" is very great. Vessels at Moncton always moor so that the wharves must completely protect them. A vessel, the stern of which protruded beyond the wharf, was torn from her moorings by the "Bore," her anchor cable was snapped, her bow smashed out, and she herself carried up under a bridge, and her masts broken to splinters—and all this in a river which a few minutes before had been nothing but glistening mud. I was told that a French-Canadian who was upset in the wake of the "Bore," and could touch bottom, nevertheless was carried five miles up the river before he could gain a firm footing. The "Bore" is most effective on a quiet, moonlight night, when its roar can be heard far down the river and its angry crest is seen glittering in the

white light. The explanation of the "Bore" seems to be that the river broadens out considerably below the bend, and that when the swift tide is contracted between the narrow shores of the bend, the waters become heaped up, and with their own impetus advance like a solid wall.

Startling, indeed, are the statistics regarding the tidal rise and fall of the Bay of Fundy. At Grand Manan the tidal rise and fall is from twelve to fifteen feet; as you go up the bay it increases. At Lubec and Eastport it reaches twenty feet; at St. John from twenty-four to thirty feet, while at Moncton, where the "Bore" rushes around the bend of the Petitcodiac River, the tide must have risen seventy feet above sea level in order to reach that point on the river, let alone to expend its last gathering energy in a wave which sweeps up the river from shore to shore. Another indication of the vastness of the Fundy tides is seen in the Cobequid River, on the Nova Scotian shore, where there is a distance of twelve miles between high and low water mark, so that it is possible to run vessels far up this river on the flood, leave them high and dry between tides, and repair them as if in dry dock.

The tides of Fundy and the "Bore" at Moncton are worth seeing and studying. The I.C.R., the People's Railway, has drawn attention to these points, but the people themselves find that tides and bores have become too common to be even noticeable. Nevertheless, the visitor will not find it so. Whether he be travelling by the Canadian Pacific to Prince Edward Island via Point Du Chêne, which is nineteen miles from Moncton, or by the Intercolonial to Halifax or Sydney, the traveller will find it worth his while to stop over for a few hours at Moncton to see the "Bore."





#### ONE OF THE FIRST CANADIAN RAILWAY TRAINS

Photographed from an original scrip of the C. & St. L. Road, in the possession of Mr. Alexander Manson, of Lachine. This engraving was made in 1837. There are two other engravings in existence of these first trains, with slight differences in the details.

## PASSENGER CARRIAGES PAST AND PRESENT.

*By W. D. McBride.*

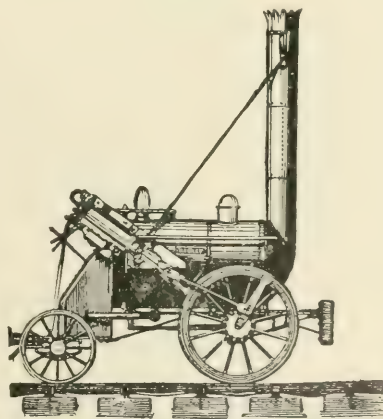
**I**N July last, it was sixty-five years since the first railroad in Canada was opened.

However, this statement, taken by itself, is apt to be misleading to those who know our railways only as they now exist. People are so accustomed to travel at present with a degree of safety, comfort and luxury that princes of the blood could not command a hundred years ago, or less, that it is almost impossible for them to form a proper conception of the conditions of travel that existed in the days of their fathers. This railway was a "one-horse affair," literally, at least it was a horse railway, and the trains were not as speedy, commodious and comfortable as those which now ply on our suburban electric roads.

It was not until the eventful year 1837 that steam traction was employed and the whistle of the locomotive engine was heard in the land. There scarcely can be any doubt but that it created a sensation when the shrill screech first was heard echoing through the country, though nowadays it causes no more than a passing thought, even in the remotest districts. One can imagine, however, that, with the

other stirring events which occupied men's minds in that year, it attracted less notice than would otherwise have been the case.

Besides this, fast steam power was not altogether a novelty in the country, for, twenty-eight years before, on the 3rd of November, 1809, the first steamer in Canada had made the voyage from Montreal to Quebec in the then remarkable time of sixty-six hours. This steamer which was known as the

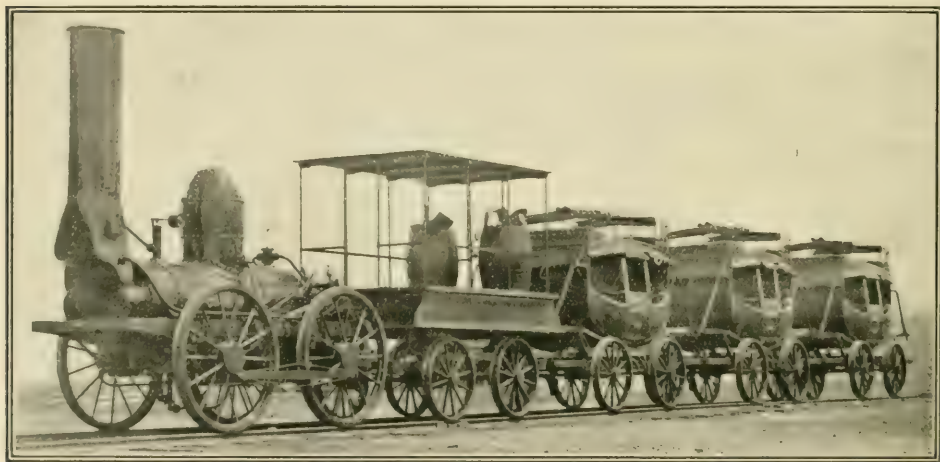


THE "ROCKET"—(1829)



*Accommodation*, was built by the late John Molson, and was the second to be constructed in America, the first being Fulton's little steamer, which navigated the Hudson. The *Quebec Mercury*, in giving the news of the *Accommodation's* arrival in Quebec, remarks: "This is the first vessel of the kind that ever appeared in this harbour. She is continually crowded with visitants. . . . She has, at present, berths for twenty passengers, which, next year, will be considerably augmented. No wind or tide can stop her. She has seventy-five feet keel and eighty feet on deck."

£50,000. It is worthy of being noted that, neither in adopting steam navigation nor railroads, was Canada very far behind the rest of the world. It was not until the year 1830, when Stephenson's locomotive, "Rocket," successfully underwent a test of thirty miles per hour on the London and Manchester Railroad, that the success of the locomotive was generally admitted. In the year following the "De-witt-Clinton" gave a similar demonstration of the capacity of steam traction on what is now a part of the New York Central Railway, and in this year the initial steps were taken to-



THE DEWITT-CLINTON AND COACHES

Being the first train run on the New York Central in 1831. Steam engines for locomotive purposes were introduced in New York State six years before their introduction into Canada. This train has been preserved and was on exhibition at Buffalo last year.

Place this vessel alongside the Allan's magnificent steamship *Tunisian*, or even the lake palace steamer *Toronto*, and one has an illustration of the contrast between the first train which ran in Canada and any of our modern express trains.

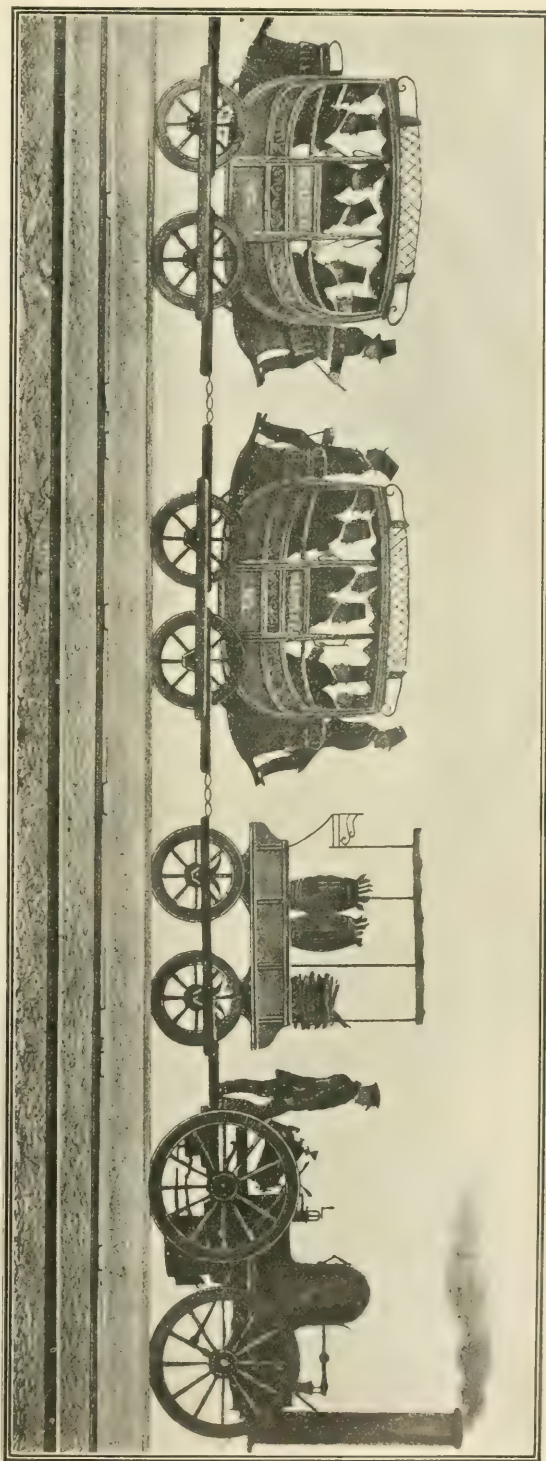
Canada's first railroad was known as the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad, and ran from Laprairie, almost opposite Montreal, to St. John's, on the Richelieu river, the navigable outlet of the waters of Lake Champlain. The distance was sixteen miles, and the capital of the company was

ward the construction of the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad, which was completed five years later, and opened, as before stated, by steam power in 1837. In the meantime railway schemes were being promoted in Upper Canada. A charter was granted for a railway from Cobourg to a point on Rice Lake, in 1834, and in the same year one was given to the London and Gore Railway, the legislative beginning of the Great Western road. In 1839, a railway was opened from Queenston to Chippewa, the motive power being horses, which was known

as the Erie and Ontario Railway. The first move westward from Montreal was made in 1847, when the Montreal and New York Railway was built to Lachine, a distance of eight miles. The remainder of the road from Caughnawaga, opposite Lachine, to the American line, about thirty miles, thus making connection with the American roads, was not completed until 1852. The trains were transported across the river on a powerful steamer, with a track on its deck, and an old chronicle remarks:—"It is the only steam ferry in the province of Quebec which is open every day in the year." The St. Lawrence and Atlantic, which was chartered in 1845, connected at the boundary with the Atlantic and St. Lawrence, and subsequently became the Grand Trunk's Portland line. Its terminus was at Longueuil at first, but later the trains were ferried across to Montreal. The Champlain and St. Lawrence was extended from St. John's to Rouse's Point in 1852, and a branch was built to St. Lambert, from which point a ferry also carried the trains across to Montreal, but in winter time they crossed over on

This interesting old lithograph was copyrighted in Canada and the United States in 1865. It is said to have been executed in 1832 on black paper with a pair of scissors by a Mr. Brown, of Pennsylvania. The original of the picture is in the possession of the Connecticut Historical Society. The locomotive was named "John Bull," and had been brought from Liverpool. It was valued at \$3,763.32; or with duties, freight and extra wheels cost \$5,855.63. The Mohawk and Hudson R. R. was the first part of the N. Y. Central.

THE FIRST AMERICAN RAILWAY TRAIN—THE DEWITT-CLINTON AND COACHES





A PRIMITIVE TRAIN

Still running on the Carillon and Grenville Railway. This engine was built about fifty years ago.

the ice. Part of the old ferry wharf is still to be seen on the St. Lambert shore. The locomotive whistle was first heard in Ontario on June 13th, 1853, when the Northern Railway was opened from Toronto to Bradford. Yet by 1860, over three hundred locomotives were thundering and screeching through the country between the Ottawa river and Lake Huron. About a dozen railway charters were granted by the two provinces between 1832 and 1845, and thirty by 1856. Those were halcyon days for the railway promoter, and there was no R. L. Richardson then to advocate nationalization of the iron highways.

As to the Grand Trunk, it is sufficient here to say that it was open from

Chaudiere Junction, and also the province line, through Montreal to Stratford in 1856, and the year the Canadian Pacific was to have been completed, 1890, a train bearing the first mail for London from China and Japan thundered into Windsor depot ahead of time.

These were the humble beginnings of our great and wide-spreading system of railways.

It is not, however, the purpose of this article to give the history of Canadian railways. The average citizen thinks more of the comfort, and luxury even, which a railway carriage provides him in travelling, than he does of the history of railway construction in his country, or even of the mechanism of the giant engine which carries him along at the rate of sixty miles per hour, so smoothly that he may loll back on soft, springy cushions, and read with as much comfort almost as if ensconced in his own library chair. To him it is a mere matter of course, no source of wonder whatever—such is the force of custom—that he may step aboard a train at night, say, in Montreal, enjoy a smoke or a chat with friends, then stretch his limbs between



A MODERN TRAIN

The Grand Trunk International Limited from Portland to Chicago via Montreal and Toronto.



snowy-white sheets on a springy bed, and arise to partake of breakfast in Toronto, Quebec, Boston, Portland, New York, or to walk into a well-appointed dining car and enjoy his breakfast with the morning paper by his plate, while his train speeds on to some destination farther afield. This is so much a part of the daily routine that he never spares a thought to the wonder of it. Yet he has reason to thank his lucky stars that he did not have to travel in the "good old times" of which our fathers boast.

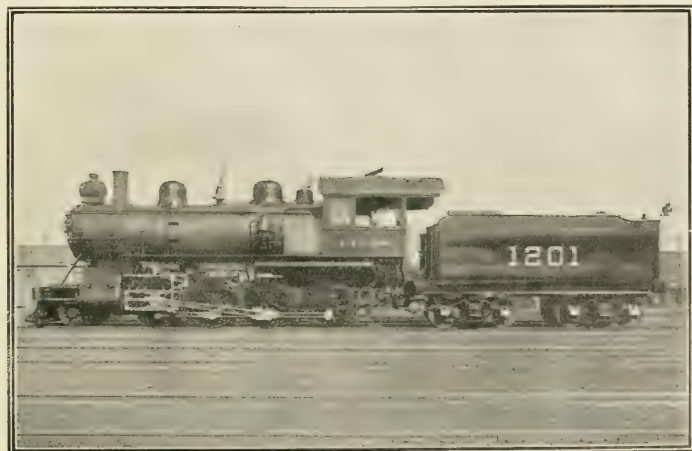
Let the reader who peruses his *CANADIAN MAGAZINE* on the train gaze about on the comfort and artistic embellishment of his environment, and try to imagine himself transported to one of the trains of the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad, depicted at the beginning of this article, and he will realize then the progress that has been made in car building since railroads were first introduced in Canada. The engine would look like a pigmy alongside of the powerful, compound locomotive which is dragging the train in which he is riding. The engineer has no shelter whatever, and a large cask is provided for storing water for the locomotive's consumption. Just where the fuel is stored



A MODERN PASSENGER LOCOMOTIVE

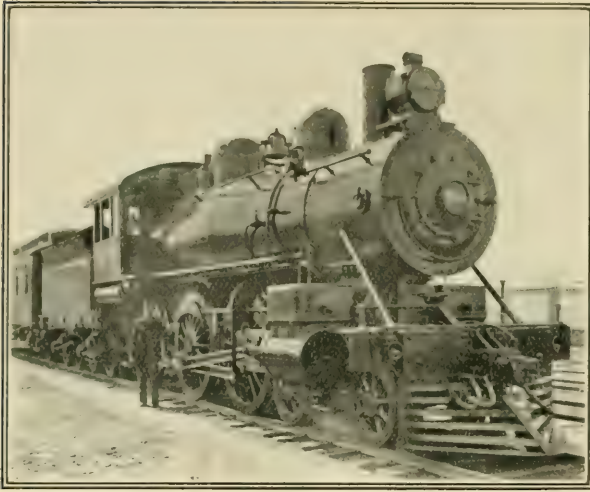
Built by the C.P.R. at Montreal. Note two large driving wheels, double cylinders, and general compactness.

is not apparent at a casual glance, but it is understood that a supply was carried in the forward car. In the picture of the train at the upper part of the page is seen a flat car loaded with bales of what appears to be cotton. A railway man to whom I showed this picture assured me that in those days the law required the railroads to carry a car thus loaded with cotton bales between the locomotive and the passenger coaches to protect the passengers in case the boiler



A MODERN FREIGHT ENGINE

Note four small driving wheels, great weight and length.



A MONSTER ENGINE

Latest type of the Grand Trunk. Built in Montreal.

should explode. I have not ascertained whether in making this statement he was as truthful or as humorous as railway men proverbially are. In any case it is a cheerful reminiscence of the dangers of railway travel in "the good old days." The passenger coaches were of the English type, and were, no doubt, in interior appearance and appointment not unlike the old one-horse cars which used to run on Toronto's streets, except that the seats ran crosswise of the car. To this day a Canadian viewing a train of English passenger coaches, for the first time, is irresistibly reminded of the old horse street cars. With all his inventiveness, man finds it difficult, well-nigh impossible in fact, to conceive a new type of any of the things that he makes. He can only evolve it by degrees. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that in general contour these railway carriages bear a striking resemblance to the old stage coaches. The English style of railroad carriage was not, however, used for long on the Canadian railways. In this respect Canada was influenced by the example of the United States, and the American car was adopted as well as the standard gauge, though nearly all our early railways at first used the English carriages and the

broad gauge. The latter still survives on one railway, and was used on the Great Western until a comparatively recent date. There are still one or two narrow gauge roads. The rails at first used on the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railway were what is known as strap rails, and the trucks of the cars, it will be observed, are very light and flimsy compared with those now in use. The train in the centre of the picture is a "goods train," and presents a striking contrast to the modern freight trains of fifty or more cars, which one sees passing over our railroads.

Interesting as is this picture in illustrating the wonderful development of railway car construction, it is, perhaps, more so as throwing light on the fiscal conditions in those days. Money was scarce, and by its charter, which was granted in 1831, the Champlain & St. Lawrence Railroad was given power to issue scrip. This was used in paying the employees and discharging other liabilities. Nowadays sevenpence ha'penny would seem a ridiculously small sum for which to issue a note. The scrip, a photograph of which is given in this article, is in the possession of Mr. Alexander Manson, of Lachine. It will be noticed that it is unsigned, and, therefore, had not come into circulation.

If there be persons who remember the opening of Canada's first railway, I have not been able to ascertain their whereabouts. In any case it is most probable that their recollection would be vague, misty and unreliable. However, one can realize to-day for oneself what a railway train was like forty or more years ago by making the journey from Carillon to Grenville, on the Carillon and Grenville Railway. In order to do this it is necessary to take a trip on the Ottawa River Navigation Company's steamers,

either from Ottawa or Montreal.

As to the intermediate periods of ten, twenty or thirty years persons who have travelled much on the little used branch lines of our chief railways have a realizing sense of the fact that they do build better railway cars now than formerly was the case.

The Ottawa river trip in itself will well reward the pilgrim. The hours of a glorious summer day glide swiftly by when afloat on this picturesque yet least famous, though undeservedly so, of Canada's magnificent rivers.

Parliament Hill and its dominating towers fade from sight as one leaves Ottawa, but on one shore the purple-crowned Laurentides beckon invitingly, while on the other smiles a verdant expanse of pastoral country.

The water under the paddle wheels boils up foam-capped and gold brown and translucent amber below, for this is the black water of the North; and the little waves thus created creep inshore, race up on the sands and splash softly under the overhanging willows. Glorified shores and tiny islets are reflected in the gleaming, glassy surface of the river stretching on ahead like a moire ribbon.

The voice of Nature is soft and wooing in summer's full glory upon the waters.

Man and his handiwork fall naturally into second place, and strike no discordant note in the symphony. The steamer runs placidly into a wharf placed on the point of a headland. Perchance the solitary man awaiting it is a carrier of His Majesty's mails, and, mayhap, several country lasses bound for another spot equally quiet and uneventful, or to the busy city. Nature has set its mark of decay most likely on the timbers of the pier, and beyond, gleaming white with limestone dust, the road winds through the trees to where the sun glistens on the spire of the church, the centre of the village world. The bustle and roar of the city seems afar off, and Nature's silent yet eloquent peace broods over the Ottawa.

At Grenville the steamer glides quietly into her dock alongside the canal. Outside the canal pierhead the river's ripples betray impatient haste, and a few miles below it plunges gaily over the rapids. At Grenville a train is waiting, the fame of which has reached my ears, and to see which is the object

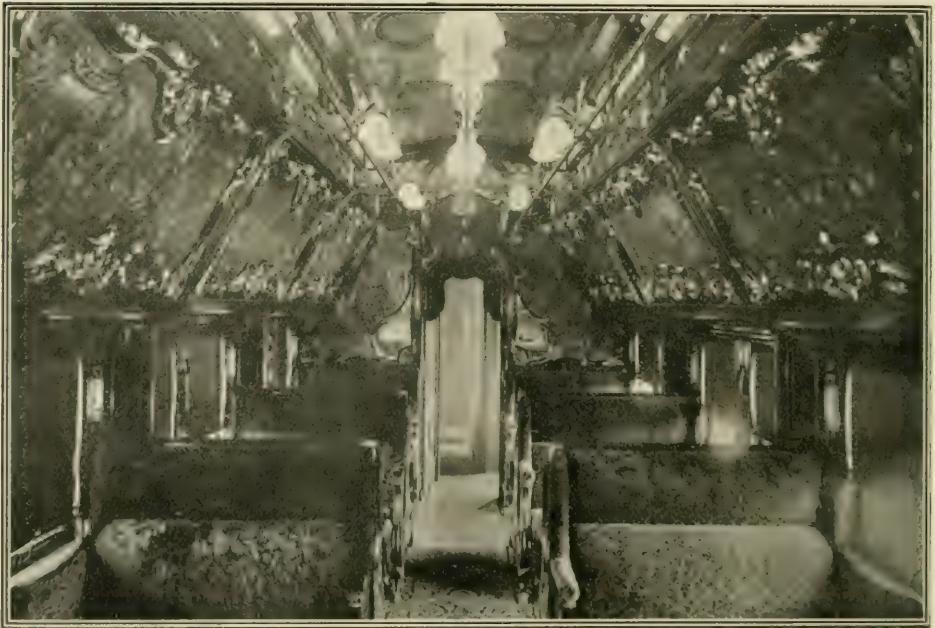


A MODERN DINING-CAR--C.P.R.



of my journey. It carried me back quite a few years now to my first railway journey as a boy not yet in my teens, from Toronto to Owen Sound, on the "old narrow gauge," the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway. Twelve long mortal hours it took to perform the hundred and odd miles, and at the Horseshoe curve in the Caledon Hills, some adventuresome men—so I considered them then—walked across the short cut and gathered apples in an orchard, boarding the train on the other side.

as I surveyed the one awaiting us at Grenville. It was a living epitome of the railways of our fathers, fifty or more years ago. Then this was as other railways in Canada, but isolated from them entirely it has felt none of the changes and reforms which have marked the evolution of trains in Canada from jolting, comfortless carriages to palaces on wheels. This railway runs from nowhere to nowhere, and has no junction points. Its termini are Cape Content and Harbour of Rest. Its rails are five feet six inches



A MODERN SLEEPING CAR AS IT APPEARS IN DAY-TIME

It was a long jump from the platform of one car to another, a feat which I was proud of performing, and as there was no buffers, the passengers were given an unmerciful jolt when the train started suddenly. Well, no! it never did start suddenly, but when it started at all. I remember speculating on how long the thin, scrawny neck of an attenuated old lady sitting opposite me would stand the strain of those jerks, and laid bets with myself that her head would fly off at the next jerk. It was of this train that I thought

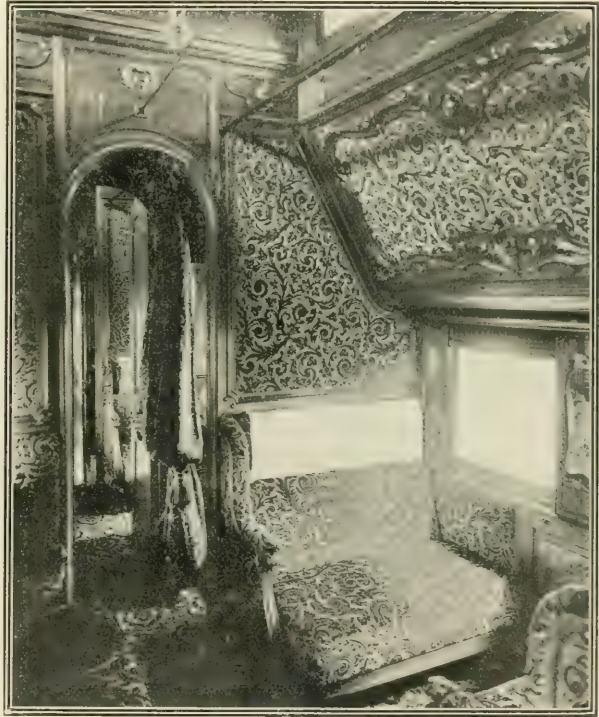
apart, and the grass grows up unmo-lested between them. The train consists of two cars and an engine. "Carmichael & Brown, Makers, Montreal," is the inscription on the doors of the cars. The firm name is not even a legend to the present generation of Montrealers, but that they did their work well it still remains to testify. The engine is of the old wood-burning type, which was the wonder of our fathers, and half a century has not passed since then. Its name is the "Carillon," and Mr. R. W. Shepherd, the

managing director, informs me that it was built in Birkenhead, Eng., for the Grand Trunk, and purchased by the present owners when the gauge of the Grand Trunk was changed to the standard. The cars used were in vogue in 1860. The railway was ambitious in its early days, but it overcame the obstacle to the navigation of the Ottawa, and never had energy sufficient to execute its other schemes. It was given a charter in 1856, under the title of "an act to provide for and encourage the construction of a railway from Lake Huron to Quebec." And it runs from Carillon to Grenville! Thus do great railway schemes come to nought! It still possesses all its powers, however, among which is the right to build a railway from Bytown to Lachine, or Pointe Claire, thus connecting with the great railway systems. It was acquired by the Ottawa River Company in 1865, as an adjunct to their steamers, and is actually dormant for seven months in the year, when the steamers are not running.

I stepped into the smoker, and sat down by the window, a square of glass about two and one half by two feet. The smoker was a little box about seven feet by ten. The seats were about eighteen inches wide with a board of a few more inches forming the back. Once upon a time, it was evident, the second class passengers had to sit on these hard boards, but now they were covered with a carpet which was strongly reminiscent of the old Turkey carpet bags. These seats stiffly faced each other in pairs. The walls were made of tongued and grooved boards running longitudinally, and the roof was similarly built. The car ahead, the first class, was constructed on similar lines

except that the seats were built on modern principles and the cushions covered with red plush.

Once every day, on the arrival of the Montreal boat, the train pulls out of Carillon and runs up to Grenville, and then returns with the passengers from the Ottawa boat to Carillon. Then it takes until the next day to recuperate. It takes something under an hour to perform the journey one way, and one does not wish to have the time cut



A LUXURIOUS CORNER IN A COMPARTMENT CAR

down. Through shady woods it passes, with the ashes and maples forming pleasing vistas, past giant graceful elms in the pastures, meadows starred with daisies, waving fields of grain or maize, a hollow with purple loosestrife rioting on the banks and yellow water lilies floating on the pool, and around the curves fascinating glimpses of tree-embowered houses. Then into the village at the foot of the rapids with gardens filled with the



good old-fashioned flowers, flaunting hollyhock and larkspur, and morning glories creeping over the porches of the houses, and the train pulls up alongside the steamer to run once more the gauntlet of curious eyes and cameras.

It is with regret that one realizes that it is over—the trip on the quaintest railway in Canada. Still one would prefer a modern Pullman in making the journey from Toronto to Montreal, for instance.

The sleeping car, or Pullman, has only been in use in Canada for about thirty years. Previous to that the passenger on a night train had to

and more elaborately and artistically finished, but in other respects they do not differ essentially from the first sleeping cars built in Canada. On the eastern runs of the Grand Trunk, however, the company has refrained from increasing the height of the cars owing to the number of tunnels in the mountains.

In this connection it may not be amiss to mention that the chief obstacle to the adoption of our style of car in England is the numerous tunnels which are found on the British railways, and which would have to be enlarged at enormous expense before cars such as are commonly used here could be utilized.



A C.P.R. OBSERVATION CAR—USED THROUGH THE ROCKIES IN SUMMER

make himself as comfortable as he could—Oh the pity of it when the passenger was a woman—in the ordinary seats, though on some of the cars provision was made for pulling out the two seats facing each other, thus furnishing a rude berth. The first Pullmans were built in the Grand Trunk shops at Point St. Charles in the years 1871, 1872 and 1873. It is interesting to note that in principle they did not differ from those now in use on all American railways. The difference that exists is in elaboration of detail, in artistic embellishment and in attention to small things rather than in the general outline. The cars are larger, loftier

These first Pullmans had upper and lower berths constructed on the same principles which now govern on sleeping cars. The upper berth was hinged to the side of the car in the same way, but the brackets on which the curtains were hung were independent of the berth. Nowadays the curtains and curtain rods practically form part of the upper berth, and are not in evidence when the car is used as a day car. A point in which there has been a remarkable improvement is in the lighting. Electric lights are commonly used at present, though "Pintsch" gas is more generally utilized. Even when oil lamps are the luminants, their num



ber and power are such that one finds it possible to read with comfort in any portion of the car. In the first sleeping cars there was only the one oil lamp suspended from the ceiling, and a passenger of the present day would consider them dark and gloomy. To overcome this defect, a small oil lamp was placed in a recess between the windows of the car, and this was covered by a mirror. If the passenger wished to read, he could slide this mirror up, like a window, and light the lamp. Even then one found it necessary to hold one's book close to the lamp in order to read. The passengers in the second and first class carriages had no such convenience, and had to pass the night in a gloom that oppressed their spirits.

The Pullman cars of those days were only about forty feet long, and being also very low, they would appear squat, dingy-looking structures if placed alongside modern palaces on wheels, which are seventy-one feet long, or seventy-eight with the vestibules. These, by the way, are conveniences which were unknown to our fathers. Steam heat has done much also to mitigate the discomforts of travelling since one had the choice of roasting by the stove in the corner or freezing by the frost-covered windows, which were not double nor equipped with blinds.

It is, perhaps, in the first and second class cars, however, that the improvements in car building are most noticeable, and if one is privileged to visit the shops of one of our great railways this fact will be borne in on one's mind. I had the pleasure of making such a visit not long since under the guidance of a gentleman who has spent nearly half a century in car building. "Formerly," he said, "we built freight cars to carry ten tons, and a few days ago we turned out a set of cars capable of carrying 40 tons. We have just finished equipping about 500 freight cars with automatic couplers, instead of the old pin and link couplers." By this means the casualty column in the newspapers in places where freight yards

exist will be robbed of many disgusting details.

Sleeping cars, he said, which were formerly only forty feet long were now being built nearly eighty feet long, and they could make them almost any length they wished. In a Pullman car, which had been built only five years ago, he pointed out that the beam which runs the length of the car over the trucks was of iron. Now they build them of steel.

This is only one isolated fact which is typical of a hundred others illustrating the progress in this important domain of railway work.

In these shops one sees specimens of all the periods almost from the battered old-timer undergoing repairs in hospital to the latest product of the handicraftsmen. In the old-time second-class cars, the unfortunate passengers sat on bare boards, and the road-bed was not so smooth, nor were springs so perfect as now. The first-class cars were cushioned, but not so well nor so artistically as is now the case. Standing near to each other I found three typical cars. One was a low-ceiled, small-windowed old wreck, with the plain boards of its exterior a dirty brown, like a weather-beaten barn. Interiorly it consisted of one room, almost as dreary-looking, with low-backed narrow seats, the cushions of which were little better than strips of carpet, and there were two dingy-looking oil lamps suspended from the ceiling to light it withal. Thirty years ago it had been first-class, in name at least. Alongside it stood a car of somewhat better type, which was being converted into a second-class. The floor was of hardwood; in one end was being fitted up a neat smoking room, the walls of oak, as were also those of the washroom in the other end, in which was being placed marble washstands, and the seats, while not so high-backed and as deeply cushioned, were of the same design as those used in the first-class cars on express trains. On the same track stood a new second-class car, the smartly varnished olive green sides of which mirrored the

features of passers-by, and the delicately tinted, yet warm, interior of which gave one a homelike feeling. The first-class cars now turned out of the shops are in every respect as comfortable and as æsthetic in design as the parlor cars of even ten years ago.

Railway car building has pressed Art into its service. Cunning carvers in wood and mixers of colours find here a scope for their genius that would formerly have found expression in the adornment of churches or the bedecking of palaces. The most artistic taste in upholstering and draping is demanded. Our railway companies scatter wealth lavishly to provide comfort for the body and gratification to the artistic perceptions of the traveller. A large staff of artists is required to provide the designs for the various portions of passenger cars. The carriages are, generally, built in lots of ten, and new designs in colour effect, ornamentation and arrangement are, as a rule, utilized for each set. Of course, the chief express trains, such as the International Limited on the Grand Trunk and the Imperial Limited on the Canadian Pacific, are made to harmonize throughout. The Canadian Pacific, having entered the field later in the day and being thus unencumbered by valuable but old-fashioned rolling

stock, has been enabled to distance some of its older rivals in the uniformity of the gorgeous beauty of its trains, but on any railway in Canada plain citizen John Smith may travel to-day in greater comfort, luxury and splendour, as to his train, than was possible for King Edward VII. when he visited this fair land of ours. This Company has also introduced on its long transcontinental runs a new style of car, the tourist, which is, in effect, a second-class Pullman without any extra charge or fees to porters to pay.

The late lamented George Warrington Steevens when he was writing his "Land of the Dollar" for the *Daily Mail*, made a short incursion into Canada, in the far West, and was struck with the design of the Pullman, especially the wide arch in the centre of the car, and the motto carved on the door *Tuum est*. "Then I knew I was in Canada," he exclaims. "The idea of saying that to an American." I have endeavoured to suggest some features of the progress made in provision for the wayfarer since stage coaches propelled by steam first ran in Canada; and the beautiful specimens of the car builder's art, herewith illustrated, and the companies, their owners, say to the people of the world: "If you have the money *Tuum est*."



A COPPER COIN USED AS A RAILWAY TICKET ON THE FIRST RAILWAY IN CANADA. BY KINDNESS OF ALEXANDER MANSON, LACHINE

# The Religious Development of Canada

By HON. J. W. LONGLEY

Attorney-General of Nova Scotia

IF by religious development was meant the growth of ecclesiasticism, it would be very easy to measure the progress of the last century. Statistics could be obtained giving the adherents of each denomination of religious belief; the number of churches and the amount of money expended in church edifices and in salaries to bishops, priests and pastors; the amount raised for benevolent and missionary purposes, and especially that devoted toward sending the gospel to heathen lands. These figures would show marked progress and, having relation to the total population and developed wealth of the country at the beginning of the nineteenth century, would indicate that progress in religious development has kept pace with its material growth.

It is not quite clear that such an aspect of religious growth would represent what is meant in its true and far-reaching sense by the term "religion." It is not going very far to say that the characteristic of the nineteenth century, and especially the latter part of it, is overshadowing materialism. It has been essentially an age of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, electric lights, steamships, cities, factories, large houses, indeed, everything that could minister to the physical comfort of the race—all good things in themselves, but, viewed from the highest standpoint, intrinsically important only in so far as they contribute toward the development of the higher mental, moral and spiritual qualities of the race. Is it not possible that even the churches have caught the materialistic character of the age and that church progress has been very largely a progress in buildings, in stained glass, in

endowments, larger salaries and other things, which, while evidence of progress in one direction, are but scant tokens of progress in the direction of true spiritual life?

What, then, is religion? On the supposition that the human soul is immortal, and that a life exists beyond the grave, subject in all ways to the will and disposition of a supreme and almighty power, religion marks the relationship which exists and should be recognized between this finite man and an infinite and supreme being. As the belief of mankind has been almost universal in another and immortal existence in which God constitutes the central thought, this relationship between man and God has always interested mortals of every clime and country, and men, groping as best they can for light, have formed theories and worked out suggestions and problems as to how man could best put himself in touch with God. These theories have been crude enough in early days, and, perhaps, are tinged with crudeness until the present, but they have constituted, such as they are, the world's religion, and each nation and each people has had an unconquerable tendency to cling to some system of theology, which has owed its birth to the teaching and inspiration of some great religious teacher. Religions have been designated true and false, but in reality no aggregation of wisdom now exists in the world that can undertake with absolute certainty to say what is true and what is false. That poor finite man should grope, blindly perhaps, after knowledge of God and an appreciation of what would please Him, is proof of the existence of a religious instinct in mankind, and this groping,



even though surrounded by false and preposterous conceptions, is itself a token of religious faith, which could not fail to have its influence, indeed, a marked and far-reaching influence, upon human character and destiny.

With all the differences in theory, forms and substance of various religious beliefs since the period of authentic history, nearly all religions that have taken any hold of mankind have associated justice, benevolence and love with the Almighty, and His favour is to be obtained by the practice of the high qualities which constitute the essence of His character and being. Stripped, then, of all superstitions and misconceptions, the tendency of religion has always been to lead men in the direction of virtue and purity of life. No man, possessed of the belief that there exists a supreme being who holds his destiny in the hollow of His hand, whose character is goodness and love, and who can be only pleased by the exercise of goodness and love, can fail, even in the midst of his frailties and weaknesses, to be insensibly influenced toward a higher life by that belief.

In Canada the universal religion is the Christian, and although in its ecclesiastical developments there is infinite variety of faith, yet no substantial difference exists in regard to the essence of the teachings of the great founder of the religion. Jesus Christ believed, and His doctrine was, that love, which means self-sacrifice and self-forgetfulness, is the only true ideal of life and the only means by which the kingdom of heaven can be opened to mortals.

These few abstract sentences have been introduced in order to draw attention to what true religion is and what its requirements are in order that we may get some test, if possible, to mark the progress, not in ecclesiasticism, but in religious growth, in Canada. The most ardent churchman would scarcely dissent from the proposition that a nation might build churches innumerable, adorn them with stained glass and all the accessories of pro-

fusion and beauty, and fill them with adherents who listened to mellifluous words from brilliant and gifted preachers, and yet there might be an utter lack of anything like true religious life in the state. It would undoubtedly be a token of religious life, and it is but fair to say that zeal in church work has usually been the index to the actual religious development of the country, but it constitutes no fixed and inexorable test.

True religion calls for self-forgetfulness, a desire to seek the welfare of others and a minimizing of the value of purely material things and an exaltation of those things which relate to the immortal soul. Few of these characteristics are apparent in the last days of the nineteenth century. Scarcely a period can be named in the history of the world, since the Sermon on the Mount was first proclaimed, when a more aggressive spirit of self-seeking existed than at this present moment, when men in the aggregate were rushing with greater pace toward the accumulation of wealth, the achievement of power and the promotion of personal aims. There has never been a time when the things which relate to this poor earth were more overshadowingly regarded and when less attention was given in the aggregate to considerations touching the immortal soul. At the end of the century it must be conceded that benevolent work is more systematized and universally adopted, but even this is very largely directed toward the comfort of the body, not unimportant, but significant as shewing the tendency of the age. In respect of true, devout piety, it is extremely doubtful if the Canadian people have made any progress since the beginning of the century. Indeed, making allowances for difference in number and power, and for the difference in intellectual expansion, it is tolerably certain that more individual regard for religious things, a less preponderating regard for things purely of a worldly character, existed in the first than in the last days of the nineteenth century. Some allowance must be made, in

marking the existing conditions, for the marvellous development of scientific knowledge during the latter part of this century. The foundations of belief may not have been uprooted by the teachings of such men as Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Lyall, Andrew D. White, Dr. Draper and others, but they have been enormously disturbed, and as, one by one, the solemn teachings of great ecclesiastical bodies have been shewn to be absolutely false and preposterous, lack of confidence in pure theological teachings has come to take possession of an enormous proportion of the intelligent and cultivated men of the day, and it has penetrated to the ranks of the apostles of religion itself. Men who think broadly and freely are to be found, not only in the churches, but in the pulpits of the churches at the present day. The effect of this has been not only to broaden religious ideas, to give greater latitude to dissenting views, and greater freedom of thought generally, but its inevitable tendency has been in the direction of weakening the power of the church as an institution in its control over mankind generally. Of course, the church, or the churches, have great influence and constitute the centre of the religious life of the country, but the power of dogma, as such, has been insensibly waning for a generation, and now multitudes of excellent people with cultivated minds have reached the conclusion that a man may worship his God without uttering any creed or without seeing the inner walls of any church edifice.

In this respect Canada is not any more advanced than the rest of the enlightened world ; indeed, perhaps there are few places in the civilized world where ecclesiastical influences are stronger and have a more permanent hold of the people. In forming an estimate of the religious character of the country, regard must be had to a large section of the population who early received their inspirations from France at a time when great zeal in religious propaganda prevailed. New France was founded on religion.

While the great King was establishing a colony for the glory of France on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the avowed and supreme idea was that the gospel should be propagated in new lands, and hand in hand with the Governors and military commanders went the priests and the nuns, and the Jesuits exercised an enormous influence in giving tone and type to the life of New France. It is somewhat curious to note how the religious impulses which were so sedulously planted in Canada by France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have survived to this day, while the motherland itself, as a nation, has almost repudiated ecclesiasticism and developed into a nation of free-thinkers. The Republican Government of France is no longer based upon a recognition of the Roman Church. It is a nation composed of men who think and speak with great freedom, and perhaps often with flippancy, of the church itself, its dignitaries and spiritual guides. Nevertheless, the connection between the Province of Quebec and France is still close. Bright young men in the Province of Quebec are sent to France to complete their education, and most men in public positions and men of wealth are accustomed to visit France and make Paris the Mecca of their travels abroad. It may be safely assumed, therefore, that in time the influence of French freedom of thought and emancipation from ecclesiastical domination will have its leaven planted in Canada to work its modifying effects in respect of the vast system of ecclesiastical authority which has been characteristic of that Province since its foundation, and especially during the last century under British rule. Under the legislation of 1791, based upon the original treaty after the conquest, the language, laws and religion of the French people were guaranteed by Imperial enactment. As a consequence the preservation of the church has come to be regarded in Quebec as a political right, and this has ministered in no small degree to upholding its power and supremacy. It seems, to-



day, to have supreme control over the people, but in an age of such widely diffused light and knowledge, and with ready means of access to all the thought and mental activity of the day, no one can safely predict the moment when it will be found that a large class of men indifferent to ecclesiastical influence exist, and that the power and authority of ecclesiasticism will begin to diminish in spite of all efforts, however powerful, put forth to stay it.

That the power of ecclesiasticism is bound to wane in all countries is a most palpable fact in connection with the religious life of the world. That this will mean a diminution of religious fervour in the world is not a necessary deduction. That ecclesiasticism, with all the power now at its command, has been utterly impotent this last thirty or forty years to prevent the world from being inundated with an overwhelming flood of materialism is an indication that if true religion is to once more assert itself in the world, it will be necessary to have a revival of faith under new forms and fortified by stronger and more potent influences.

At this present moment, with all the great increase in the number of churches in the country, the proportion of regular male attendants at church has not grown during the century. In Protestant churches especially there is a manifest apathy on the part of the male adult population that no one not blind can fail to observe. The priest or pastor is no longer regarded as possessing the qualities of an infallible guide, and the nineteenth century passes away with religious congregations filled with critics, who either smile with indifference at the theological utterances of the preachers or openly and unreservedly dissent *in toto*.

Another notable characteristic of the age is its disposition, fostered no doubt by the scientific activity of the last forty years, to ask troublesome questions and demand evidence—often impossible to give—of venerable dogmas. The safeguard against the progress of free thought in the past has been the

imposing of adequately severe penalties against inconvenient enquiries. In these later days the fear of ecclesiastical frowns has departed, and he who stands forth as a religious teacher realizes that he has got to give a reason for the faith he upholds, and that this reason may at any moment be called in question and found inadequate by his intellectual superiors.

Speaking in general terms, Canada may fairly be put down as a religious country. It is fashionable everywhere to worship in Canada. A denial of the basic principles of religion, namely, the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, are still calculated to impose social penalties in this country, light, indeed, as compared with one hundred years ago, but still the profound conviction of the overwhelming majority of the Canadian people is in favour of religion and that which it represents, as well as its accessories in the shape of ecclesiasticism. The spirit of free thought which has taken possession of the world has, perhaps, made less progress in Canada than in the United States or Germany, certainly less than in France. Nevertheless, there are tokens in the air of free thought and enquiry which make any wise and far-seeing votary of ecclesiasticism realize that there is danger ahead, and that the perfunctory and stereotyped method of sustaining the religious character of the nation may at any moment be found inadequate and in danger of falling into disuse. The development of such religious organizations as the Salvation Army, and the formation of societies among young men and women outside of the churches for promoting religious growth, are significant tokens that the churches must progress and expand with the age if they expect to be recognized as the pillars and foundations of religious belief and growth.

The greatest problem which confronts the age, from a religious point of view, at the opening of the twentieth century, is the crass and hideous materialism everywhere prevalent. Unless this overweening regard for the



things of the world—wealth and material comfort—is in some way checked and men brought to feel and recognize once more that to live and achieve for others is greater and better than to live and achieve for one's self ; that wealth itself has no advantages which extend beyond the little cycle of years which pertain to this mortal life, whereas virtue and love pertain to an immortal life—unless, in a word, this system of steam engines is supplanted by a system of heart-beats, then it cannot be truly said, whatever may be the number of churches, the zeal of the pastors or the amount contributed for religious purposes, that the age is characterized by a spirit of true religion.

Nothing is needed so much at this moment, when the new century is being ushered in, as a revival of religion in the world, not necessarily a revival of ecclesiasticism, not necessarily a glorification of existing agencies for religious propagation, but a spirit of far-reaching apprehension by the world at large that there must be a limit to this worship of the steam engine and a return to a recognition of the beauties of holiness and the glory of self-forgetfulness.

To sum up : the beginning of the twentieth century finds Christendom tinged by the mad rush for wealth and political power which is notably characteristic of the Christian world. Frankly, while individual instances of saintliness in life and character are, thank God, still to be found, the average religious congregations can be characterized as an aggregation of men seeking wealth, power and position, and of women more or less influenced by social and other aims of a purely worldly character. It is heinous to deny any established tenet of orthodoxy, but it is not heinous to practically ignore the very essence of the teachings of the Founder of the Christian religion. That self-denial, disregard of riches, indifference to physical ease and pleasure, a complete consecration of all the powers and faculties to the service of God, is the essence of Christism can scarcely be disputed.

That the necessity of these things is as frankly ignored by the great mass of the Christian world to-day is a thing so clear and palpable that the profession of Christianity seems almost grotesque.

The forms of worship and the public method of exhibiting religious zeal has come to assume the appearance of a mechanical action, a cut-and-dried system. The development of thought in the latter part of the nineteenth century has hardly communicated itself to the religious congregations. The Westminster Confession of Faith has been able to uphold itself in spite of all efforts of broad and enlightened men to modify its somewhat dismal affirmations, and notwithstanding the enormous growth in scientific knowledge. This only serves as an example of the vast conservative power of religious creeds. They cling to the form and maintain it with all the organized power of ecclesiasticism long after the substance has decayed and vanished. The shell is maintained after the kernel has disappeared. The spirit of the Sermon on the Mount is still leavening the world in spite of the miserable aggressive jingoism which characterizes Christian nations. There is still noticeable a steady development of public opinion against war and a more sensitive regard for human suffering. Higher and better ideals of life are gradually being formed. One thing that stays the progress of true spiritual life is the huge wave of materialism which characterizes the present time.

Industrialism and Mammon are the only two gods that seem to be universally worshipped in the opening days of the twentieth century, and it is difficult for true ideals of living, love and self-sacrifice to make progress when nearly every person is busy about conquests or engines. The essence of Christ's teachings cannot be permanently affected. They contain in them the elements which must succeed or else humanity can never be uplifted, but a routine and gradgrind ecclesiasticism, coupled with a gross and overshadowing spirit of worldiness, can act

as formidable obstacles to the progress of love as a controlling factor in human lives.

The supreme need of the Christian world at the opening hours of the twentieth century is, as has been already stated, a revival of religion, that is, a revival of Christism in the world—an organized effort on the part of zealous men, who believe thoroughly in religion and regard self-consecration as greater than building cities or amassing fortunes, to devote their energies toward stemming the enormous tide of materialism and to recall men and women once more to the true ideal of life. The intrinsic value of industrial progress at this present moment, if I mistake not, is vastly overestimated. Ocean greyhounds are important as ministering to human comfort, but, if the soul is really of more importance than the body, then those things can only be of overshadowing importance to mankind which relate to his immor-

tal destiny, and these things are not lands, houses, engines or industrial progress. Without venturing upon assuming the role of prophet, I am fairly convinced that this mad rush toward industrialism which is now characteristic of the world, and the ugly and unchristian spirit of jingoism which characterizes the national life of every so-called Christian country, must soon overreach itself and lead to a reaction in favour of the simple and immortal principles of the Sermon on the Mount. When this moment comes, then, instead of this universal mad tumble after fresh inventions, new steam engines, and further developments in electricity, we shall have men and women, perhaps not in the churches, but, certainly, either in or out of them, beginning to recognize that religion with all its far-reaching requirements in the way of self-consecration, is the greatest thing about which mortals can think or talk.

#### A MOON-FLOWER.

AS I went out into the moon,  
I came upon a tale of eld;  
A simple ballad oddly spelled  
Before mine eyes; a Gothic rune:—

A maiden of the dreams of night  
Caught with cold hands a lily stem,  
And as it circled at the hem  
Of her slim garment, it shed light.

It hardly was a flower at all;  
It was a breath perhaps, or seemed  
The fragrance that an angel dreamed,  
As aftermath of Ariel's call.

It was not all a rose abloom;  
It nodded with a dreaminess,  
And half was love and half was less;  
It was an earnest in the gloom.

And as the light fed the low skies,  
It touched her fingers to a glow;  
And all her lashes, in a row,  
Were shades unto her morning eyes.

And to her lips she lifted up  
The timid flower that bound her feet;  
And hope had tintured it with sweet;  
And truth had offered it a cup.

And as she drank, the daylight broke;  
And found her drooping, as a vine;  
A ripened, nodding columbine,  
Showered o'er Love's brow, ere he awoke!

# Some Aspects of the Imperial Problem

By PROFESSOR ADAM SHORTT  
Queen's University

THE time was when it became necessary to defend the rights and liberties of the colonies of Britain from encroachments on the part of the mother country. The time appears to be at hand, when it may be necessary to defend the rights and liberties of the mother country from encroachments on the part of the colonies.

In the interval the colonies have asserted and gradually gained the right, first, to make their own laws and determine their own policy with reference to matters of internal administration; next, to enjoy the liberty of trade with other colonies and other countries on equal terms with the people of the home country, and finally, the right to determine a policy of trade and politics independently of the interests and policy of the mother country.

This independence reached its logical culmination on the economic side, when the colonies established protective tariffs against the mother country, which, even in its most protective condition, always favoured the colonies. Politically the limit of independence has been practically reached under the new federal constitution of Australia, and only to a slightly lesser degree in the case of Canada. In legal matters, however, we are still behind Australia, in that her Supreme Court is practically a court of last appeal for all Australian cases, while ours has not such powers. Possibly, were our constitution in process of revision, we should be as insistent as the Australians in securing the right to decide our own cases.

Yet the striking feature in the development of colonial independence, is the fact that though in truth we have become almost completely emancipated

from British control, our pride and glory in the British connection have steadily increased. The people of the colonies experience that uplifting sense of importance and power which accompanies the consciousness of being connected with an Empire of great traditions, as well as of commanding position in the present. At the same time we are not galled by any formal bonds which might impede our independent development. If we come to the assistance of the mother country in war, or respond to her free trade policy by giving her goods the preference in our markets, it is of our own free will and not in virtue of formal obligations. We have always resented, frequently with unnecessary fierceness, any suggestion on the part of ill-informed Americans, that we were under obligations to furnish tribute to Britain in men or means. Yet so long as the choice rests with ourselves, the assistance is never likely to be wanting whenever serious occasion requires.

There are those, however, who seem to have so little appreciation of the immensely superior strength and international moral weight of the ties of Imperial sentiment and honour, as to desire to shackle these forces with formal bonds and obligations. Such spiritual ties are stronger and more constant than the most consecrated bonds, if breathing the air of freedom, yet are fickle and evanescent as the forms of fancy, if threatened with bolts and bars. In any case they cannot be used as mere draught cattle to drag the chariot of progress backward. Yet, under the name of the New Imperialism, the Empire is threatened once more with a disguised form of that ancient yoke from which it has



been, for a century and a half past, slowly emancipating itself. With all their varied and discordant interests the parts of the Empire are to be hung as millstones round each other's necks, giving cohesion, doubtless, and exclusiveness, but bringing mutual impediment, friction and recrimination, the most paralyzing forms of weakness. There is doubtless no ultimate danger that this backward movement will be seriously attempted, for, however abstract and disinterested may be the motives of some of its leading promoters, yet the chief practical feature of the New Imperialism is a hearty and unanimous desire on the part of each section of the Empire to prosper at the expense of the others. But, even if doomed to failure, by reason of the selfish and discordant objects which are covered by the common label of the New Imperialism, the movement is apt to discourage higher ideals. It would be unfortunate should the promising growth of cordial relations and a better understanding between the independent parts of the Empire, be chilled by the discovery that attempts are being made, under the guise of Imperial devotion, to exploit this sentiment for purely sectional interests, such, for instance, as the enriching of Canadian farmers by a tax upon the food of the British artisan, or the enforcement of an Australian Monroe Doctrine in the southern Pacific at the expense of the Empire, the central object being to secure a close preserve for Australian trade to the exclusion of the outside world, including the other portions of the Empire. It is necessary, then, to see what is really involved in this restless desire to reduce the British Imperial practice to an organized system.

The steps or stages in the development of British colonial policy are full of paradoxes. The growth of the colonial Empire has been very practical and successful, but utterly unsystematic, hardly any two parts being on quite the same footing with reference to the mother country or each other. Hence the study of the

colonial policy of Britain has furnished little attractive material to those, whether within or without the Empire, who are in quest of a thoroughly reasonable and scientific system, which might for the first time organize the apparent British chaos, or serve as a rational guide for the building up of a new colonial empire. None of the older countries has ever profited by a study of the unique success of the British colonial experiments. Spain could never rise to any higher conception of a colonial empire than that of a strongly federated union of the parts under one central control, with taxes for Imperial defence, and commercial protection against the world. In other words, she treated the colonial empire as though it were a single country. Hence, even with the earliest start and the fairest field, she utterly failed. For similar reasons, France, following in her footsteps as regards colonial policy, lost the best of her first colonial empire to her blundering, empirical neighbor across the Channel. Britain, though subscribing in a theoretically official manner to the same colonial policy, yet indulged, for the most part, in the reckless practice of letting the colonies very much take care of themselves, as regards administration. Her close connection with them lay in occupying the intervals between the periodic struggles for empire, in an inglorious but prosperous devotion to trade and commerce, instead of sagely employing the periods of peace in preparing for war. Thus at the opening of each fresh struggle Britain and her colonies were usually but poorly prepared, from a strictly military point of view. Yet, to borrow a phrase from our jingoistic friends, They had the ships, they had the men, they had the money too, and with business enterprise, which is sometimes a fair substitute for barrack-room smartness, they rapidly turned them into fighting form.

Strange as it seemed to many, the British always came out best in the end, having fool's luck as their more scientific opponents thought, but real-

ly because they had immensely greater reserve power. When the conflict was over they immediately reverted to industry and trade once more, checked only by the exhausted condition of their rivals who in their recuperative stages were but poor customers.

France, in building up another colonial empire in the nineteenth century, has simply repeated the same mistakes as caused her to lose her first and greater empire in the eighteenth century. Similar stories have to be told of all the older colonizing Powers. Yet it is among these European Powers that we find colonial systems that are really systematic, scientific, everything indeed that can commend them to those seeking for a rational system of colonial expansion. The British system alone stands apart from these symmetrical failures. It is vast, straggling, paradoxical, wayward, unorganized, but eminently successful and filled with an overflowing complexity as of Nature herself.

It is a mine of the richest experience, wherein those who have eyes to see may trace in rich variety the subtle but fascinating movements of social human nature, may find the harmonious union of contradictories, and watch the peaceful evolution of the impossible. But to minds of a military or bureaucratic turn the artificial system is so much simpler and more attractive than the natural one, that we need not wonder at the British practice being somewhat out of repute even in Britain. Still less need we wonder that when Germany, the latest European aspirant for colonial expansion, sought to discover the true principles upon which a colonial empire should be built up, she naturally adopted that which was scientific instead of that which was merely successful—the continental system instead of the British practice.

Notwithstanding the many attempts, before our own New Imperialism, to have the continental system tried in the British Empire, its introduction has been seriously attempted only once, and that was in the time of George III. The very success of the Empire in its

late colonial struggle, ending with the conquest of Canada among other things, seemed to suggest to certain minds the necessity of henceforth adopting a systematic colonial policy. Notwithstanding that the French system had so conspicuously come to grief in every quarter of the globe, it was much extolled as a theory by those who had observed that it enabled France to gain some initial successes at the opening of each struggle. Henceforth we must always be prepared for the worst, was the cry. With a blind devotion to simple and beautiful theories of Imperial federation, Imperial preferential trade, and taxation of the Empire for an Imperial defence fund, George III and his new Ministers sought to realize the continental ideal of a consolidated Empire. The movement was intended, also, to take advantage of the spontaneous outburst of loyalty and self-sacrificing devotion, which had been shown by some of the American colonies in the late great struggle with France.

In vain they were warned by Chatham, Burke, Fox and other statesmen of experience and insight, who knew the strong yet subtle grounds on which the unity of the Empire rested, unconsciously even to the great majority of its people. The new King and his new Ministers preferred sound reason to the strange and uncertain teachings of experience. Their intentions were honourable but their ignorance was vast, and, as nothing courts disaster more seductively than well-intentioned ignorance, the consequences were ruinously complete. While Britain seemed to the world of Imperial theorists to be courting destruction from lack of colonial organization, the British Empire flourished and expanded, nor could the most powerful coalitions break it up. It was reserved to her own Imperial theorists to destroy it by attempts to organize it and render it self-dependent and impregnable.

With fewer colonies, chastened theories, and increased wisdom, the mother country began once more to feel her way forward in colonial matters.



Theory was still frequently in evidence as a minor factor, but, henceforth, usually gave way before extremities were reached. In consequence, British colonial experience presents a series of remarkable and unexpected discoveries, which have made of her colonial policy a system of striking paradoxes. Britain really owes her present Empire to statesmen who reluctantly reached the conclusion that it were better to see the Empire peaceably break up, than to attempt by coercion to keep the colonies in the right path. These were the so-called Little Englanders. The grand Imperialists of those days were always in favour of forcing the colonies into the right path. A still grander race of Imperialists, arising in the colonies, are bent upon coercing the mother country into the right path.

However, in the earlier days the Little Englanders prevailed. Yet, strange to tell, with every relaxation of Imperial bonds the interest of the colonies in the Empire strengthened, until to-day, with practically complete emancipation from formal Imperial obligations, there is an outburst of mutual good feeling between the colonies and the mother country unparalleled since the days of Chatham, who became the first Little Englander by waiving the Imperial right of suzerainty, and permitting the American colonies to determine for themselves the amount and conditions of the assistance which they should render in the conflict with France.

Thus, in the light of both its colonial history and its present position, we have to admit the entire truth of the complaint, that the British Colonial Empire is quite unscientific and deplorably lacking in systematic organization. But then we have also to admit that the same complaint holds as regards the British Constitution, the British food supply and foreign trade generally, the British system of Imperial defence — and aggression. In fact, when we look about us more carefully, we discover that this is the characteristic difference between British institutions and those of the rest of the world.

They are very flexible and close-fitting, very natural and efficient, very well organized in detail, but very lacking in that centralized uniformity and determination in one definite direction, which is so characteristic of the systems of government and the national policies of most other countries. Hence, to the minds of those who have no patience with the endless variety and complexity, the ever-changing and readjusting processes of natural progress, the British Empire has always seemed to be merely drifting.

The New Imperialism seems particularly anxious to arrest this aimless drifting. But, beyond the general desire to take the Empire in hand and put it in a strait-jacket, little that is definite has emerged. The most aggressive proposals come from the colonies. In both Canada and Australia there is a marked development of the sense of the importance of the colonies in the Empire. This idea is in many ways perfectly reasonable and legitimate. Yet it is also capable of working much mischief, if exercised in a narrow and selfish spirit. Hitherto the colonies have had a voice only in their own affairs, but if we are henceforth to have a voice in Imperial matters beyond our own national limits, we must realize very clearly what that involves. For one thing, we can no longer look at things merely from the point of view of our own sectional interests. We must recognize that other parts of the Empire may have interests and lines of development of quite a different, and even antagonistic nature to our own, and yet that it is not necessary that we should sacrifice our interests or that they should sacrifice theirs. The recognition of this general principle of allowing each part of the Empire to adjust itself to the circumstances in which it is placed, was just the hard lesson which the statesmen of Britain found it so difficult to learn during the past century and a half. The most essential part of this lesson is the recognition of how very little is the share of control and direction which the other parts of the



Empire can safely attempt to exercise with reference to any one part, but how completely each section must be permitted to make its own mistakes, and work out its own policy. Yet these are the very truths which the Newer Imperialism seems to be forgetting in Britain, and in the colonies never to have learned. In the colonies there is simply a very natural and first-hand tendency to regard everything Imperial from the point of view of the colony in question. Thus we find among ardent colonial Imperialists, a tendency to deny to the mother country that liberty which she, after much misgiving, so generously granted to the colonies. In the language of the day, we must give the mother country plainly to understand that the colonies are the greater part of the British Empire, and that they intend to have a leading voice in the policy and administration of the Empire. Hence Britain is no longer to be permitted to exhibit that highly unpatriotic spirit of willingness to deal with other nations on the same terms as with her colonies, merely because she finds it profitable to do so. By that system she might, indeed, be making a profit out of the foreign countries by getting cheap and plentiful supplies from them. But what a selfish and unworthy policy is this, in the face of the New Imperialism, when it is open to the plainest demonstration that, by giving special preferences to her colonies by placing a tax upon her foreign trade and especially her foreign food, they might make a handsome profit out of her. It might be urged by some that to tax food is to injure the most vital feature in the whole economic and national structure. But to those who take a larger and more newly Imperialistic view of these matters, this is really one of its virtues. A tax on food would not injure any one class in Britain, it would not destroy the symmetry and proportion of the whole, and is it not capable of demonstration by the higher and purer mathematics, that what everybody loses will never be missed, or what injures everyone

injures no one? Indeed, unless Great Britain immediately gives up her free trade system, and undertakes to buy her food supplies in particular from the colonies, at whatever sacrifice to herself, the New Imperialists must entirely decline to be responsible for the consequences, which they have special reasons for knowing will be very terrible.

On the other hand, the corresponding element in Britain, in advocating a policy of closer union among the parts of the Empire revert to the eighteenth century for their ideal. They think they see in the spontaneous outburst of devotion and self-sacrifice on the part of the colonies, a willingness to adopt without question, and support with men and money, the eminently reasonable and just policy of the home country in all foreign and Imperial matters. In this respect the great self-governing colonies of to-day are held to be much more enlightened and reasonable than their predecessors of unfortunate memory. Indeed, they show infinitely more wisdom and patriotism than many of the leading people of the mother country, who, as Lord Salisbury complains, have that unfortunate British vice of having opinions of their own and insisting on expressing them. The colonies being permeated by this spirit of devotion and sweet reasonableness, the time is opportune, they urge, for calling upon them to bear part of the burden of Imperial taxation, especially for the support of the army and navy. It were a simple thing, surely, to persuade the colonies to convert their spasmodic outburst of generosity into a permanent, assessable contribution towards the expenses connected with expanding the Empire. And while we are about it, think these people, might we not take advantage of the new Imperialistic enthusiasm of the colonies to secure the enlargement of our markets, by getting them to reverse their mistaken policy of protection, at least as regards British goods. Possibly a light duty against the outside world in the line of manufactured goods, might be advis-

able for Imperial revenue. At any rate, the preliminary to anything of the kind must be free trade within the Empire, and in all cases free import for raw materials, including food.

When stripped of their specious accessories and reduced to a common denominator, the conflicting nature of the interests covered by a common name is plain enough.

Now it is perfectly reasonable that the colonies should bear a fair proportion of the expenses of maintaining a reasonably efficient navy for the protection of common interests. What the respective proportions should be must be largely left to naval experts. But, whatever the proportion, each part of the Empire should be thoroughly honest, both with itself and with the others, in making its due contribution. Jealousy and friction would be minimized, and candour and fairness promoted by each section raising its own quota in its own way. We know very well how the colonies would regard a proposition from the mother country, that the Imperial navy be supported by a duty upon manufactured goods entering all parts of the Empire, but with free trade within it. Yet this would be fairness itself compared with the Canadian proposition to tax food supplies throughout the Empire for the same purpose.

But, though there is not the slightest possibility of its being adopted, such a proposition cannot be looked upon as merely harmless. The fact that it should be seriously urged by Canadians will be certain to have a very unfortunate effect upon British public opinion, when once its true significance is realized.

We cannot ostentatiously put a dime into the Imperial defence contribution plate, while we quietly take a dollar out, without stirring unpleasant reflections in the minds of the other members of the Empire. Nor shall we mend matters much by blandly assuring our fellow contributors that what a friend gains is not lost. Let us be honest, even if our extensive agricultural industry is pauperized. If, with high

protective duties at home and free access to the largest food market in the world, our agricultural industry cannot hold its own, then let us with humble integrity place ourselves before the British taxpayer, hat in hand, and, frankly confessing that our official immigration literature is a mass of lies, intended merely to deceive the ungodly alien, let us expose our honest poverty and, pleading our poor relationship, beg from him a subsidy towards the support of our unfortunate agricultural class, and the augmentation of their numbers. In any case, nothing could be more fatal to the unity of the Empire than an attempt to import into the treatment of Imperial matters the tactics of domestic politics.

However, from another side the cry goes up, that the proposal to tax the British food supply is not so much in the interest of the colonies as of Britain herself. It is particularly desirable, the argument runs, that the Empire should be self-sustaining in the matter of food supply. Observe in what a dangerous position Britain stands at present, with the larger part of her food supply drawn from foreign countries. Does this not place her at the mercy of those countries, and would not her case be very serious in the event of certain imaginable coalitions being formed against her?

Now a notable feature of this argument is its antiquity. In one form or another it has been in the mouths of the British landlord and farmer for a couple of centuries or more. From the middle of the eighteenth century it began to carry great weight; after the Napoleonic wars it became the great question of the country, and remained so till settled by the abolition of the Corn Laws. But it was settled against the principle of self-dependence, and the consequent benefits to the nation have prevented any responsible party in Britain from suggesting a revival of the discarded policy. With much less opposition from within, Britain has come to be still more dependent upon the outside world for a constant supply of raw materials for her industries,



which are no less vital to her people than their food supply.

But Britain is not alone in this matter. Germany, in proportion as it has developed an industrial population, is repeating the experience of Britain. Of late years she has greatly increased her imports of food and raw materials. In consequence her landlords and farmers are using their power over the Government to force the establishment of corn laws and other protective measures for the benefit of the agrarian element. Yet, in spite of her corn laws and their burden upon industry, Germany is not self-dependent, and as her industry expands is certain to be less so. The same story is true, in lesser degree, of Italy, Belgium, Holland and Scandinavia. France is already largely dependent on imports of food, but the stationary condition of her population does not promise much immediate increase in that dependence, which is a matter of regret, not of joy, to her statesmen.

As shown in British history, and in the history of the other Powers, the increase of dependence upon other nations—in other words, the increase of international trade—is a mark of power, not of weakness. Indeed, those who develop the line of argument that dependence upon other nations for food, raw materials, or markets, is a sign of weakness and danger, overlook certain important features of an elementary, economic and international character, without attention to which no statesmanlike view of these matters can be taken.

All international trade, as well as ordinary trade, is carried on between a seller and a buyer. And every protective tariff, all consular services, the whole field of advertisement, and the whole army of agents and commercial travellers proclaim the universal fact, that the anxiety of the seller to sell far outstrips the anxiety of the purchaser to buy. This is a policy of nations as well as of individuals. Hence nothing makes the position of Britain so safe among the nations as the fact that she is so good a customer for the goods of

so many of them, and especially in the line of food supply, which always affects a large number of people in each food exporting country.

If Britain were dependent upon any single country, or any closely allied group of countries for her food, there might, in certain extreme contingencies, be an attempt to cripple her by shutting off her food supply. But, under present conditions, any attempt to starve her by one combination would afford an excellent opportunity for another combination to reap a handsome profit from supplying her with food at prices somewhat higher than normal. Britain and Napoleon did not manage to starve each other out by means of their combined orders-in-council and Berlin and Milan Decrees. Between them they theoretically shut off trade between the continent of Europe and the outside world, and isolated Britain completely. Yet, practically, in a week or two trade went on as before, each Power being forced, in its own interest, to connive at the violation of its own decrees. Yet the world has never seen since that time, nor, as far as present indications point, is ever likely to see, a more favourable opportunity for employing the paralyzing effects of a non-intercourse policy.

In the present trouble in South Africa there is an unparalleled unanimity among the nations in condemning the course which Britain has followed, and there is general rejoicing over her poor success, but even those most anxious for her failure are also extremely willing to supply her with anything they have to dispose of that will aid her in her purpose.

When we come to look more particularly at the sources of the British food supply, we recognize that the most varied and scattered countries, great and small, strong and weak, politically friendly and unfriendly, whether sending their contributions mainly by sea or mainly by land, all depend for the sale or the ruling price of their surplus food upon the condition of the British market. If that market, directly or indirectly, were closed to them, the



most widespread distress would prevail in those countries. It must be a very powerful motive indeed which could cause any one of them to undergo that distress for the purpose of harassing or destroying, if possible, its best customer; while the possibility of even half of them combining in such a project is simply beyond belief. In fact, their interest in the British market is far greater than the interest of the British market in them. Frequently the precise effect of the complete shutting off of supplies from any one source is actually seen when there is a crop failure or a war in any of the important grain exporting countries. Countries which supply millions of bushels to the British market one year may send little or nothing the next. But, while there is terrible distress in those particular countries, the British market knows little or no change in its aggregate supply or the price thereof.

Again, applying the fact of there being two parties to every exchange, the trade of Britain is not merely her trade alone, it is the trade of many other countries as well. Assuming that other countries are as anxious to protect their trade as Britain is to protect hers, the burden of protecting the trade in which she is interested by no means falls upon Britain alone. If United States grain or cotton merchants are sending cargoes of grain or cotton to the British markets for sale, is not the United States more interested in the protection of that cargo, till it lands in Britain, than Britain herself is? Yet people constantly argue as though upon the British fleet alone depended the protection of all the commerce in which Britain is interested, whether as buyer or seller. And much of the argument also implies that the cruisers, against which that commerce may have to be protected, will be those of the country to which the goods or ships may belong.

From what has already been said, it is obvious that, unless almost the whole world were in arms against Britain, or unless her ports were so com-

pletely blockaded that no vessels could be got through, Britain has little to fear from the possibility of attempts to shut off her food supply. But, in either of these cases of possible danger, what would be the benefit of confining herself to her colonial empire for her food supplies? In all such cases, as indeed in every imaginable case, her entire dependence upon the colonies would only aggravate the evils to be feared. She could then count on no other commercial interests, and on no other fleet but her own for assistance.

The commercial jealousy and antagonism which the United States is exciting to-day on the continent of Europe, is entirely due to the fact that she is so remarkably self-contained, and is so highly protected that, while she is showing great activity and anxiety to sell to all the world, she is not prepared to buy from the world, and hence incurs its hatred and fear. Her shrewder business and public men are beginning to see that this artificial attempt at self-containedness in the matter of articles of consumption, is not likely to prove good policy either for the promotion of export trade or the maintenance of safe foreign relations. Hence there is plainly a beginning being made in the United States towards freer trade relations than have characterized the policy of that country for almost half a century past. But if the effort to be artificially self-contained, in the matter of supplying national wants, is proving itself not to be a wise policy in the case of so compact a country as the United States, how much less wise in the case of so scattered a group of units as the British Empire, where self-containedness can only be accomplished in a most artificial way and at the expense of all that has contributed to the great commercial expansion and international power of the mother country? It is in her international economic power, by which Britain has acquired and still holds many and valuable hostages from the other nations, that her safety from invasion or attack chiefly rests.

The importance to the whole Empire of the complex foreign and colonial trade which Britain has built up upon natural and profitable lines, is well shown in the case of her shipping industry, which has been entirely dependent upon that trade for its development. In the gradual expansion of her trade and shipping connections, Britain also naturally secured a large share of the foreign carrying trade of the world. This she has managed to retain and increase. Notwithstanding the heroic and expensive efforts of other nations of Europe to build up commercial navies of their own, Britain still transports about five-eighths of the foreign commerce of Europe. In virtue of the country's enormous commercial navy, the Government was able to secure, without inconvenience to the regular trade of the country, transport to South Africa for men, animals, food and stores, to the extent of 2,000,000 tons; equivalent to almost the entire steam tonnage of Germany, and about double that of France. Further, when during this same period the troubles in China necessitated the transport of large numbers of troops, with much coal and stores, not only was British shipping at hand to answer all the needs of its own Government, but it accomplished also a large share of the transport for the other nations. But even the foreign shipping, including the war vessels, was dependent upon British coaling stations for its ability to reach its destination and pro-

tect the interests of the foreign Powers.

Such are some of the elements of Britain's strength, and some of the powerful hostages which she holds from the other nations of the world. Yet it is only a beginning of their enumeration.

The conclusion of the whole matter is simply this, that the British Empire is in no need of artificial organizing, or any scientific attempts to reduce its natural richness and variety to the uniformity of a military parade.

Where then comes in the unity of the Empire? It is based upon unity of race, language, institutions and traditions, and in its progress expresses itself in the world at large as a type of civilization. Now this means that the essential unity of the Empire is spiritual, and spiritual unity is consistent with an endless variety in all other things. But a common type of civilization is maintained by a free interchange of ideas and ideals. Hence what the parts of the Empire stand most in need of is a better knowledge of each other. And to this end we need freer and better channels for the interchange of that knowledge. While, without intellectual prejudice, we eagerly learn from all mankind, yet we can profit most from those of our own type. Thus by mutual intercourse suggestive, critical, encouraging, broadening, we shall at once develop and keep ourselves in touch with that mainspring of any Imperial unity worth cherishing, a common type of civilization.

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#### DEAR HEART.

DEAR heart, thy lips are more to me than all the world,  
 And but to touch them once were ecstasy to me;  
 The sweetest joy were mine, with mine own eyes to probe  
 The dark and dreamy depths of thine, that I might see  
 Within the changing shadows there sweet love and sympathy.

That I might gaze unhindered on thy sweet, fair face  
 And catch thy fleeting smile, to me were bliss untold;  
 And but once to touch thy crown of shining hair,  
 That from the burning sun has caught its glint and gold,  
 Were happiness, indeed, not lightly sold.

*T. M. Merrill.*

## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. XXXI—A. P. McDIARMID, M.A., D.D.

WHEN the Educational Board appointed by the Baptists of Manitoba and the Northwest decided in the spring of 1899 to establish an educational institution to meet the need of the growing West, it devolved upon them to choose a competent organizer for the enterprise. After a long consideration of the marked qualities that must be united in such a man, they chose the Rev. Archibald P. McDiarmid, at that time the Secretary of the Baptist Foreign Mission Board of Ontario and Quebec. To him they submitted their plans, acting on which he immediately set about to organize and establish at Brandon, Manitoba, the institution now chartered and known as Brandon College, of which he himself is Principal.

Dr. McDiarmid was born in 1852 at Yarmouth, Elgin County, Ontario. After receiving the rudiments of education in the Public School of that place, he attended the High School at St. Thomas for a year or two, and then went to Woodstock College, known in those days as the Canadian Literary Institute. There he was under the guidance of such well-known educators as Robert Fyfe, J. E. Wells, and George Dickson, sometime Principal of Upper Canada College.

In the summer of 1871 he graduated from Woodstock College by passing the matriculation examination into the University of Toronto. At this examination, and likewise at that of his first year, he won a general proficiency scholarship. From this point on to the close of his university career he pursued the honour course in Metaphysics, capturing the scholarship in the second year, several prizes in the third, and the silver medal in the fourth. His chief instructor during these three years was George Paxton Young, whose rare combination of abilities—a genuine philosophical insight and power of expression together with a brilliant talent for teaching—whose mag-

netic personality and real manliness, left an indelible impress upon all of his many students, and not least among them upon Dr. McDiarmid. It is a notable fact that a great number of the leading men of Canada to-day received from the life and words of George Paxton Young the vital momentum which has carried them to their present high spheres of labour and influence.

In 1876, after obtaining the Master's degree from his Alma Mater, Dr. McDiarmid was ordained into the Baptist ministry at Clarence, Ontario. The next year he was called to Strathroy, two years later to Port Hope, and in 1882 to the First Baptist Church of Ottawa, this being the church which the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, the Hon. David Mills, and the Hon. William McMaster regularly attended. After seven years' pastorate in the Canadian capital he accepted the call extended to him by the Tabernacle Baptist Church of Brooklyn, New York.

In 1892 Dr. McDiarmid returned to Canada, making Toronto his home, to serve as Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of the Canadian Baptist Church of Ontario and Quebec. From this position he was called to the West. From that time to the present he has been a member of the Senate of McMaster University. At the spring convocation of 1899 his colleagues on that body conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

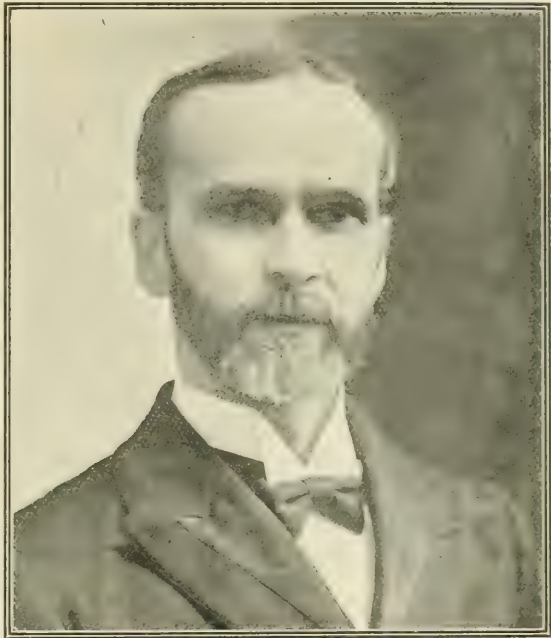
At the time of Dr. McDiarmid's appointment to the leadership of the new educational movement Brandon College was merely a plan; but by the following autumn, through his energy and executive ability, it had become an actuality, with a governing board, a faculty, and an encouragingly large student-body. For the first two years classes were conducted in rented rooms, but during this time plans, estimates, and subscriptions for a suitable building were being made, with the result



that the college work is now carried on in a large modern edifice.

The principal courses of study offered are the general arts course of the first two years, and the complete honour course in Philosophy, of the University of Manitoba. Besides this, there is provided collegiate instruction along the lines of study required by the provincial education department, a business and stenographic course, and a theological course. Although the college is under the auspices of the Baptist denomination, it is far from being sectarian in spirit. Its constituency covering Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia, embraces people of all denominations and nationalities.

That this the youngest Canadian college was brought into active existence and placed on so firm a basis in so short a time is mostly due to the untiring efforts, the organizing skill, and the profound appreciation of west-

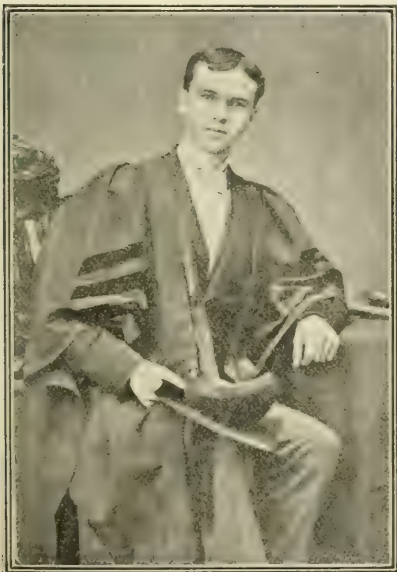


DR. A. P. MCDIARMID

ern needs, of Dr. McDiarmid. Its growth, too, is to be placed to his credit, for he has proven himself a principal of rare efficiency, a power in the classroom as professor of Ethics and Theology, and an ideal man to be in daily contact with youthful life.

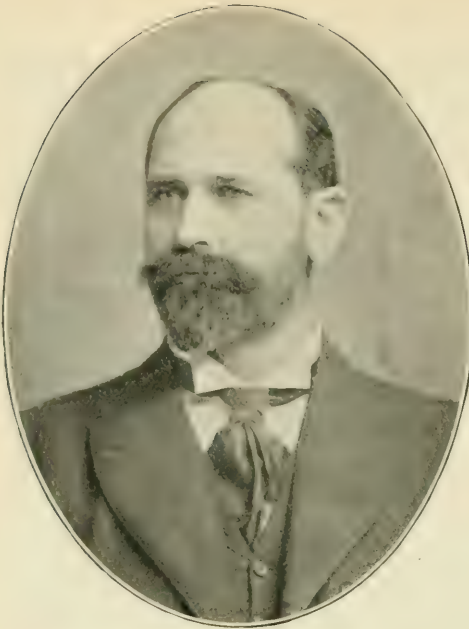
As a speaker he is forceful, free from hesitation, supremely logical, and convincing; and, though not brilliant, always commands attention. His modest bearing, his force and clearness of utterance in conversation, his approachableness, all impress one on first acquaintance as reliable indications that he is strong-willed, earnest, and unselfish. An intimate acquaintance never fails to convert this impression into a confirmed opinion.

Altogether Dr. McDiarmid seems the embodiment of a goodly portion of the rare qualities that distinguished the instructors of his youth, and as such could not possibly fall short of occupying his present high position as a man, an educator, and a Canadian.



DR. MCDIARMID AS A COLLEGE STUDENT

*W Sherwood Fox.*



MR. WILLIAM MACKENZIE



MR. DONALD D. MANN

## A NEW NATIONAL HIGHWAY.

*By W. H. Moore.*

UNTIL the first half of the nineteenth century was completed, rivers and lakes marked the course of settlement in Canada, but before the close of the century the importance of the waterway had been overtaken, and even surpassed, by that of the railway. The first railway in Canada, sixteen miles in length, was constructed in 1836, and it was not until twenty years later that the mileage of the railways of Canada passed the thousand mile post.

Since the year 1880 railway mileage in Canada has about trebled, and the work of constructing railways has become a highly organized art to which some of the ablest men in Canada have devoted their lives. To three Canadians, William Mackenzie, Donald D. Mann and Roderick J. Mackenzie, belong the honours of having personally undertaken and carried to the first stage of success Canada's newest important railway system, and one which in an incredibly short time has developed un-

til it stands third in the Dominion in point of mileage.

The commencement of the new year has witnessed the completion of the first stage of this new national highway, the Canadian Northern Railway. On the 26th day of December, 1896, the Canadian Northern Railway, then under the name of the Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Company, commenced operating one hundred and twenty-five miles of road, and on the 31st day of December, 1901, a little more than five years later, the company had over one thousand three hundred miles of track laid on its system.

This mileage is distributed as follows:—

Ontario	-	-	-	354 miles.
Minnesota	-	-	-	50 "
Manitoba	-	-	-	883 "
Saskatchewan	-	-	-	22 "
Total track laid				- 1,300 "



DRIVING THE SILVER SPIKE AT THE COMPLETION OF THE ONTARIO SECTION OF THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

The spike was driven at Atikokan, December 31st, 1901, by the Hon. E. J. Davis, Ontario Commissioner of Crown Lands. Mr. Davis is marked "x" in the group; on his right is Mr. D. D. Mann, and on his left Mr. William Mackenzie.



The building of the Canadian Northern means something more to Canadians than the fact that over thirteen hundred miles of railway track have been laid. From a national point of view, it means that the Dominion is richer in having secured :—

1. The opening up of the vast iron and mineral deposits of the Mattawin and Atikokan Ranges in Northwestern Ontario, dormant solely by reason of the lack of shipping facilities.

2. The opening up to settlement of the fertile Rainy River valley, which contains, according to most conservative estimates, not less than eight hundred thousand acres of good arable land, in addition to a large acreage suitable for grazing.

3. The opening up to settlement of the valley of the Great Saskatchewan, which, with fertile soil, a healthful climate, and abundance of fuel and water, is capable of supporting a nation.

4. A second great western railway competing in both rates and service for the carriage of grain, cattle and other products to the East, and for the carriage of eastern products required for consumption in the West.

- \*5. The diversion of the large percentage of Manitoba grain which has hitherto gone to a United States port, Duluth, to a Canadian port, Port Arthur.

The Canadian Northern system has been formed by the amalgamation of four other companies—the Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Company, the Winnipeg Great Northern Railway Company, the Manitoba and South-eastern Railway Company, and the Ontario and Rainy River Railway Company; the purchase of the railway and assets of the Port Arthur, Duluth and Western Railway Company, and the lease, for a long term of years, of the Minnesota and Manitoba Railway Com-

pany, and the system of the Northern Pacific and Manitoba Railway Company.

That all this system, in itself complete, lies west of Port Arthur, the Canadian head of navigation on the Great Lakes, is a further contribution to the evidence as to the importance of Western Canada. About one-third of the total railway mileage of the Dominion is now west of Port Arthur, and it would not be surprising if, within the next decade, one-half of the Canadian railway mileage should lie west of the Great Lakes.

The main line of the Canadian Northern Railway extends from Port Arthur westerly and north-westerly towards Prince Albert, a distance of eight hundred and ten miles. While a trunk line extending so many miles through almost exclusively traffic producing territory would inevitably yield more or less valuable results, branch lines were required as feeders to form a completed system.

On the 1st of June, 1901, the mileage of the Company was augmented by three hundred and fifty-four miles of road, formerly known as the Manitoba system of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, constructed through the well-settled and most productive portions of central and southern Manitoba. In addition the Canadian Northern had previously constructed branch lines in the Dauphin district of northern Manitoba, and last autumn completed other branch lines in central Manitoba, so that the road now has almost five hundred miles of track in addition to its main line.

The Company is assured of a large proportion of the grain traffic of the Northwest. More than ninety grain elevators are situated on its lines in the Province of Manitoba. An elevator capable of storing more than a million bushels of wheat has just been completed at the lake terminals of the Company at Port Arthur, and is to be followed by another elevator of equal, if not greater, size. Essentially a grain-carrying road, everything possible has been done to accommodate the grain traffic. The grades from Win-

\*The Canadian Northern Railway delivered to American railways for shipment to Duluth in 1901, before the completion of its line to Port Arthur, 6,500,000 bush. of grain, or, in other words, cargoes for a fleet of thirty-five vessels of the largest size.

nipeg to Lake Superior have been designed with a view to facilitating the carrying of loads from the West to the East.

What has the future in store for the Canadian Northern Railway? At a banquet given by the townsmen of Port Arthur, on the event of the driving of the silver spike on the Ontario Section, Mr. D. D. Mann stated that the Company intended putting forth efforts to obtain second place as far as mileage in the Dominion is concerned, and hoped that the silver spike would be driven in a second trans-continental line within seven years. The achievements of Mr. Mann and his associates during the past few years are sufficient to justify the people of Canada in giving credence to this statement.

MAP OF CANADA'S NEW NATIONAL HIGHWAY





PHOTO BY PITTAWAY, OTTAWA

SIGNOR MARCONI

## MARCONI IN CANADA.

*By M. O. Scott.*

MARCONI makes light of the expressions of distrust of his transatlantic signals so freely expressed by many critics. Doubt and suspicion have marked every step in the development of his system of wireless telegraphy. From the hour of the first experiments across the English Channel to the signalling tests the other day in Newfoundland his claims have been criticised and disputed. Yet wireless telegraphy is an accomplished fact. It has been adopted by the British Government ; it is in regular use on land and sea ; it has become a part of the equipment of leading ocean steamships, and has been put into successful operation by the Gov-

ernment of Canada across the Straits of Belle Isle. To the objection from many quarters that the signals claimed to have been received in Newfoundland, from the Lizard, on the Cornish coast, might be accounted for by electric interruptions, and were inconclusive, Marconi has but one reply. He so timed the signals, there could be no question as to their origin. They were sent and received at intervals arranged beforehand. With three years' experience to guide him, he is satisfied that wireless ocean signalling has been demonstrated beyond the possibility of error.

Transmission for long distances is merely a question of power. Marconi



is so well assured of it he has completed definite arrangements for a wireless plant at Cape Breton, to cost between \$75,000 and \$100,000. He hopes to put up sufficiently powerful installations there and in Cornwall to try the experiment, should it be thought desirable, of attempting to signal to Cape Town.

Marconi has many rivals in England, France, Germany and the United States; and one Ottawa gentleman, it is stated, claims rights of prior discovery of the principles on which Marconi has worked out his system, and is credited with having threatened legal proceedings whenever the system is put to commercial use within the jurisdiction of Canadian Courts. Marconi's answer to inquiries on the subject is this: "I have my patents; and my interests are in the hands of competent lawyers. They will attend to anyone who wishes to have recourse to the courts."

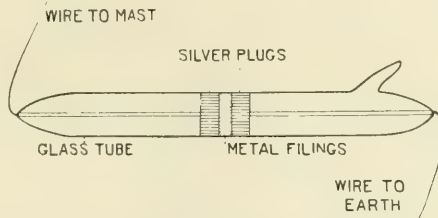
When Marconi's experiments in Newfoundland were stopped by the hostile action of the Anglo-American Cable Co., Hon. W. S. Fielding, Federal Minister of Finance, invited the inventor to come to Ottawa as the guest of the Government of Canada, to discuss the continuation of his work on Canadian soil. Marconi was assured that every possible opportunity for carrying on experiments in Nova Scotia would be extended. He accepted the invitation, arrived at the capital on Monday, Dec. 30, 1901, and was met by Mr. Fielding, Mr. Tarte and other members of the Government. He had constant interviews with members of the Government on the subject of the establishment of his wireless system in Canada, and found everywhere

a disposition to facilitate his operations.

There were obstacles to overcome. The telegraph companies holding the land lines from Cape Breton, east, west, north and south throughout Canada, had their own interests to safeguard, and were found quite capable of looking after them. The Government, the telegraph companies and inventor had to feel their way step by step towards a common basis of negotiation. The ground cleared for definite propositions, it only remained for Marconi to place the conclusions arrived at before his colleagues in London; when that has been done, he will submit their views to the Canadian Government for final consideration.

In this connection it may be mentioned that since Mr. Tarte has been Min-

ister of Public Works of the Dominion, he has vigorously pushed the construction of land and cable telegraph lines until to-day Canada owns upwards of five thousand miles of telegraph from the Atlantic coast to the Yukon. Only two short land links and a submarine link are required to



MARCONI'S ELECTRIC-EYE

The electric ripples are detected by a wonderful little instrument called a coherer or electric-eye which Mr. Marconi has perfected. The ripples are caused by powerful induction coils.

give complete connection between the Government system of telegraphs and Canso in the one direction, and with the cable station at the north end of Cape Breton in the other. At Canso the Government telegraphs will then tap all the British and Continental submarine cables having their terminus at that point. At the north end of Cape Breton the Government land lines will connect with the Government submarine cable to the Magdalen islands. The laying of a length of about 120 miles of cable between Magdalen Islands and Anticosti will complete a continuous Government system be-

tween the two extremities of the Dominion, east and west, with important branches in various directions. The expenditure of another \$100,000 would see the completion effected. This being the situation, it will be readily understood that the Government is very much interested in Marconi's plans.

It has been confidently stated in some of the newspaper accounts of Marconi's visit that the Federal Cabinet entertains the idea of Government control in some shape. One writer says: "Mr. Mulock (the Postmaster-General, it is known, has had estimates prepared of the probable cost of acquiring existing lines in Canada and establishing a postal service. Now that Mr. Marconi's wireless system has entered the field of telegraphy as a practical factor, it is believed the Postmaster-General is having an alternative plan prepared on the basis of utilizing the Marconi apparatus in carrying out his postal scheme."

In any case, Mr. Tarte, as the Minister who has so vigorously developed the Government telegraphs, may also have something to say. It will surprise no one familiar with public affairs, if the Minister of Public Works prefers to see a royalty paid by the Government for the exclusive rights over the Marconi system in Canada, to Lloyd's corporation practically controlling wireless telegraphy as well as ocean insurance rates which he regards as discriminatory against Canadian in favour of United States ports. Whether the Government of Canada co-operates in any way in the Cape Breton project, or not, that enterprise, Marconi says, will certainly be proceeded with. If land line connections cannot be arranged for with the existing telegraph companies, he will try to establish stations to deliver his messages overland. He is backed by the Lloyd's corporation of England, the Marine Communication

Company, Limited, and the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, and Canadian capitalists have taken preliminary steps towards the formation of a powerful company for the development of the Marconi system in British America.

Guglielmo Marconi is by birth an Italian, having first seen the light at Griffone, near Bologna on April 25, 1874. He is consequently only 28 years of age. His father was an Italian and his mother Irish, and since 1898 his home has been in England. Among his earliest wireless long-distance messages of which there is authentic public record was one across the English Channel in March, 1899, from South Foreland to Boulogne, distance thirty-two miles. During the summer of the same year the French naval vessel *Vienne* communicated with the shores of France and England at a distance of forty-five miles. The following month Marconi sent wireless messages from Admiralty headquarters directing the manœuvres of the British fleet, upwards of eighty miles from one ship to another, and 130 miles through two ship stations. Later he reported the International yacht races in American waters by his wireless system.

Marconi looks more English than Italian, and he speaks English well, with very little trace of foreign accent. He is above the medium height, with the frame of an active man, somewhat slight, but standing up well and not wanting in power. His hair is dark and his young moustache light. He has bright, quick eyes, which have a pleasant way in animated conversation of half closing and twinkling merrily. He has confidence in himself, without being self-assertive, and during his brief stay in Ottawa made many friends, who heartily wish him success in his attempt to bring Canada and England into easier communication by means of his wireless telegraphy.



SABLE ISLAND—THE SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE

## CHANGING ASPECTS OF SABLE ISLAND.

*By Marshall Owen Scott.*

SABLE ISLAND, "the graveyard of the Atlantic," is slipping away fast. The west light will have to be moved farther east within a year. It has already been taken down twice since 1873 and moved eastward to prevent its being swallowed up by the ever-encroaching waves. From the recorded measurements, it has been calculated that three hundred years ago the island was two hundred miles long, with cliffs probably eight hundred feet high. To-day it is barely twenty miles long, with a breadth of about a mile, and hills scarcely one hundred feet high. The rest of the island has been obliterated by fierce storms and undermining currents. When the British took over Canada from France, the French maps showed the island to be forty miles in length and two and one quarter in breadth. A few years later, the British Admiralty ordered a special survey, which gave a length of thirty-one miles and a breadth of two miles. Thirteen miles of the west end of the island had gone, but four miles had been added to the east end, a net diminution of nine miles. A survey of the island in 1808 gave thirty miles in extreme length with

hills 150 to 200 feet in height, attaining their greatest elevation at Mount Knight, the eastern extremity. The total disappearance of the island, with its lighthouses and life-saving establishments as they stand to-day, would leave in its place an immense submerged sandbank with nothing above it but breakers to indicate its whereabouts, a greater peril to life and



THE POSITION OF SABLE ISLAND



property than ever Sable Island was. The residue of the island still above water is all that remains of the sandy apex of one of a series of submarine sand shoals. These extend from the great bank of Newfoundland westward to the coast of the United States.<sup>1</sup> The shoals vary in extent from fifteen or twenty miles to three hundred miles in length, with proportionate breadth and a depth of water over them from thirty to seventy fathoms. Sable Island shoal is the largest of the series, being nearly two hundred miles long east to west, and ninety miles in width from north to south. The sand is believed to lie on ridges of ancient rock, but the fact has yet to be established by borings.

Although barely twenty miles of sand line still remain visible in ordinary weather above the surface of the Atlantic, there is a chain of breakers, full fifty miles or more, from west to east. Treacherous bars stretch east and west from both ends of the island, some seventeen miles in each direction. At the western end, for a mile and a half, in stormy weather, the sea breaks fiercely over a bar most of which is seen when the sea is calm. Beyond this point for another mile part of the bar is occasionally visible, but the sea breaks heavily, as it does at all times for another nine miles. For seven miles beyond that, there are fierce breakers when the wind blows freshly, and a rough ripple with ugly cross seas at all other times. From the east end a bar stretches north-easterly seventeen miles, the first four miles being dry in fine weather, the next nine covered with heavy breakers, and the last four with heavy cross seas. Thus the island and its bars present in stormy weather a continuous line for upwards of fifty miles of terrific breakers.<sup>2</sup>

This being the situation, it was suggested to the Government of Canada some time back that measures ought

to be taken, if possible, for the preservation of what remained of the island, for beacon purposes, to indicate the whereabouts of this dangerous spot to vessels out of their course or in distress. It needed no argument to prove that if the place was perilous to life and property when high out of the waves and with lights flashing over the waste of waters in the hours of darkness it must become much more so with every vestige of sand above the sea swept out of existence, and no lights. The ocean in the vicinity of Sable Island is not a locality where ordinary lightships could be moored with safety. The shoals lie on the northern edge of the Gulf Stream, the scene of the most destructive tempests ever witnessed on the Atlantic. The storm-riven skeletons of more than two hundred gallant vessels, and the bones of probably between two and three thousand dead men, strew the submerged ridges, a sufficient proof, one would think, that the island was ever a menace to mariners and ships even when its sandy cliffs loomed away above the briny depths. Mr. Maury, writing of the gales that spend their fury on the northern edge of the Gulf Stream in this vicinity, says "their awful violence is one of the most striking phenomena of the island. The boldest hearts are sometimes stuck with awe, if not with terror. The full force of the Atlantic, beating on the shores, seems to cause the earth to quiver to its foundations, while the people exposed to the rage of the tempest tremble at its fury and every moment expect to be hurled into the seething ocean."

A feature of these storms, frequently witnessed, is the blaze of phosphorescent lights from the wind-lashed waters. On a pitch-dark night, with the gale shrieking and driving the waves in indescribable fierceness before it, the phosphorescent flames are seen leaping and writhing in their mad career, assuming with lightning rapidity a thousand horrible shapes, until the entire view is a confusion of breathless terrors. The inky blackness of the boiling waters breaking into masses of white

<sup>1</sup> <sup>2</sup> <sup>4</sup> Sable Island, by Rev. Geo. Patterson, Trans. Roy. Soc. Canada, 1894.

foam, the flashing colours that wreath the crests of the roaring billows, shoot forward in sheets and showers of dazzling brimstone and deep blue and burning red and shining green, with snake-like twistings, in kaleidoscopic fury, make up an infernal picture from which the unaccustomed spectator shrinks in awe.

The sudden changes often witnessed at the island are thus noted by Mr. S. D. McDonald:<sup>3</sup> "The sun often rises clear, giving indications of continued good weather, and with the exception of the sea breaking high on the bars and the fretful moan of the surf as it breaks along the shore, there is no premonition of the coming storm. Suddenly, a dull, leaden haze obscures the sun. Clouds gather from all directions. The sky assumes a wild, unusual appearance. The wind begins to rise in fretful gusts, carrying swirls of sand before it. The darkness increases, as the low driving scud shuts in all distant objects. Now the gale bursts in awful fury, whipping off the summits of the hummocks, carrying before it a cloud of blinding sand drift. Darkness adds to the horror of the scene, while rain descends in a perfect deluge. No human voice can be heard above the tempest. The crinkled lightning for an instant lights up the mad waves as they rear and leap along the beach. Then a sudden calm ensues as strange as calm. A few short gusts at first break this period of tranquillity, and in a few minutes the hurricane bursts from the opposite quarter. The darkness is still intense, relieved only by the red glare of the lightning, which is quickly followed by the crashing of the thunder as it strives to be heard above the howling of the blast. Gradually the storm ceases, the clouds break and pack away in dense masses to leeward, and the sea alone retains its wild tumult."

If the violence of these sudden storms is one of the most striking phenomena of the island, not less so is the force and uncertainty of the currents of

which it is the centre. Of three of these,<sup>4</sup> the island seems to be the appointed meeting place. The Gulf Stream passes south of the island on its eastward course. The main portion of the great Arctic current is deflected from the great bank of Newfoundland to the west. Another portion passes down the east coast of Cape Breton, and meeting the first mentioned, is deflected westward with it to the shores of the island. From these and perhaps other causes the currents around the island are terribly conflicting and uncertain, sometimes being in opposition to the direction of the prevailing winds, and sometimes passing around the whole circuit of the compass in twenty-four hours. As currents of water, like currents of air, meeting from different directions, produce eddies, these result in marvellous swirls around the island: An empty cask will be carried round and round the island, making the circuit several times, and the same is the case with bodies of the drowned from wrecks.



The Minister of Marine was willing to look into the practicability of saving the island. Accordingly, Colonel Anderson, chief engineer of the department, made an investigation and satisfied himself, by a prolonged stay on the island, that the cost of protective works would be too heavy to be undertaken, at all events, at present. Breakwaters would be necessary along the whole sea front, north and south. Fifty miles or more of these costly defences would have to be constructed, on a bottom of which nothing is known beyond the fact that the soundings give thirty to seventy fathoms of water above sand believed to lie in deposits of unknown

<sup>3</sup>Captain Darby, a former superintendent on the Island, thus writes to "Blunt's Coast Pilot," "Most of the wrecks occurring here arise from error of longitude. I have known vessels from Europe that had not made an error of one half degree in their longitude till they came to the banks of Newfoundland, and from there in moderate weather and light winds have made errors from sixty to one hundred miles." This shows the strength of the current westerly.

<sup>4</sup>Mr. S. D. McDonald. Proceedings of N. S. Institute of Science, VI., 265. Sec. II., 1894, 6.





SABLE ISLAND—MAIN STATION, METALLIC LIFEBOAT

thickness on the primeval rock. Off the eastern extremity of the island there is a sudden drop of 170 fathoms. In the meantime, under the direction of Colonel Gourdeau, Deputy Minister of Marine, considerable experimental planting of specially selected trees and sand-binding grass was done on the Island, on methods suggested by long experience gained on the coasts of Brittany under somewhat similar conditions of exposure and wastage.

An examination of the records gives a clear idea of the manner in which the disintegration of the island is proceeding. In 1881 a gale removed bodily from the west end of the island an area a quarter of a mile in length by seventy feet in width. At another time, observations showed four miles of sea-front swept away by the roaring billows in four years. Another three years and the superintendent of the main station of the life-saving establishment found it necessary, in order to preserve his house, to tear it down and rebuild it three miles farther east. In 1882 the \$40,000 lighthouse, erected a mile inside the grass hills which were supposed to form a permanent barrier against the inroads alike of roaring surf, undermining currents, and heavy winds, had to be abandoned. Storm

after storm had washed away the sand until one day an outside building toppled over and was swept out of sight and seen no more.<sup>5</sup> The foundation of the lighthouse itself began to give, and the men on the island were obliged hastily to remove the apparatus to save it from impending destruction. A site one mile east was selected, from which the light again flashed through the darkness over the waves, but the sea continued to eat into the sand hills, and in 1888 the removal of the apparatus was again found necessary, and it was put up at a place two miles farther east. The chief waste is now taking place between a point about nine miles east of the west light and the extreme west point on the south side of the island. The sea is a leveller but the wind is a builder.<sup>6</sup> The wind may shift the sand but only to pile it up somewhere else. By it the sand is blown inward, but rarely to sea, except during occasional heavy gales. High strong tides sometimes throw back the sand washed away from the island, and

<sup>5</sup>Report of Mr. Hodgson, superintendent, main station, life-saving establishment, Sable Island, 1826.

<sup>6</sup>Mr. Macoun's Summary Report of a visit to Sable Island. Geological Survey Department, 1899. Sessional paper No. 13a, 1900.



the wind blowing it inwards, it at once begins to build new hills. Wherever there is the slightest obstruction mounds are found, sandwort takes possession, year by year the mound grows, and grass gets a foothold, and by-and-by a hill is found where the surface was low and level. But with all this the washing away continues.

Professor Macoun, in the summer of 1898, visited Sable Island, and landing on July 20th was greatly surprised to find greater part of the island covered with verdure, though the whole extent of subsoil and most of the surface was pure sand. His subsequent observations inclined him to believe that when Sable Island rose out of the sea after the glacial submergence it was of great extent in an easterly and westerly direction. Until 1830 there was a deep lagoon, practically a harbour, in the centre of the island, with a wide opening into it from the sea on the south side where the west light now stands.

In that year the lagoon was closed

by a storm, and two vessels were caught in the harbour, which became a lake. The earliest reports give the lagoon as twenty miles in length, east to west, being a depression between two parallel outer ridges of sand that extended crescent shape east and west. The inner side of the crescent lay to the north. Professor Macoun says the lake is now only eleven miles long, and in places only six inches deep, though at some points deeper than the sea for a mile outside the ridges.

The climate is very equable. The range of the thermometer during the five weeks the professor was there was only twenty degrees; the lowest reading fifty-six degrees and the highest seventy-five. In ten years the lowest winter reading has been six above zero. In sheltered places specimens of trees and shrubs, experimentally planted, have attained a considerable size. Every summer they make a fine growth, but during the winter are killed back to the point at which they are protected by a



SABLE ISLAND—A FOUR-HORSE TEAM OF SABLE ISLAND PONIES

These ponies are remnants of a stock supposed to have been left on the Island by Portuguese fishermen in the 15th century.

fence. Fuchsias and geraniums grown in the open air changed their habit, spreading out instead of growing erect, while their flowers were produced below instead of above the leaves. The purest sand with a coat of manure is found to produce all kinds of vegetables and the best of hay. Where grass is sown the sand does not blow away unless the sod is broken up. Around the shore and in the lake thousands of seals are seen basking in the sun. Fresh water is found all over the island.

In the central valley a black peaty soil appears, and around the lake are wild roses, asters and lilies, and abundance of strawberries, blueberries and cranberries. Wild ducks remain on the island all the year round, the most common being the black duck and the sheldrake. Gulls, divers and other wild fowl arrive in May and their eggs can be gathered by the boat load. Two species of snipe breed on the island, a species of sparrow abound, and stray specimens of the land birds from the continent are often seen. In addition to the cattle placed on the island from remote times, the historian of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's expedition for Sable Island from Newfoundland in 1583 wrote that some thirty years before, "the Portugals did put upon the island meat and swine to breed, which were since exceedingly multiplied." Charlevoix wrote that cattle and sheep had escaped from the wrecks of Spanish vessels. The swine were discovered later on devouring the flesh of the dead from wrecks and were all killed. The sheep by degrees died. Parties from the mainland appropriated most of the cattle. Herds of horses, respecting the origin of which there is no account, are found on the island. They are extremely hardy. In 1864 there were about four hundred. At present the number averages about one hundred, the natural increase being shipped to Halifax for sale. A fine stock horse of Canadian pony breed was landed on the island in October last, for the purpose of improving the breed, as to

weight and form, at the same time preserving the pony characteristics, in which considerable progress has been made the past two years, according to the observation of Mr. C. A. Hutchins, superintendent of lighthouses at Halifax. For the use of the Government employees and their families cows are now kept on the island for milking purposes and oxen for beef, and they thrive on the coarse grass and wild peas, in the summer. English grasses are being cultivated for winter feeding. It was thought English rabbits would do well for a change of food and they were introduced, but their young were killed off so fast by rats from shipwrecks that it was found necessary to import and let loose a number of hungry tomcats, which in the absence of regular food hunted to such purpose that very few rats and rabbits were in a little while to be found. In a wild state the felines became objectionable, and dogs and shotguns disposed of them. Then a fresh start was made with rabbits, and as soon as they began to multiply, snowy owls appeared and soon scarcely any rabbits remained. The rats that escaped destruction took to burrowing in the sand, and are no longer unduly troublesome. Poultry were placed on the island, and with protection and care have done well. Thus the inhabitants are never without ample supplies of beef, pork, fresh milk, fresh eggs and butter, distant as they are from any market. Whitehead, the nearest point, is eighty-five miles away. Whitehead is the first point of land on the Nova Scotia coast sighted by vessels from Europe.



Pirates and wreckers resorted to the island from the earliest years of settlement on the coasts of Nova Scotia and New England. In the huts of these men, along the shores of the mainland were stored the pick of rich cargoes of ships bound to the west and carried out of their course by contrary winds and currents and wrecked on the shoals. Shipwrecked mariners and passengers who escaped death by

drowning were sometimes murdered on reaching the beach. The ghastly records of lost lives and destroyed vessels begin with the first authentic accounts of the island. The Cabots are supposed to have made the island first in 1496, or 1497, although in the summer of the year of 1000, Lief, the son of Eric the Red, sailed from Greenland in search of the south country, and may have landed on Sable Island, which in those days was probably fair to look upon, with trees and sheltered valleys covered with verdure and a secure harbor. In 1521 the King of Portugal made a grant of a large territory, including Nova Scotia and adjacent islands, Santa Cruz among them, to Juan Alvarez Fagundes. Santa Cruz is shown by a map of 1505 to be identical with "Ile de Sable" of Joannes Freire's map of 1456, and the Sable Island of subsequent French maps, and of to-day. Expeditions to the island were frequent, and Europeans were found settled there simultaneously with the appearance of the maps. The Baron de Lery is reported by Lescarbot, the historian of Port Royal, as having sailed from France to plant a colony on the mainland. He failed, and returned to France, and on the return voyage stopped at the island and landed cattle. The Marquis de la Roche in 1578 received a commission from the King of France as Lieutenant-Governor of Canada, Hochelaga, Newfoundland, Labrador and adjacent countries, and sailed with fifty or sixty convicts in 1598 and stopped at the island and disembarked the convicts, to remain there whilst he sailed for Acadia on the mainland to select a suitable place for his colony. Returning for his men he was driven out of his course by a tempest and had to go to France. In 1603 the captain of the expedition of 1598, *Chef d'Hotel*, was sent out to rescue the convicts, and on arriving found they had built shelters from the storms out of the timber of wrecked ships. Only eleven survived and they wore the shaggy skins of seals. Settlements of fishermen

and adventurers were beginning to dot the coasts of the mainland; shipping was increasing and wrecks were numerous. The Duc d'Anville, in his expedition against the British colonies in 1746, lost a transport and a fireship here. In 1761 a British ship returning with a part of the 43rd Regiment from the capture of Quebec was wrecked on the shoals. The spot where the shipwrecked men encamped is now five fathoms deep under the sea. The *Francis*, carrying the equipage of the Duke of Kent, was lost on the shoals in 1799, and of all on board not one escaped alive. Soon afterwards, jewels and rare articles were seen in the cabins of fishermen on the mainland, some of which were believed to be part of His Royal Highness's outfit. Grim stories got into circulation of men escaping from their death-struggle with the waves to fall victims to murderers on the beach. Many versions of the weird story of the wreck of the *Princess Amelia*, in 1802, have been published. The furniture of the Queen's father, Prince Edward, was on board, together with the officers and their wives, women servants and recruits to the number of some two hundred souls. All perished. An account given by Haliburton<sup>7</sup> says the island was at that time the resort of piratical vagabonds, and it was generally supposed some of the unfortunate shipwrecked people reached the shore but were murdered for their property. The prince sent Captain Torrens of the 29th Regiment to investigate. He, too, was wrecked, but saved his life. One day, after making the circuit of the lower end of the island, he returned to a hut that had been put up for shipwrecked people. He made up a fire and went outside to take a last look around before turning in. On re-entering the hut, he saw a lady, having no clothes on but a long, loose, soiled white dress, wet from the sea, with sand sticking to it, her hair hanging loose and drip-

<sup>7</sup> Haliburton's "Wise Saws and Modern Instances."





SABLE ISLAND - THE GRAVEYARD OF THE ATLANTIC. ADMIRALTY CHART OF WRECKS THAT HAVE OCCURRED THERE

ping over her shoulders. She held up her hand and he saw one of the fingers had been cut off, and the hand was still bleeding. He rose quickly to bandage the stump, when she passed out of the door. He followed, but she went too swiftly and reached the lake and plunged in, head first. When he returned to the hut she was seated there again. Examining her features more closely he recognized her as the

wife of Dr. Copeland, the surgeon of the 7th, the prince's own regiment. She held up her hand and he said, "I have it: you were murdered for the sake of your ring." She bowed her head. "Well," said he, "I'll leave no stone unturned to recover that ring and restore it to your family." She smiled, bowed her head, waved her hand for him to keep out of her way, and slipped past him. She then turned and held up both hands as though pushing someone back, and disappeared. Eventually Torrens was rescued and taken to Halifax, where he got hold of the names of the three most noted wreckers of the time. One of them lived at Salmon River, whither the captain went. The wrecker was away at the Labrador, and Torrens remained with the family, fishing and hunting. One evening he put on a splendid ring. The eldest girl admired it, and it was handed round, and a younger daughter said it was not so pretty as the one her father had taken off the lady's hand at Sable Island. "No, my dear," said the mother, rising and standing behind the captain's chair to make signs to the girl, "he got it from a Frenchman who picked it up from the sand there."

"Oh, I believe it was," said the girl, colouring and looking confused. He asked for a sight of the ring, and was told it was with a jeweller at Halifax for sale. The rest was easy. Twenty shillings had been advanced, and these the captain paid, securing the ring, which was at once recognized by the prince as a curious old family heirloom, and forwarding it to the lady's family.

Since the Dominion Government has taken charge of the island, the loss of life and shipping has steadily decreased. The lighthouse and life-saving establishments have been constantly improved, wrecks are consequently fewer, and the percentage of lives saved larger. In fact, very little loss of life has been reported since 1873, when

the present lighthouses were constructed. The Government stations on the island number six, including two lighthouses, one at the east and the other at the west end. The lights show a distance of twenty miles. Three miles east of the west lighthouse is the main station, where a lifeboat crew is maintained, with a lifeboat, a surf-boat, and a line-throwing apparatus with a breeches buoy to carry the shipwrecked from the ships to the shore. Stations 2 and 3 are lookout places, furnished with shelter, food, and necessities for the shipwrecked. Station 4, which is two miles west of the east light, also has a lifeboat service, with complete line-throwing apparatus. During thick weather, and in snowstorms, the entire sea-front is patrolled twice a day. At other times the guardian of each station must patrol the coast between his station and the next from dawn to dusk. Each station is in charge of a married man, and there are consequently six wives and families on the island. The entire crew on the island numbers sixteen, and the whole number of souls is forty-five. The stations are connected by telephone, and the island ponies are utilized for the lifeboat and other services. The island is the property of the Government of Canada, and no one is allowed to reside there except the Government staff. The Canadian Government has some assistance from the British Government in maintaining the service. Communication with the mainland is carried on by Government steamers, but it is not always possible to effect a landing. At times the sea is so quiet a man might go ashore in a canoe, but when the wind blows fresh a landing is out of the question, and in average weather is always a matter of difficulty, if not

of danger. A sample of the ordinary conditions was experienced during the October visit already referred to. An account of the trip says: "All kinds of weather prevailed during this visit, affording opportunities to view Old Neptune's arts in all his varied moods. On Friday a gentle southern breeze fanned the warm air about our faces as we rowed shoreward from the ship, to be gently borne on the sandy beach by the lazy rollers. Six hours later a southern gale sent the angry sea mountains high, tumbling pell-mell with a sullen roar, and covered with seething foam all along the southern shore, and far out on the sunken bars. On Saturday a sudden shift of wind brought the seas to lash the northern seaboard, and sent the foaming crests of the breakers flying in clouds of spray as they rolled shoreward. The scene on both sides of the island was one of awful grandeur, and impressed the beholder with a sense of the utter helplessness of the unlucky mariner caught in the grasp of those giant briny waves, goaded to fury under the stinging lash of Boreas. At such times the desolating grandeur of Sable Island can be appreciated but from one point of view, and we, fortunately, occupied comfortable front seats in Nature's art gallery."

Sooner or later, a great expenditure must be made to preserve the Island.



THE SABLE ISLAND LIFE SAVING BOAT DRAWN BY FIVE PONIES

# THE FOUR FEATHERS\*

By A. E. W. MASON

Author of "The Philanderers," "The Courtship of Morrice Butler," "Parson Kelly," Etc., Etc.

## CHAPTER I.—A CRIMEAN NIGHT.

LIEUTENANT SUTCH was the first of General Feversham's guests to reach Broad Place. He arrived about five o'clock on an afternoon of sunshine in mid June, and the old red-brick house, lodged on a southern slope of the Surrey hills, was glowing from a dark forest depth of pines with the warmth of a rare jewel. Lieutenant Sutch limped across the hall, where the portraits of the Fevershams rose one above the other to the ceiling, and out on to the stone-flagged terrace at the back. There he found his host sitting erect like a boy, and gazing southwards towards the Sussex Downs.

"How's the leg?" asked General Feversham, as he rose briskly from his chair. He was a small wiry man, and, in spite of his white hairs, alert. But the alertness was of the body. A bony face with a high narrow forehead and steel-blue inexpressive eyes suggested a barrenness of mind.

"It gave me trouble during the winter," replied Sutch. "But that was to be expected." General Feversham nodded, and for a little while both men were silent. From the terrace the ground fell steeply to a wide level plain of brown earth and emerald fields and dark clumps of trees. From this plain voices rose through the sunshine, small, but very clear. Far away towards Horsham a coil of white smoke from a train snaked rapidly in and out amongst the trees; and on the horizon, patched with white chalk, rose the Downs.

"I thought that I should find you here," said Sutch.

"It was my wife's favourite corner," answered Feversham in a quite emotionless voice. "She would sit here by the hour. She had a queer liking for wide and empty spaces."

"Yes," said Sutch. "She had imagination. Her thoughts could people them."

General Feversham glanced at his companion as though he hardly understood. But he asked no questions. What he did not understand he habitually let slip from his mind as not worth comprehension. He spoke at once upon a different topic.

"There will be a leaf out of our table to-night."

"Yes. Collins, Barberton, and Vaughan went this winter. Well, we are all permanently shelved upon the world's half-pay list as it is. The obituary column is just the last formality which gazettes us out of the service altogether," and Sutch stretched out and eased his crippled leg which, fourteen years ago that day, had been crushed and twisted in the fall of a scaling-ladder.

"I am glad that you came before the others," continued Feversham. "I would like to take your opinion. This day is more to me than the anniversary of our attack upon the Redan. At the very moment when we were standing under arms in the dark——"

"To the west of the quarries, I remember," interrupted Sutch with a

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deep breath. "How should one forget?"

"At that very moment Harry was born in this house. I thought, therefore, that if you did not object he might join us to-night. He happens to be at home. He will, of course, enter the service, and he might learn something, perhaps, which afterwards will be of use—one never knows."

"By all means," said Sutch with alacrity. For since his visits to General Feversham were limited to the occasion of these anniversary dinners, he had never yet seen Harry Feversham.

Sutch had for many years been puzzled as to the qualities in General Feversham which had attracted Muriel Graham, a woman as remarkable for the refinement of her intellect as for the beauty of her person; and he could never find an explanation. He had to be content with his knowledge that for some mysterious reason she had married this man so much older than herself, and so unlike to her in character. Personal courage and an indomitable self-confidence were the chief, indeed, the only qualities which sprang to light in him. Lieutenant Sutch went back in thought over twenty years as he sat on his garden chair, to a time before he had taken part, as an officer of the Naval Brigade, in that unsuccessful onslaught on the Redan. He remembered a season in London to which he had come fresh from the China Station; and he was curious to see Harry Feversham. He did not admit that it was more than the natural curiosity of a man who, disabled in comparative youth, had made a hobby out of the study of human nature. He was interested to see whether the lad took after his mother or his father—that was all.

So that night Harry Feversham took a place at the dinner-table and listened to the stories which his elders told, while Lieutenant Sutch watched him. The stories were all of that dark winter in the Crimea, and a fresh story was always in the telling before its predecessor was ended. They were stories of death, of hazardous exploits; of the pinch of famine and the chill of snow.

But they were told in clipped words and with a matter-of-fact tone, as though the men who related them were only conscious of them as far-off things; and there was seldom a comment more pronounced than a mere "that's curious," or an exclamation more significant than a laugh.

But Harry Feversham sat listening as though the incidents thus carelessly narrated were happening actually at that moment and within the walls of that room. His dark eyes—the eyes of his mother—turned with each story from speaker to speaker, and waited wide-open and fixed until the last word was spoken. He listened fascinated and enthralled. And so vividly did the changes of expression shoot and quiver across his face, that it seemed to Sutch the lad must actually hear the drone of bullets in the air, actually resist the stunning shock of a charge, actually ride down in the thick of a squadron to where guns screeched out a tongue of flame from a fog. Once a major of artillery spoke of the suspense of the hours between the parading of the troops before a battle and the first command to advance; and Harry's shoulders worked under the intolerable strain of those lagging minutes.

But he did more than work his shoulder. He threw a single furtive wavering glance backwards; and Lieutenant Sutch was startled, and indeed more than startled, he was pained. For this after all was Muriel Graham's boy.

The look was too familiar a one to Sutch. He had seen it too often on the faces of recruits during their first experience of a battle for him to misunderstand it. And one picture in particular rose before his mind. An advancing square at Inkerman, and a tall, big soldier rushing forward from the line in the eagerness of his attack, and then stopping suddenly as though he suddenly understood that he was alone, and had to meet alone the charge of a mounted Cossack. Sutch remembered very clearly the fatal wavering glance which the big soldier had thrown backwards towards his com-

panions, a glance accompanied by a queer, sickly smile. He remembered too, with equal vividness, its consequence. For though the soldier carried a loaded musket and a bayonet locked to the muzzle, he had without an effort of self-defence received the Cossack's lance-thrust in his throat.

Sutch glanced hurriedly about the table, afraid that General Feversham, or that some one of his guests, should have remarked the same look and the same smile upon Harry's face. But no one had eyes for the lad; each visitor waiting too eagerly for an opportunity to tell a story of his own. Sutch drew a breath of relief and turned to Harry. But the boy was sitting with his elbows on the cloth and his head propped between his hands, lost to the glare of the room and its glitter of silver, constructing again out of the swift succession of anecdotes a world of cries and wounds, and maddened, riderless chargers and men writhing in a fog of cannon-smoke. The curtest, least graphic description of the biting days and nights in the trenches set the lad shivering. Even his face grew pinched, as though the iron frost of that winter was actually eating into his bones. Sutch touched him lightly on the elbow.

"You renew those days for me," said he. "Though the heat is dripping down the windows, I feel the chill of the Crimea."

Harry roused himself from his absorption.

"The stories renew them," said he.

"No. It is you listening to the stories."

And before Harry could reply, General Feversham's voice broke sharply in from the head of the table:

"Harry, look at the clock!"

At once all eyes were turned upon the lad. The hands of the clock made the acutest of angles. It was close upon midnight. From eight o'clock, without so much as a word or a question, he had sat at the dinner-table listening. Yet even now he rose with reluctance.

"Must I go, father?" he asked,

and the General's guests intervened in a chorus. The conversation was clear gain to the lad, a first taste of powder which might stand him in good stead afterwards.

"Besides, it's the boy's birthday," added the major of artillery. "He wants to stay, that's plain. You wouldn't find a youngster of fourteen sit all these hours without a kick of the foot against the table-leg unless the conversation entertained him. Let him stay, Feversham!"

For once General Feversham relaxed the iron discipline under which the boy lived.

"Very well," said he. "Harry shall have an hour's furlough from his bed. A single hour won't make much difference."

Harry's eyes turned towards his father, and just for a moment rested upon his face with a curious steady gaze. It seemed to Sutch that they uttered a question, and, rightly or wrongly, he translated the question into words:

"Are you blind?"

But General Feversham was already talking to his neighbours, and Harry quietly sat down, and again propping his chin upon his hands, listened with all his soul. Yet he was not entertained; rather he was enthralled, he sat quiet under the compulsion of a spell. His face became unnaturally white, his eyes unnaturally large, while the flames of the candles shone redder and more blurred through a blue haze of tobacco-smoke, and the level of the wine grew steadily lower in the decanters.

Thus half of that one hour's furlough was passed; and then General Feversham, himself jogged by the unlucky mention of a name, suddenly blurted out in his jerky fashion:

"Lord Wilmington. One of the best names in England if you please. Did you ever see his house in Warwickshire? Every inch of the ground you would think would have a voice to bid him play the man, if only in remembrance of his fathers. . . . It seemed incredible and mere camp rumour, but the rumour grew. If it was

whispered at the Alma, it was spoken aloud at Inkerman, it was shouted at Balaclava. Before Sebastapol the hideous thing was proved. Wilmington was acting as galloper to his General. I believe upon my soul the General chose him for the duty, so that the fellow might set himself right. There were three hundred yards of bullet-swept flat ground, and a message to be carried across them. Had Wilmington toppled off his horse on the way, why there were the whispers silenced for ever. Had he ridden through alive he earned distinction besides. But he didn't dare, he refused! Imagine it if you can! He sat shaking on his horse and declined. You should have seen the General. His face turned the colour of that Burgundy. 'No doubt you have a previous engagement,' he said, in the politest voice you ever heard—just that, not a word of abuse. A previous engagement on the battle-field! For the life of me I could hardly help laughing. But it was a tragic business for Wilmington. He was broken of course, and slunk back to London. Every house was closed to him, he dropped out of his circle like a lead bullet you let slip out of your hand into the sea. The very women in Piccadilly spat if he spoke to them; and he blew his brains out in a back bedroom off the Haymarket. Curious that, eh? He hadn't the pluck to face the bullets when his name was at stake, yet he could blow his own brains out afterwards."

Lieutenant Sutch chanced to look at the clock as the story came to an end. It was now a quarter to one. Harry Feversham had still a quarter of an hour's furlough, and that quarter of an hour was occupied by a retired surgeon-general with a great wagging beard, who sat nearly opposite to the boy.

"I can tell you an incident still more curious," he said. "The man in this case had never been under fire before, but he was of my own profession. Life and death were part of his business. Nor was he really in any par-

ticular danger. The affair happened during a hill campaign in India. We were encamped in a valley, and a few Pathans used to lie out on the hillside at night and take long shots into the camp. A bullet ripped through the canvas of the hospital tent—that was all. The surgeon crept out to his own quarters, and his orderly discovered him half-an-hour afterwards lying in his blood stone dead."

"Hit?" exclaimed the Major.

"Not a bit of it," said the surgeon. "He had quietly opened his instrument-case in the dark, taken out a lancet and severed his femoral artery. Sheer panic, do you see, at the whistle of a bullet."

Even upon these men, case-hardened to horrors, the incident related in its bald simplicity wrought its effect. From some there broke a half-uttered exclamation of disbelief; others moved restlessly in their chairs with a sort of physical discomfort, because a man had sunk so far below humanity. Here an officer gulped his wine, there a second shook his shoulders as though to shake the knowledge off as a dog shakes water. There was only one in all that company who sat perfectly still in the silence which followed upon the story. That one was the boy, Harry Feversham.

He sat with his hands now clenched upon his knees and leaning forward a little across the table towards the surgeon; his cheeks white as paper, his eyes burning and burning with ferocity. He had the look of a dangerous animal in the trap. His body was gathered, his muscles taut. Sutch had a fear that the lad meant to leap across the table and strike with all his strength in the savagery of despair. He had indeed reached out a restraining hand when General Feversham's matter-of-fact voice intervened, and the boy's attitude suddenly relaxed.

"Queer, incomprehensible things happen. Here are two of them. You can only say they are the truth and pray God you may forget 'em. But you can't explain, for you can't understand."



Sutch was moved to lay his hand upon Harry's shoulder.

"Can you?" he asked, and regretted the question almost before it was spoken. But it was spoken, and Harry's eyes turned swiftly towards Sutch, and rested upon his face, not, however, with any betrayal of guilt, but quietly, inscrutably. Nor did he answer the question, although it was answered in a fashion by General Feversham.

"Harry understand!" exclaimed the General with a snort of indignation. "How should he? He's a Feversham."

The question, which Harry's glance had mutely put before, Sutch in the same mute way repeated. "Are you blind?" his eyes asked of General Feversham. Never had he heard an untruth so demonstrably untrue. A mere look at the father and the son proved it so. Harry Feversham wore his father's name, but he had his mother's dark and haunted eyes, his mother's breadth of forehead, his mother's delicacy of profile, his mother's imagination. It needed, perhaps, a stranger to recognize the truth. The father had been so long familiar with his son's aspect that it had no significance to his mind.

"Look at the clock, Harry!"

The hour's furlough had run out. Harry rose from his chair and drew a breath.

"Good-night, sir," he said, and walked to the door.

The servants had long since gone to bed; and, as Harry opened the door, the hall gaped black like the mouth of night. For a second or two the boy hesitated upon the threshold, and seemed almost to shrink back into the lighted room as though in that dark void peril awaited him. And peril did—the peril of his thoughts.

He stepped out of the room and closed the door behind him. The decanter was sent again upon its rounds, there was a popping of soda-water bottles, the talk revolved again in its accustomed groove. Harry was in an instant forgotten by all but Sutch.

The Lieutenant, although he prided himself upon his impartial and disinterested study of human nature, was the kindest of men. He had more kindness than observation by a great deal. Moreover, there were special reasons which caused him to take an interest in Harry Feversham. He sat for a little while with the air of a man profoundly disturbed. Then, acting upon an impulse, he went to the door, opened it noiselessly, as noiselessly passed out, and, without so much as a click of the latch, closed the door behind him.

And this is what he saw: Harry Feversham holding in the centre of the hall a lighted candle high above his head and looking up towards the portraits of the Fevershams as they mounted the walls and were lost in the darkness of the roof. A muffled sound of voices came from the other side of the door-panels. But the hall itself was silent. Harry stood remarkably still, and the only thing which moved at all was the yellow flame of the candle as it flickered apparently in some faint draught. The light wavered across the portraits, glowing here upon a red coat, glittering there upon a corslet of steel. For there was not one man's portrait upon the walls which did not glisten with the colours of a uniform, and there were the portraits of many men. Father and son, the Fevershams had been soldiers from the very birth of the family. Father and son, in lace collars and bucket boots, in Ramillies wigs and steel breastplates, in velvet coats with powder on their hair, in shakos and swallow-tails, in high stocks and frogged coats, they looked down upon this last Feversham, summoning him to the like service. They were men of one stamp; no distinction of uniform could obscure their relationship—lean-faced men, hard as iron, rugged in feature, thin-lipped, with firm chins, and straight, level mouths, narrow foreheads, and the steel-blue inexpressive eyes; men of courage and resolution, no doubt, but without subtleties, or nerves, or that burdensome

gift of imagination; sturdy men, a little wanting in delicacy, hardly conspicuous for intellect; to put it frankly, men rather stupid—all of them, in a word, first-class fighting men, but not one of them a first-class soldier.

But Harry Feversham plainly saw none of their defects. To him they were one and all portentous and terrible. He stood before them in the attitude of a criminal before his judges reading his condemnation in their cold unchanging eyes. Lieutenant Sutch understood more clearly why the flame of the candle flickered. There was no draught in the hall, but the boy's hand shook. And finally, as though he had heard the mute voices of his judges delivering sentence and admitted its justice, he actually bowed to the portraits on the wall. As he raised his head, he saw Lieutenant Sutch in the embrasure of the doorway.

He did not start, he uttered no word; he let his eyes quietly rest upon Sutch and waited. Of the two it was the man who was embarrassed.

"Harry," he said, and in spite of his embarrassment he had the tact to use the tone and the language of one addressing not a boy, but a comrade equal in years, "we meet for the first time to-night. But I knew your mother a long time ago. I like to think that I have the right to call her by that much-misused word—friend. Have you anything to tell me?"

"Nothing," said Harry.

"The mere telling sometimes lightens a trouble."

"It is kind of you. There is nothing."

Lieutenant Sutch was rather at a loss. The lad's loneliness made a strong appeal to him. For lonely the boy could not but be, set apart as he was no less unmistakably in mind as in feature from his father and his father's fathers. Yet what more could he do? His tact again came to his aid. He took his card-case from his pocket.

"You will find my address upon this card. Perhaps some day you will give me a few days of your company. I

can offer you on my side a day or two's hunting."

A spasm of pain shook for a fleeting moment the boy's steady inscrutable face. It passed, however, swiftly as it had come.

"Thank you, sir," Harry monotonously repeated. "You are very kind."

"And if ever you want to talk over a difficult question with an older man, I am at your service."

He spoke purposely in a formal voice lest Harry with a boy's sensitiveness should think he laughed. Harry took the card and repeated his thanks. Then he went upstairs to bed.

Lieutenant Sutch waited uncomfortably in the hall until the light of the candle had diminished and disappeared. Something was amiss, he was very sure. There were words which he should have spoken to the boy, but he had not known how to set about the task. He returned to the dining-room, and with a feeling that he was almost repairing his omissions, he filled his glass and called for silence.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this is June 15th," and there was great applause and much rapping on the table. "It is the anniversary of our attack upon the Redan. It is also Harry Feversham's birthday. For us, our work is done. I ask you to drink the health of one of the youngsters who are ousting us. His work lies before him. The traditions of the Feversham family are very well known to us. May Harry Feversham carry them on! May he add distinction to a distinguished name!"

At once all that company was on its feet.

"Harry Feversham!"

The name was shouted with so hearty a good will that the glasses on the table rang. "Harry Feversham, Harry Feversham," the cry was repeated and repeated, while old General Feversham sat in his chair, with a face aflush with pride. And a boy a minute afterwards in a room high up in the house heard the muffled words of a chorus:

For he's a jolly good fellow,  
 For he's a jolly good fellow,  
 For he's a jolly good fellow,  
 And so say all of us,

and believed the guests upon this Crimean night were drinking his father's health. He turned over in his bed and lay shivering. He saw in his mind a broken officer slinking at night

in the shadows of the London streets. He pushed back the flap of a tent and stooped over a man lying stone-dead in his blood, with an open lancet clenched in his right hand. And he saw that the face of the broken officer, and the face of the dead surgeon were one; and that one face, the face of Harry Feversham.



## CHAPTER II.—CAPTAIN TRENCH AND A TELEGRAM.

Thirteen years later, and in the same month of June Harry Feversham's health was drunk again, but after a quieter fashion, and in a smaller company. The company was gathered in a room high up in a shapeless block of buildings which frowns like a fortress over Westminster. A stranger crossing St. James's Park southwards, over the suspension bridge, at night, who chanced to lift his eyes and see suddenly the tiers of lighted windows towering above him to so precipitous a height, might be brought to a stop with the fancy that here in the heart of London was a mountain and the gnomes at work. Upon the tenth floor of this building Harry had taken a flat during his year's furlough from his regiment in India; and it was in the dining-room of this flat that the simple ceremony took place. The room was furnished in a dark and restful fashion, and since the chill of the weather belied the calendar, a comfortable fire blazed in the hearth. A bay window over which the blinds had not been lowered commanded London.

There were four men smoking about the dinner-table. Harry Feversham was unchanged except for a fair moustache which contrasted with his dark hair, and the natural consequences of growth. He was now a man of middle height, long limbed and well knit like an athlete, but his features had not altered since that night when they had been so closely scrutinized by Lieutenant Sutch. Of his companions two were brother-officers on leave in England, like himself,

whom he had that afternoon picked up at his club. Captain Trench, a small man, growing bald, with a small, sharp, resourceful face, and black eyes of a remarkable activity, and Lieutenant Willoughby, an officer of quite a different stamp. A round forehead, a thick snub nose, and a pair of vacant and protruding eyes gave to him an aspect of invincible stupidity. He spoke but seldom, and never to the point, but rather to some point long forgotten which he had since been laboriously revolving in his mind; and he continually twisted a moustache, of which the ends curled up towards his eyes with a ridiculous ferocity. A man whom one would dismiss from mind as of no consequence upon a first thought, and take again into one's consideration upon a second. For he was born stubborn as well as stupid; and the harm which his stupidity might do, his stubbornness would hinder him from admitting. He was not a man to be persuaded; having few ideas he clung to them; it was no use to argue with him, for he did not hear the argument, but behind his vacant eyes all the while he turned over his crippled thoughts and was satisfied. The fourth at the table was Durrance, a lieutenant of the East Surrey Regiment, and Feversham's friend, who had come in answer to a telegram.

This was June of the year 1882, and the thoughts of civilians turned towards Egypt with anxiety, those of soldiers with an eager anticipation. Arabi Pasha, in spite of threats, was steadily strengthening the fortifications of Alexandria, and already a long



way to the south, the other, the great danger, was swelling like a thundercloud. A year had passed since a young, slight, and tall Dongolawi, Mohammed Ahmed, had marched through the villages of the White Nile, preaching with the fire of a Wesley the coming of a Saviour. The passionate victims of the Turkish tax-gatherer had listened, had heard the promise repeated in the whispers of the wind in the withered grass, had found the holy names imprinted even upon the eggs they gathered up. In 1882 Mohammed had declared himself that Saviour, and had won his first battles against the Turks.

"There will be trouble," said Trench, and the sentence was the text on which three of the four men talked. In a rare interval, however, the fourth, Harry Feversham, spoke upon a different subject.

"I am very glad you were all able to dine with me to-night. I telegraphed to Castleton as well, an officer of ours," he explained to Durrance, "but he was dining with a big man from the War Office, and leaves for Scotland afterwards, so that he could not come. I have news of a sort."

The three men leaned forward, their minds still full of the dominant subject, but it was not about the prospect of war that Harry Feversham had to speak.

"I only reached London this morning from Dublin," he said with a shade of embarrassment. "I have been some weeks in Dublin."

Durrance lifted his eyes from the tablecloth and looked quietly at his friend.

"Yes?" he asked steadily.

"I have come back engaged to be married."

Durrance lifted his glass to his lips.

"Well, here's luck to you, Harry," he said, and that was all. The wish, indeed, was almost curtly expressed, but there was nothing wanting in it to Feversham's ears. The friendship between these two men was not one in which affectionate phrases had any part. There was, in truth, no need of

such. Both men were securely conscious of it; they estimated it at its true, strong value; it was a helpful instrument which would not wear out, put into their hands for a hard, life-long use; but it was not, and never had been, spoken of between them. Both men were grateful for it, as for a rare and undeserved gift; yet both knew that it might entail an obligation of sacrifice. But the sacrifices, were they needful, would be made, and they would not be mentioned. It may be, indeed, that the very knowledge of its strength constrained them to a particular reticence in their words to one another.

"Thank you, Jack!" said Feversham. "I am glad of your good wishes. It was you who introduced me to Ethne. I cannot forget it."

Durrance set his glass down without any haste. There followed a moment of silence, during which he sat with his eyes upon the tablecloth, and his hands resting on the table-edge.

"Yes," he said in a level voice. "I did you a good turn then."

He seemed on the point of saying something more, and doubtful how to say it. But Captain Trench's sharp, quick, practical voice, a voice which fitted the man who spoke, saved him his pains.

"Will this make any difference?" asked Trench.

Feversham replaced his cigar between his lips.

"You mean, shall I leave the service?" he asked slowly. "I don't know;" and Durrance seized the opportunity to rise from the table and cross to the window, where he stood with his back to his companions. Feversham took the abrupt movement for a reproach, and spoke to Durrance's back, not to Trench.

"I don't know," he repeated. "It will need thought. There is much to be said. On the one side, of course, there's my father, my career, such as it is. On the other hand, there is her father, Dermot Eustace."

"He wishes you to chuck your commission?" asked Willoughby.

"He has no doubt the Irishman's objection to constituted authority," said Trench with a laugh. "But need you subscribe to it, Feversham?"

"It is not merely that." It was still to Durrance's back that he addressed his excuses. "Dermod is old, his estates going to ruin, and there are other things. You know, Jack?" The direct appeal he had to repeat, and then Durrance answered it absently:

"Yes, I know," and he added like one quoting a catch-word, "'If you want any whiskey, rap twice on the floor with your foot. The servants understand.'"

"Precisely," said Feversham. He continued, carefully weighing his words, and still intently looking across the shoulders of his companions to his friend.

"Besides, there is Ethne herself. Dermot for once did an appropriate thing when he gave her that name. For she is of her country, and more of her country. She has the love of it in her bones. I do not think that she could be quite happy in India, or indeed in any place which was not within reach of Donegal, the smell of its peat, its streams, and the brown friendliness of its hills. One has to consider that."

He waited for an answer, and getting none went on again. Durrance, however, had no thought of reproach in his mind. He knew that Feversham was speaking—he wished very much that he would continue to speak for a little while—but he paid no heed to what was said. He stood looking steadfastly out of the windows. Over against him was the glare from Pall Mall striking upwards to the sky, and the chains of lights banked one above the other as the town rose northwards, and a rumble as of a million carriages was in his ears. At his feet, very far below, lay St. James's Park, silent and black, a quiet pool of darkness in the midst of glitter and noise. Durrance had a great desire to escape out of this room into its secrecy. But that he could not do without remark. There-

fore he kept his back turned to his companion and leaned his forehead against the window, and hoped his friend would continue to talk. For he was face to face with one of the sacrifices which must not be mentioned, and which no sign must betray.

Feversham did continue, and if Durrance did not listen, on the other hand Captain Trench gave to him his closest attention. But it was evident that Harry Feversham was giving reasons seriously considered. He was not making excuses, and in the end Captain Trench was satisfied.

"Well, I drink to you, Feversham," he said, "with all the proper sentiments."

"I too, old man," said Willoughby, obediently following his senior's lead.

Thus they drank their comrade's health, and as their empty glasses rattled on the table, there came a knock upon the door.

The two officers looked up. Durrance turned about from the window. Feversham said, "Come in;" and his servant brought in to him a telegram.

Feversham tore open the envelope carelessly, as carelessly read through the telegram, and then sat very still with his eyes upon the slip of pink paper, and his face grown at once extremely grave. Thus he sat for an appreciable time, not so much stunned as thoughtful. And in the room there was a complete silence. Feversham's three guests averted their eyes. Durrance turned again to his window; Willoughby twisted his moustache and gazed intently upwards at the ceiling; Captain Trench shifted his chair round and stared into the glowing fire, and each man's attitude expressed a certain suspense. It seemed that sharp upon the heels of Feversham's good news calamity had come knocking at the door.

"There is no answer," said Harry, and fell to silence again. Once he raised his head and looked at Trench as though he had a mind to speak. But he thought the better of it, and so dropped again to the consideration of this message. And in a moment or

two the silence was sharply interrupted, but not by any one of the expectant motionless three men seated in the room. The interruption came from without.

From the parade ground of Wellington Barracks the drums and fifes sounding the tattoo shrilled through the open window with a startling clearness like a sharp summons, and diminished as the band marched away across the gravel and again grew loud. Feversham did not change his attitude, but the look upon his face was now that of a man listening, and listening thoughtfully, just as he had read thoughtfully. In the years which followed, that moment was to recur again and again to the recollection of each of Harry's three guests. The lighted room, with the bright homely fire, the open window overlooking the myriad lamps of London, Harry Feversham seated with the telegram spread before him, the drums and fifes calling loudly and then dwindling to a music very small and pretty—music which beckoned, where a moment ago it had commanded; all these details made up a picture of which the colours were not to fade by any lapse of time, although its significance was not apprehended now.

It was remembered that Feversham rose abruptly from his chair, just before the tattoo ceased. He crumpled the telegram loosely in his hands, tossed it into the fire, and then, leaning his back against the chimney-piece and upon one side of the fireplace, said again :

"I don't know," as though he had thrust that message, whatever it might be, from his mind, and was summing up in this indefinite way the argument which had gone before. Thus that long silence was broken, and a spell was lifted. But the fire took hold upon the telegram and shook it, so that it moved like a thing alive and in pain. It twisted, and part of it unrolled, and for a second lay open and smooth of creases, lit up by the flame and as yet untouched; so that two or three words sprang, as it were, out of a yellow

glare of fire and were legible. Then the flame seized upon that smooth part too, and in a moment it shrivelled into black tatters. But Captain Trench was all this while staring into the fire.

"You return to Dublin, I suppose?" said Durrance. He had moved back again into the room. Like his companions, he was conscious of an unexplained relief.

"To Dublin, no. I go to Donegal in three weeks' time. There is to be a dance. It is hoped you will come."

"I am not sure that I can manage it. There is just a chance, I believe, should trouble come in the East, that I may go out on the Staff." The talk thus came round again to the chances of peace and war, and held in that quarter till the boom of the Westminster clock told that the hour was eleven. Captain Trench rose from his seat on the last stroke; Willoughby and Durrance followed his example.

"I shall see you to-morrow," said Durrance to Feversham.

"As usual," replied Harry; and his three guests descended from his rooms and walked across the Park together. At the corner of Pall Mall, however, they parted company, Durrance mounting St. James' Street, while Trench and Willoughby crossed the road into St. James's Square. There Trench slipped his arm through Willoughby's, to Willoughby's surprise; for Trench was an undemonstrative man.

"You know Castleton's address?" he asked.

"Albemarle Street," Willoughby answered, and added the number.

"He leaves Euston at twelve o'clock. It is now ten minutes past eleven. Are you curious, Willoughby? I confess to curiosity. I am an inquisitive methodical person, and when a man gets a telegram bidding him tell Trench something and he tells Trench nothing, I am curious as a philosopher to know what that something is! Castleton is the only other officer of our regiment in London. Castleton, too, was dining with a big man from the War Office. I think that if we take a hansom to Albemarle Street we shall just



catch Castleton upon his door-step."

Mr. Willoughby, who understood very little of Trench's meaning, nevertheless cordially agreed to the proposal.

"I think it would be prudent," said he, and he hailed a passing cab. A moment later the two men were driving to Albemarle Street.



### CHAPTER III.—THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER.

Durrance, meanwhile, walked to his lodging alone, remembering a day, now two years since, when by a curious whim of old Dermot Eustace, he had been fetched against his will to the house by the Lennon river in Donegal, and there, to his surprise, had been made acquainted with Dermot's daughter Ethne. For she surprised all who had first held speech with the father. Durrance had stayed for a night in the house, and through that evening she had played upon her violin, seated with her back towards her audience, as was her custom when she played, lest a look or a gesture should interrupt the concentration of her thoughts. The melodies which she had played rang in his ears now. For the girl possessed the gift of music, and the strings of her violin spoke to the questions of her bow. There was in particular an overture—the *Melusine* overture—which had the very sob of the waves. Durrance had listened wondering, for the violin had spoken to him of many things of which the girl who played it could know nothing. It had spoken of long perilous journeys and the faces of strange countries; of the silver way across moonlit seas; of the beckoning voices from the under edges of the desert. It had taken a deeper, a more mysterious tone. It had told of great joys, quite unattainable, and of great griefs too, eternal, and with a sort of nobility by reason of their greatness; and of many unformulated longings beyond the reach of words; but with never a single note of mere complaint. So it had seemed to Durrance that night as he had sat listening while Ethne's face was turned away. So it seemed to him now when he knew that her face was still to be turned away for all his days. He had drawn a thought from her playing which he was at some

pains to keep definite in his mind. The true music cannot complain.

Therefore it was that as he rode the next morning into the Row his blueeyes looked out upon the world from his bronzed face with not a jot less of his usual friendliness. He waited at half-past nine by the clump of lilacs and laburnums at the end of the sand, but Harry Feversham did not join him that morning, nor indeed for the next three weeks. Ever since the two men had graduated from Oxford it had been their custom to meet at this spot and hour, when both chanced to be in town, and Durrance was puzzled. It seemed to him that he had lost his friend as well.

Meanwhile, however, the rumours of war grew to a certainty, and when at last Feversham kept the tryst, Durrance had news.

"I told you luck might look my way. Well, she has. I go out to Egypt on General Graham's Staff. There's talk we may run down the Red Sea to Suakim afterwards."

The exhilaration of his voice brought an unmistakable envy into Feversham's eyes. It seemed strange to Durrance even at that moment of his good luck, that Harry Feversham should envy him—strange and rather pleasant. But he interpreted the envy in the light of his own ambitions.

"It is rough on you," he said sympathetically, "that your regiment has to stay behind."

Feversham rode by his friend's side in silence. Then, as they came to the chairs beneath the trees, he said:

"That was expected. That day you dined with me I sent in my papers."

"That night?" said Durrance, turning in his saddle. "After we had gone?"

"Yes," said Feversham, accepting

the correction. He wondered whether it had been intended. But Durrance rode silently forward. Again Harry Feversham was conscious of a reproach in his friend's silence, and again he was wrong. For Durrance suddenly spoke heartily, and with a laugh.

"I remember. You gave us your reasons that night. But for the life of me I can't help wishing that we had been going out together. When do you leave for Ireland?"

"To-night."

"So soon?"

They turned their horses and rode westwards again down the alley of trees. The morning was still fresh. The limes and chestnuts had lost nothing of their early green, and since the May was late that year, its blossoms still hung delicately white like snow upon the branches, and shone red against the dark rhododendrons. The Park shimmered in a haze of sunlight, and the distant roar of the streets was as the tumbling of river water.

"It is a long time since we bathed in Sandford Lasher," said Durrance.

"Or froze in the Easter vacations in the big snow-gully on Great End," returned Feversham. Both men had the feeling that on this morning a volume in their book of life was ended, and since the volume had been a pleasant one to read, and they did not know whether its successors would sustain its promise, they were looking backwards through the leaves before they put it finally away.

"You must stay with us, Jack, when you come back," said Feversham.

Durrance had schooled himself not to wince, and he did not even at that anticipatory "us." If his left hand tightened upon the thongs of his reins, the sign could not be detected by his friend.

"If I come back," said Durrance. "You know my creed. I could never pity a man who died on active service. I would very much like to come by that end myself."

It was a quite simple creed, consistent with the simplicity of the man who

uttered it. It amounted to no more than this: that to die decently was worth a good many years of life. So that he uttered it without melancholy or any sign of foreboding. Even so, however, he had a fear that perhaps his friend might place another interpretation upon the words, and he looked quickly into his face. He only saw again, however, that puzzling look of envy in Feversham's eyes.

"You see there are worse things which can happen," he continued. "Disablement, for instance. Clever men could make a shift perhaps to put up with it. But what in the world should I do if I had to sit in a chair all my days? It makes me shiver to think of it," and he shook his broad shoulders to unsaddle that fear. "Well, this is the last ride. Let us gallop," and he let out his horse.

Feversham followed his example, and, side by side, they went racing down the sand. At the bottom of the Row they stopped, shook hands, and with the curtest of nods parted. Feversham rode out of the Park, Durrance turned back and walked his horse up towards the seats beneath the trees.

Even as a boy in his home in Devonshire upon a wooded creek of the Salcombe estuary, he had always been conscious of a certain restlessness, a desire to sail down that creek and out over the levels of the sea, a dream of queer outlandish countries and peoples beyond the dark familiar woods. And the restlessness had grown upon him, so that "Guessens," even when he had inherited it with his farms and lands, had remained always in his thoughts as a place to come home to rather than an estate to occupy a life. He purposely exaggerated that restlessness now, and purposely set against it words which Feversham had spoken, and which he knew to be true. Ethne Eustace would hardly be happy outside her county of Donegal. Therefore, even had things fallen out differently, as he phrased it, there might have been a clash. Perhaps it was as well that Harry Feversham was to marry Ethne, and not another than Feversham.



Thus at all events he argued as he rode, until the riders vanished from before his eyes, and the ladies in their coloured frocks beneath the cool of the trees. The trees themselves dwindled to ragged mimosas, the brown sand at his feet spread out in a widening circumference and took the bright colour of honey; and upon the empty sand black stones began to heap themselves shapelessly like coal, and to flash in the sun like mirrors. He was deep in his anticipations of the Sudan, when he heard his name called out softly in a woman's voice, and, looking up, found himself close by the rails.

"How do you do, Mrs. Adair?" said he, and stopped his horse. Mrs. Adair gave him her hand across the rails. She was Durrance's neighbour at Southpool, and by a year or two his elder—a tall woman remarkable for the many shades of her thick brown hair and the peculiar pallor on her face. But at this moment the face had brightened, there was a hint of colour in the cheeks.

"I have news for you," said Durrance. "Two special items, one, Harry Feversham is to be married."

"To whom?" asked the lady eagerly.

"You should know. It was in your house in Hill Street that Harry first met her. And I introduced him. He has been improving the acquaintance in Dublin."

But Mrs. Adair already understood; and it was plain that the news was welcome.

"Ethne Eustace," she cried. "They will be married soon?"

"There is nothing to prevent it."

"I am glad," and the lady sighed as though with relief. "What is your second item?"

"As good as the first. I go out on General Graham's Staff."

Mrs. Adair was silent. There came a look of anxiety into her eyes, and the colour died out of her face.

"You are very glad, I suppose," she said slowly.

Durrance's voice left her in no doubt.

"I should think I was. I go soon,

too, and the sooner the better. I will come and dine some night, if I may, before I go."

"My husband will be pleased to see you," said Mrs. Adair rather coldly. Durrance did not notice the coldness, however. He had his own reasons for making the most of the opportunity which had come his way; and he urged his enthusiasm, and laid it bare in words more for his own benefit than with any thought of Mrs. Adair. Indeed, he had always rather a vague impression of the lady. She was handsome in a queer, foreign way, not so uncommon along the coasts of Devonshire and Cornwall, and she had good hair, and was always well dressed. Moreover, she was friendly. And at that point Durrance's knowledge of her came to an end. Perhaps her chief merit in his eyes was that she had made friends with Ethne Eustace. But he was to become better acquainted with Mrs. Adair. He rode away from the Park with the old regret in his mind that the fortunes of himself and his friend were this morning finally severed. As a fact he had that morning set the strands of a new rope a-weaving which was to bring them together again in a strange and terrible relationship. Mrs. Adair followed him out of the Park, and walked home very thoughtfully.

Durrance had just one week wherein to provide his equipment and arrange his estate in Devonshire. It passed in a continuous hurry of preparation, so that his newspaper lay each day unfolded in his rooms. The General was to travel overland to Brindisi, and so on an evening of wind and rain towards the end of July Durrance stepped from the Dover Pier into the mailboat for Calais. In spite of the rain and the gloomy night, a small crowd had gathered to give the General a send-off. As the ropes were cast off a feeble cheer was raised, and before the cheer had ended, Durrance found himself beset by a strange illusion. He was leaning upon the bulwarks idly wondering whether this was his last view of England, and with a wish that



some one of his friends had come down to see him go, when it seemed to him suddenly that his wish was answered. For he caught a glimpse of a man standing beneath a gas lamp, and that man was of the stature and wore the likeness of Harry Feversham. Durrance rubbed his eyes and looked again. But the wind made the tongue of light flicker uncertainly within the glass, the rain too blurred the quay. He could only be certain that a man was standing there, he could only vaguely distinguish beneath the lamp the whiteness of a face. It was an illusion, he said to himself. Harry Feversham was at that moment most likely listening to a girl playing the violin under a clear sky in a high garden of Donegal. But even as he was turning from the bulwarks, there came a lull of the wind, the lights burned bright and steady on the pier, and the face leaped from the shadows distinct in feature and expression. Durrance leaned out over the side of the boat.

"Harry!" he shouted at the top of a wondering voice.

But the figure beneath the lamp never stirred. The wind blew the lights again this way and that, the paddles churned the water, the mail-boat passed beyond the pier. It was an illusion, he repented, it was a coincidence, It was the face of a stranger very like to Harry Feversham. It could not be Feversham's, because the face which Durrance had seen so distinctly for a moment was a haggard wistful face, a face stamped with an extraordinary misery, the face of a man cast out from among his fellows.

Durrance had been very busy all that week. He had clean forgotten the arrival of that telegram and the suspense which the long perusal of it had caused. Moreover, his newspaper had lain unfolded in his rooms. But his friend Harry Feversham had come to see him off.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## AS CHILDREN ALL.

SET not too wide ajar the gate of Truth !  
 Let not the glory shine upon us yet !  
 These human eyes of ours might blinded be  
 And being blind, all light we might forget.

Set not too wide ajar the gate of Truth !  
 Here in the twilight let us watch and wait ;  
 The narrow ray that from the portal gleams,  
 Reminds us God is near and very great.

Set not too wide ajar the gate of Truth !  
 Lest the loud pæan of angelic joys  
 Benumbs these unused ears of ours, and we  
 No longer hear—even the still small voice.

O, prating men, who claim to know it all,  
 O, foolish men, who fain would know too much,  
 'Twere best that we should reach that wondrous land,  
 As children all ; and learn its ways as such !

*W. H. Belford.*

# IN THE SECRET SERVICE

A Series of Thirteen Distinct Episodes

By ROBERT BUCKLEY

## EPISODE VIII.—THE SECRET OF THE NEW FRENCH GUN.

"ONE of the pleasantest expeditions that ever fell to my lot," said Anthony Hallam, spreading himself out like a man who deserved well of his country, "took place in Normandy, soon after the affair of the 'Pelion's' Signal-Book."

"Was it a return match?" I enquired.

"Something of the kind. But the Great 'Gun' business was by comparison a simple, straightforward affair, hardly worth mentioning."

I said that the story would be sure to interest me, who had such delight in such things.

"Yes; when the complication is interesting, or when the mystery is apparently inexplicable. But here we knew precisely what we had to do, where we had to do it, and all that was needed was to hit on a successful plan of operation.

"It appeared that the French had recently perfected a wonderful gun, vague reports of which had reached the British War Office. If one-half were true, this gun would make short work of any other artillery in the world, the poor English especially having no show at all. It was said to be an automatic quick-firer, on an entirely original principle, and of wonderful range and penetration. But, strange to say, opinion was divided as to whether it was a field-gun or a position-gun. Some, indeed, said that the principle could be applied to either, and that the French, having perfected their new arm, would pick a quarrel with perfidious Albion purely and simply for the sake of trying it!

"At the time of which I speak, mat-

ters were not over pleasant between the two nations. Why they can't live in amity might puzzle some people—their interest in peace is equal. But the racial difference accounts for the trouble, and always will account for it. Your Latin race detests your Anglo-Saxon. Your Anglo-Saxon despises your Latin, whether he be French, Spanish, Italian, or Portuguese. Well, instructions were issued giving me a free hand in any operations I might choose to undertake, and I sent Morland over to Normandy at once."

Here I inquired whether he went as Morland or as "Lucy," as in the Episode of the Lost Despatch-Box.

"He went as a young Englishman on his holidays, that is, dressed in tweed, riding a bicycle, and almost without a word of the language, with which, I need hardly say, he is perfectly familiar. The journey was quite informal, and no great pains were required. He returned inside a week with a preliminary report, which, added to reports of a scrappy character, received from all sorts of sources by the War Office, gave us the following information:

"The gun was being manufactured experimentally, at Dolville, in Normandy, or rather at a foundry five miles from Dolville, a little town which could be reached either by sea or by rail. It was, so to speak, the base of supply for the foundry, which was further rendered accessible by a sort of light tramway which ran from the quay to the works, the exact distance from the quay to the foundry yard being five miles and a half.

"The position of the foundry was

suitable in every respect to the purposes for which it was built—an experimental works, where anything and everything could be put to the test and accepted or rejected on its merits without the world being any the wiser, and without any outsider having the least suspicion as to what was proceeding.

“Imagine a vast heath extending to the foundry from the little town of Dolville, and for miles in every other direction round the works; a great plain with nothing higher than gorse, heather and fern, which grew in abundance right to the top of the chalk cliffs that bordered the sea. No roads over the heath, except the tramway from the foundry to Dolville, only one house in the vicinity of the works, a small tavern kept by an old pensioner who wore his medals and served wine to the men of the foundry, but was not permitted to enter the gates thereof. No sportsman, or tourist, or any suspicious person whatever was allowed within miles of the place, which was in every direction guarded by notice-boards informing the unwary pedestrian that trespassers on that Government property would be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.

“The tramway was used for carrying stores to the foundry, and also for bringing the workmen to and from Dolville, where they lived as a separate clan, having nothing to do with the fishing population of that unclean little place, which did not even boast a decent inn, let alone a tolerable hotel. So deplorable was the accommodation that Morland had been obliged to sleep on a small steamer which supplied the town with the ‘English Coal,’ which you see so liberally placarded in Normandy and elsewhere in France. The higher officials of the foundry were clubbed together in a handsome building. The Governor, as they called him, had a pretty cottage to himself, and the workmen lived in cottages expressly built for them. There was no staying in an hotel and picking up wrinkles from officials boarding there—a point I had especially impressed on Morland.

“Under these circumstances the outlook was not cheerful; at any rate it was not at first quite clear. The foundry stood in a wilderness five miles from anywhere, and anyone found on that intervening five miles would be locked up immediately. The workmen were selected as incorruptible, they were highly paid, and they were practically inaccessible, which latter consideration carried more weight than the two preceding ones.

“A Dolville workman who was seen to converse with a stranger would have but a short shrift from the governor. The idea of buying the secret was, therefore, dismissed as impracticable. There was no reasonable chance of opening the negotiations—otherwise I should have no doubt as to the result—secrets can be purchased in France if you can only obtain a fair opportunity. Only—the man who sells you the secret is also capable of selling you too.

“The only thing to be done (as it appeared to me) was to go into the works and make sketches of the gun, or of its parts. Or, failing this, to enter the office or apartments of some official who kept the drawings before him for working purposes, as was the case with our friend Lemmer, of Pretoria. And this way, which sounds so simple, was apparently absolutely impracticable, and almost impossible.

“I went into the garden and waited for inspiration. Not that I wasted time. The problem was before me, and though I was not holding my head with both hands and visibly wrestling with the question, my sub-consciousness was at work and I was really thinking more effectively.

“So I planted, and weeded, and hoed, and raked, and watered, and bedded to my heart’s content, until at times I laughed at myself for having forgotten all but the work in hand. And still nothing had ‘come.’ I could not think of a feasible plan. I could not live at Dolville without my every move being noted. There was nowhere else to live, and even Dolville was five miles from the foundry along



a private road on which a stranger might plant his unhallowed foot. Then there was the entrance of the foundry to be compassed in face of the night watchman, who lived in the foundry, and who walked about armed with a repeating rifle from six at night to six in the morning. The alternative to this was to effect an entry by daylight, when the men were on the ground, the governor and his subordinates in their offices, and the heath all round with no vegetation higher than gorsebushes cut down and stunted by the sea-breeze, showing the figure of a man a mile away.

"After two days' horrible bareness of ideas I had Morland up to talk the thing over again. 'The wayside tavern, what of that? Tell me more about that,' I said, in the hope that something might be suggested. The tavern was called in joke 'Hotel de France'; its garrison consisted of a veteran who had several war medals, and who had been permitted to rig up his wooden shebeen for the accommodation of the workmen as a reward for his services to the country; a common arrangement in France, where they would be ashamed to see their army veterans dying in destitution or in the workhouse as in happy England. The old man's name was Grindel, and he was assisted by a fine strapping lass named Marie, said to be his granddaughter. The shanty was about a mile from the foundry. No strangers were served with wine for the very simple reason that none were allowed to traverse the four miles between the 'Hotel de France' and Dolville. It was a blue look-out.

"Replying to cross-examination as to whether under exceptional circumstances sportsmen were ever seen on the heath, Morland replied in the negative, but said that hints of poaching on the part of the fishing population had reached him. There was much game on the common in the shape of rabbits and hares. But what attracted my attention more particularly was his expression of opinion that the gipsies he had seen in the district did very well

in the matter of stews and ragouts. Gipsies! Where were they? On the heath?

"It seemed that this was the case. After all, human beings *were* permitted on the forbidden ground! Morland explained that a gipsy camp had been established at stated seasons on the common, long before the foundry had been built, and that it had not been thought worth while to interfere with the ancient tribe, especially as they occupied the ground only for a month or two, and then recommenced their endless journey round beautiful France.

"After a few more questions my mind was made up. Since gipsies were allowed to pitch their tents on the wilderness around the foundry where the first four guns of the first battery that was to astonish the world were, according to our information, approaching completion, I would be a gipsy, Upton should be a gipsy, and Morland, aye, he would make a lovely gipsy fortune-telling maiden! 'A gipsy's life is a joyous life,' I chanted rapturously, and Morland and I would have sung Stephen Glover's 'The Gipsy Countess,' if either of us had known the words—or the music.

"'Bravo!' cried Morland, 'I never thought of that!'

"Then came the details, managed by Upton with surprising success. They ran into money, but what are a few hundreds in a State affair that might easily involve a hundred millions? It doesn't do to battle with a foe who shoots you down before you can come into a range which suits your own gun. The French were served that way by the Germans in the Franco-Prussian war. The Teutons, themselves comfortably out of shot, coolly and calmly decimated the French, and simply laughed their batteries to scorn. To say it was, in that war, worth a hundred millions to have the better gun is to speak well within the bounds of reason. The whole fate of an empire might rest on the superiority or inferiority of its artillery.

"He bought a capital van, second-hand of course, and one way or an-

other furnished the whole rig-out in the manner of the French gipsy who, instead of the moleskins and corduroys of his English confrère, affects the blouses and blue linens of the French peasantry. Our hair being dyed black, and our complexions carefully made up, we looked the real thing, I can tell you. We went aboard a coal boat at Newhaven, and in due course landed at Dieppe, whence we started by circuitous ways for Dolville, pausing here and there in the byways to accustom ourselves to our respective roles, and to note what effect we produced on the inhabitants at large. Morland made a lovely gipsy maiden, and but for the strict watch kept over her by her father and brother, that is to say, Upton and myself, would have had some difficulty in keeping a straight course, so great was the admiration bestowed by the young farmers and tradesmen of the agricultural and fruit-growing district through which we journeyed. However, it takes a lot of masculine admiration to turn Morland's head. Ha! ha!

"At last we reached the famous stretch of moorland whereon was built the still more famous factory, and here the way and manner of getting on the gipsy camp presented some difficulty. Our horse could not have dragged the van through the heather, nor did we know where on the vast expanse the camp, now vacant, would be found. By dint of tact and carefully guarded inquiry all this was discovered, and having camped for three days in a lovely valley on the edge of the moor to disarm suspicion, we at length took the track, a fairly-well-defined mark of wheels through short scrub until we attained a spot covered with the black remains of the camp-fires of our predecessors, now gone southward. It was lovely summer weather, and after the first few days the delights of gipsying were so keenly appreciated by me that I almost felt a qualm on realizing my faithlessness to kitchen-gardening.

"As it happened we were located about half a mile from the 'Hotel de France,' kept by old Grindel and his

granddaughter, and about a mile and a-half from the front gates of the factory. From the van we watched the men going to and from work, and we all, singly or in twos, visited Dolville time after time. But never a gleam of the way to get at the gun shone upon us until one day, Marie, at the 'Hotel,' in the absence of old Grindel, made signs to Morland, our gipsy-maiden, that she wanted her fortune told. Marie, you must know, was better blest with physique than with brains, and Morland was just the 'girl' to exploit her for all she was worth to us in connection with the object so long and patiently pursued. Marie, you were extremely useful to us, and I drink your health."

Here he honoured the toast, and continued: "She never knew it; none but ourselves ever knew it, but I thank her all the same. Love! beautiful love! The night watchman at the foundry was a widower, who loved Marie, or who said he did, and who certainly loved Marie's wine not wisely but too well. Before going on duty at six in the evening, he would often, if not invariably, spend an hour or two at the 'Hotel de France,' over a bottle of the 'piquette,' which costs about two-pence half-penny. Or he would drink cider by the quart. Everybody drinks cider in Normandy, and when there is nothing better to be had you can get very comfortably drunk on that at a remarkably reasonable charge.

"Morland told her quite the right sort of fortune. He saw she was over head and ears in love with Eustace at the factory, and that his inclination to liquor would not weigh with her for a moment. When I heard the news I at once arranged to set a watch on Marie, for, knowing her sentiments for the watchman, knowing his sentiments concerning wine, and knowing therefore in what direction Marie would be likely to think she could best please him, I divined her secret nocturnal expeditions to the foundry. I distinctly say I divined them, for I had no evidence. But the first thought that occurred on hearing Morland's



story was this—Marie will steal up to him with the cup that cheers, hoping to completely win his heart by providing something wherewith to while away the lonely hours. And the event proved that I had divined aright. O little did old Grindel know, Where many a flask of his best did go!

“When the fact was established the question was how to utilize it? First, it was clear that when Eustace was talking to Marie he was not promenading the factory. Secondly, it was probable that after her visit and the consumption of the wine or whatever she carried to him, he would not be so brisk and watchful as before. Closer observation, aided by a powerful Dollond night-glass, showed that Eustace always came outside and sat with the girl on the bench occupied by the day-porter in his idle moments. We utilized Marie’s presence at the foundry gate, and the resulting distraction of Eustace to make the following discoveries:—

“The main shed of the foundry stood in a large open area surrounded by a wall about twenty-five feet high, the yard being entered by means of huge iron gates which exactly fitted an archway in the wall. These gates, it seemed, were seldom opened, a doorway being made in one of them for the passage of the workmen, whom we had watched through the glass for days. Not a huge concourse like that issuing from a Devonport dockyard, but just about half-a-hundred all told, went backward and forward by the steam tram every day.

“It would have been easy enough to lure Eustace outside in the absence of Marie, and to have tied and gagged him while we took his keys and saw all we wished to see. But how were we to get out of the country afterwards? There was no railway station available except that of Dolville, the first train on which we could reckon to take us to a junction where we could change for Dieppe being at eleven in the morning. No, there was no chance of success in that direction. One fact only seemed to be in our favour—the

night watchman did not keep a dog. He had once possessed a favourite; Marie told Morland this—but it died, and Eustace had remained faithful to its memory. Now, here we had the advantage. Upton had a dog, and a very clever dog; one that had been bestowed upon him by a reprobate who was not likely to be able to see the animal for fourteen years or so, and who wished him to be well treated. This clever dog of ours, or rather Upton’s, was indispensable as part of the gipsy make-up, and did good service in a variety of ways. But his great accomplishment was this—he knew when to keep his mouth shut. He would bark when on guard; when out at night with Upton he intimated the presence of strangers by putting his cold nose against his master’s left hand, extended downwards for the convenience of the dumb but eloquent signaller.

“Secured against discovery by means of Jerry, for I regret to be compelled to record that the deported burglar had seen fit to bestow on the poor animal that vulgar name, we prowled around the foundry during Marie’s nightly expeditions, to our heart’s content.

“To Upton must be given the credit of the most important discovery. This was a drain about three-quarters of a yard in diameter, the tube of which seemed to point directly to the factory. When we found it a thin stream of water, about as much as a decent pump would supply if regularly worked, was issuing from it, and running in a tiny rivulet away among the heather. We traced the course of the tube easily enough, for in putting it down, years before, the vegetation had been disturbed, and the ground presented a marked line of difference, even in the darkness. It led to the foundry wall. ‘Jerry’ was our pioneer, Upton sending him in and venturing his whole length in the pipe, while he struck matches and noted the dog’s progress and the general appearance of this strange and unexpected entrance to the Promised Land. All went well; ‘Jerry’ disappeared in the darkness—and re-



turned silent but evidently excited. Where had he been? What had he seen? Where did the great drain lead?

"More thinking caused me to spend a night in the investigation of the upper, or opposite side of the foundry. What I sought I found. A tiny spring on the hill-side trickled down to a cistern outside the wall, where the water was collected for foundry purposes in a tank inside, and then sluiced off downhill through the drain we had discovered. But if so, the drain led to the interior of the constructing shed! Beautiful thing, inductive reasoning!

"We decided to test the matter off-hand. Next night Upton, preceded by 'Jerry' crept through the pipe to the further end to find that we were only cut off the inner tank by a stout iron grating much corroded by rust, the end of the tank next the grating being of the nature of a flood-gate, and at the time of Upton's first visit left suspended in the air, where it had been raised to let off the water! Was this an unusual piece of negligence? Or was it habitual? It was clear that the partition must be shut down whenever the tank was filled for cooling purposes, and, when the water was afterwards run off through the drain, the partition must be raised to let it go. But if the workman who raised the partition lowered it after the water had run off, then, of course, our task would be doubly difficult.

"Luck befriended us. It seemed as though the man who raised the flood-gate went about his business without waiting to see the last of the water. The gate was lowered when next the tank was filled, and that was time enough. It was the British workman over again, bless him!

"We had a complete set of appliances in the van, you may be sure. Everything that experience could suggest was there. Armed with all we required we set forth to make the final assault one Saturday evening, with all the time from then to Monday morning before us, bar Sunday from six in the morning till six in the evening, when a man from Dolville came to act as day

sentinel. Already some effective filing had been done, Morland and Upton taking turns, and positively declining to permit me to assist in this particular work, which was not very pleasant, you may be sure.

"To worm yourself along for twenty-five yards through a smooth, narrow tube which was also wet and slimy with the deposit of years; to lie on your face filing, filing, 'Jerry' on the watch to give warning, was not an agreeable business. But we meant to win, and the harder it seemed the more determined we were. And my devoted subordinates did all the difficult work—until the final evening.

"Then, arrived at the tube, Upton went first, carrying with him a cord by which to signal to us. A wait of twenty minutes, and then the welcome tugs! Bravo! the last bit of iron was filed, and the course was clear! Morland went on. 'Jerry' had accompanied Upton. I followed, and then only did I appreciate the devotion and unselfishness of my brave and talented coadjutors. Heavens! what a beastly hole it was and how squeamish I felt! Not the darkness, nor the slime, nor the gloom so worked on my nerves as the sensation of helplessness, of being buried alive! The horror of that ten minutes in a drain-pipe!

"They helped me up at the other end—the right end, Upton utilizing the detached piece of grating as a ladder by which to climb out of the tank! We were in the constructing shed. Around us were all sorts of castings. On a sort of dais at the end of the shed, two finished guns, their polished surfaces responding briskly to the flashes of Morland's bull's-eye lantern. Bless me, everything was there; we had only to pick and choose, and since I had spent two whole days at Woolwich Arsenal, merely in learning the points that were required, my work was surprisingly simple. We had plenty of time. Eustace was sitting outside the great gates drinking wine with Marie.

"We burnt the magnesium wire and photographed everything needed,

taking duplicates, as at Pretoria. I measured the finished guns, and the needful figures as to calibre having been set down we spent a happy hour in the governor's office, Upton deftly picking the locks of the door and the private desk, and Morland, by means of tracing paper, taking a copy of a complete specification of the gun, which had been gummed for the governor's convenience on the inside of the flap of his desk. For my part I contented myself with a careful summary of a report of trials made with the two guns in the shed, together with particulars as to charges and projectiles, and, when all were quite content, we left without tuck of drum or blast of trumpet, wondering what would happen when it was discovered that the place had been honoured with a visit.

"For though we might have left the office as we found it, trumpery locks

and all, we could not mend the grating! That was beyond us. So Morland, still as a gipsy girl, wandered off in the direction of Dieppe, with copies of everything vital, Upton and I remaining behind to stand the racket, if any.

"There never was any. Why, I cannot tell. Only I surmise that the governor thought it better for himself to conceal the fact that he had been outwitted. After a decent interval we trekked slowly and leisurely after Morland, who had got clear away, and having sold our horse and van at Varengeville walked by the shore to Dieppe, and took the English boat for Newhaven. The holiday was in most respects enjoyable in the extreme. My health improved immensely, and I often look back with pleasure on that Normandy trip with my two friends and 'Jerry.'"

EPISODE IX. WILL APPEAR IN MARCH.

## OLD DAVE'S DAUGHTER.

*By George A. Collard.*

"HALLO John! Great weather we're having!"

"Grand!"

"If this holds out much longer you'll have no ploughing to do next spring. You've a great slap turned over, I presume?"

"About a hundred acres. Another month will see me through. Say! how is wheat?" abruptly inquired the speaker.

"Bad! Reports from Argentine too good—too good altogether! Visible supply away up. Foreign marmet slow—blamed slow! Wheat next spring won't be worth fifty cents a bushel. However, I'll give you eighty-one cents for what you've stored with us. I'm making a shipment to-morrow, else I would not offer more than

seventy-nine. Better take it. Insurance and elevator charges will eat up your profit before spring."

The speaker was a grain buyer; the place a Manitoba village street; and the one addressed was John Clark, a typical western farmer, who possessed in a marked degree those abstract qualities—health, enthusiasm, independence and intelligence—which go to make up the concrete Manitoban.

John stepped to the edge of the sidewalk, reflectively spat at a hitching post, missed; tried again, missed again; came back, and said: "It's a go." Twenty minutes later he was seated high up in his stout lumber-waggon, rattling homeward, with one thousand dollars in the hip-pocket of his blue jean overalls.

Eight years previous to the opening of this story John Clark had bought the half-section adjoining old Dave Bennet's place. It was a good farm; and John felt sure of lifting the thousand-dollar mortgage before the expiration of three years. But the labour-filled days slowly passed into twice three years, and the mortgage still was with him. Yet through all the unceasing toil, through all the lonesomeness of his bachelor life, he was sustained by the hope of ultimate success. And now this year had accomplished that which all the other seven had not; the mortgage could at last be met. Still, John Clark was an unhappy man.

John's next neighbour, old Dave Bennet, although wealthy, was an intensely ignorant old natural. His youth had been spent in the backwoods of Ontario. Hearing of the great possibilities of the West, he had early left that Province and migrated to Manitoba, where he had settled in a good locality, and gradually acquired several hundred acres of choice farming-land, a large herd of cattle and a most substantial bank account. He could neither read nor write. What was more, he did not wish to. He was quite content to grub and save: to acquire more land, more cattle, more money, and let others imbibe knowledge and remain poor. His one redeeming feature was his love for his daughter Mary. He had married Mrs. Bennet principally for convenience and profit: she saved him a hired girl. But Mary was different: Mary was his "darter." Whatever Mary said was right. He had built a frame-house because she would have it; he had bought an organ to please her; he had willingly consented to John Clark as a prospective son-in-law; and, alas! in an evil moment, at her suggestion, took the schoolmaster to board.

As John Clark passed the Bennet home he espied old Dave, down on all-fours picking potatoes; so he brought up his horses with a jerk and called out "Fine day this."

Old Dave scrambled to his feet, and

standing in a stooped position making spasmodic grabs at the small of his back, ejaculated: "Gull darn it." At last, after much painful effort, he succeeded in reaching a partially erect attitude, when he expressed himself thus:—

"Durned ef Proverdench hadn't orter made taters grow on bushes. Picken 'em, I kalkerlate iz one uv th' wust fe'tors uv farmin.' It plays the dev—Come gosh durned nigh disremember-in' that time. Mary sez as how cuss wuds shocks that air teachin' fellar uv hern, and as how 'havick' iz better nor 'devil.' Ez I war a sain', it plays havick with the back. I'll be jiggered ef yer back-bone don't get sot bent, an' a fellar kent straighten her nohow."

But it was all lost to John; for he had seen, emerging from the kitchen, bearing a well-filled basket of newly-washed clothes, the buxom form of Mary Bennet. Her tucked-up skirts revealed a very neat ankle; and the turned-down bodice gave a glimpse of dazzling white, which contrasted strongly with her sunburnt neck and face. John caught a quick, hard breath, and his usually steady pulse beat violently.

According to the accepted standard, Mary Bennet had neither a perfect face nor a model figure. She had a No. 5 foot and a No. 24 waist. Furthermore, her nose suggested a tendency to turn up; and this suggestion became a certainty whenever Mary laughed, which she did on the slightest provocation. These were Mary's chief defects of beauty. Yet more exacting critics than the unsophisticated John would have entirely overlooked them, and pronounced Mary Bennet a handsome girl. Her wavy brown hair, laughing eyes, dimpled cheeks, full red lips, and white even teeth, now prominently displayed by reason of a spare clothes-pin held between, would have permitted no other verdict.

Mary soon finished her task of hanging out the clothes, and, without even looking at poor John, retreated to the house.



John Clark gave his team a vicious cut; and, in a cloud of dust, no more choking than his own emotion, rattled rapidly away, leaving old Dave, to whom he had neglected to say good-bye, gazing wonderingly after him.

"Ef that don't beat th'—, beat th'—, havick," he contemptively remarked. Then, after looking cautiously toward the house, he—with slight alteration—deliberately repeated: "Ef that don't beat th' devil."

When John reached home it was high noon. After putting out the horses he entered his shanty, and taking an account book from a shelf over the window, proceeded to enter up his morning transactions, and also recount his large roll of bills. To do this he first had to shove to the centre of the table the dirty dishes with which it was bestrewn. Even then he was cramped for room; and, as he laboriously wrote down the different items constituting the morning purchases, his elbow struck the ink-bottle and over it went, deluging one end of the thick, heavy roll. John placed it on the edge of a plate to dry, and finished his book-keeping; then, leaning back, he disdainfully surveyed his surroundings.

That it was a bachelor's home no one could possibly doubt.

There, behind the stove, was the nail whereon the frying-pan usually hung—that utensil being now under the stove with the cat in it. The low, small windows were so dirty that one marvelled at so much sunlight finding its way through. The stove was a light brick-red colour, with which the crazy pipe matched beautifully. Over in one corner was the bed in which John and his hired man slept. It was an entire stranger to the process of making, and the space beneath was a receptacle for old clothes, boots and moccasins. The walls were desolately bare. Underneath all this was a hole called the cellar, from which rose a noxious odour suggestive of sprouted potatoes and decayed onions. No wonder poor John looked disconsolate. He had borne all this for several long

years, intending some day—after he had paid off the mortgage—to build a frame house, make Mary his wife, and live as a white man should. And now, when this cup of felicity was just at his lips, it was cruelly snatched away by a grammatical upstart, whom he could have crushed with his strong right hand.

The flies buzzed louder and louder; the old cat, in the frying-pan, purred contentedly; a dirty sunbeam fell athwart the dirty heap of dishes; and the sharp-eyed mice ran about among them; for John Clark had forgotten his sorrows in sleep.

More mice scrambled up from the large knot-hole under the table. They fought with each other; they raced with each other; they played with the ink-stained roll of bills, sliding it dangerously near the edge of the table; for it slipped easily over the glare oil cloth; and then they all scampered away; for John had awakened from his nap. He rubbed his eyes sleepily, vigorously stretched himself, yawned once or twice, and then remembered his troubles, and, incidentally, his little-valued one thousand dollars.

Suddenly, with an exclamation of alarm, he leaned forward. The money was gone. He searched eagerly among the dishes, looked into the cups, sugar-bowl and pitcher, looked into them again, crawled under the table, examined his own pockets, re-examined them, turned them inside-out, felt himself all over, looked under the stove, crept beneath the bed, then rose to his feet, and, standing like one dazed, wiped the great beads of perspiration from his brow.

John Clark was experiencing real trouble; and the schoolmaster and Mary were alike forgotten.

After standing for a few moments, he grew calmer, and walking to the door looked anxiously over the prairie. Away to the south, nearly a mile away, he could see his own hired man unhitching the team preparatory to coming to dinner. Down the dusty road, in either direction, not a soul was to be seen. The level prairie afforded no

hiding-place. If anyone had taken it he must be in the stable. The small log affair was quickly searched, but with no better result. He then gave the shanty another thorough, unfruitful overhauling, and, leaving the wondering hired man to get his own dinner, started on horseback for old Dave Bennet's, about a quarter of a mile distant. It had occurred to him that perhaps a peddler had done it; if so he would have had time to reach Dave's house.

Poor John returned that night discouraged and nearly heart-broken. He had made a complete circle of several miles, searching the whole surrounding country; but no suspicious character was seen, nor even had been seen by any of his neighbours.

The next morning, and for several succeeding mornings, John went doggedly to work. He laboured desperately hard, rarely spoke to anyone, and was rapidly becoming a disagreeable, partially demented man. One day he took a load of potatoes into the village and sold them to the tailor.

"I say, tell me where you got that bill!" said John, excitedly, as the tailor handed him a ten-dollar note slightly ink-stained along one edge.

"Let me see—e—" said the dapper little man, shutting one eye and scratching his head with a yardstick. "It was Mr.—ah—it was Mr.—Williams who gave me that bill."

John turned, rushed from the shop, sprang into his waggon and was gone.

. . . . .

Three weeks have passed since that morning on which we first saw Mary Bennet. It is her wedding-day. Mary and the schoolmaster were to be married at six o'clock, then immediately drive to the village so as to catch the East train at seven. The teacher appeared very uneasy. He had come home at noon visibly excited. About three o'clock he decided to go to the village with his valise and trunk, that they might be checked, and thereby cause no delay.

It was now half-past five, and the

schoolmaster had not yet returned. The clergyman and a few invited neighbours were present; Mary was dressed and waiting; her father fidgeted uneasily in his six-dollar ready-mades; and the hour-hand slowly approached six. Still no groom appeared. As the clock solemnly struck the hour, old Dave sprang to his feet, bolted for the stable, and was soon behind old Billie, tearing away for the village.

He arrived just after the train had pulled out. And, when informed that the schoolmaster was on board, he threw "havick" to the winds, and freely drew upon his unlimited stock of cuss words.

Old Dave's was a sad home that night. The clergyman and guests went whispering away; the old father swore himself to sleep; but the mother and daughter crouched by the fireless grate, and wept in mutual sympathy.

Before the expiration of three weeks the laughing, joyous Mary had become a pale, dispirited woman. She took no pleasure in life, and wished that she were dead.

One day after the ground had frozen and the plough was stopped, Jim Bell, a neighbour of old Dave's, drove up to the latter's place. The old man was out banking the house. As his neighbour drove up, old Dave leaned on his spade, and called out, "Mornin', Jim."

"Good morning, Mr. Bennet," said Jim Bell in a pleasant voice—Jim was a Patron and intended running for the Legislature—"This cold snap will settle our ploughing."

"I kalkerlate she war dun fer," replied old Dave.

"I say!" said Jim, as he drove his horses a little nearer. "You don't object to hearing something about that schoolmaster—do you?"

"I haint ded sot agin it," returned Dave, then added somewhat eagerly, "Wot ar' it?"

"I've been so keen to take advantage of all the ploughing weather," continued Jim Bell, "that I neglected to come sooner. I'm pretty sure you haven't heard it though, because I

know John Clark's style. I was quite certain he wouldn't tell you. And our Joe hasn't been able to blab it; for he hasn't been to school since it happened. Kept him home to do the chores. The ploughing just kept the hired man and me jumping. I haven't—"

"Gull durn yer hide!" fairly shouted old Dave. "Air you agoin' ter tell a fellar, or air you not?"

Thus admonished, Jim with acceleration continued: "You remember the day the schoolmaster left th—"

"Reckon so!" interrupted old Dave in an emphatic tone.

"There was no school in the afternoon; and, as it was our Joe's turn to sweep out, he stayed behind and went to work. The teacher packed up all his books and things, said 'Good-bye, Joe,' and stepped outside. Just then Joe heard someone drive up like mad. He ran to the door and peeked out; and there was John Clark jumping out of his waggon. He walked right up to the schoolmaster and exclaimed:

"'You white-livered villain, I've found you out at last!'

"Joe says that the schoolmaster looked mighty mad, and said: 'What do you mean—you uncouth fellow—insulting a gentleman this way!'

"John made one spring, but the schoolmaster pulled a revolver and cried: 'Just be good enough to keep your vulgar hands off me or I shall perforate you!'

"Joe says that this made John so mad that he thought he was going to jump on him in spite of the gun; he called him a coward and a thief, and said: 'You know you stole a thousand dollars from me. I got one of the bills from the tailor not over an hour ago, and he said you gave it to him. I've thought it all out. You was coming from school to get your dinner at Bennet's; and it was a hot day, an'—and you was thirsty, an'—

and dropped in to get a drink, an'—and saw me asleep; and you stole the money!'

"Joe says that this sort of staggered the teacher; and that John jumped in, threw him down, took the revolver away, and nearly choked him to death. The teacher gasped: 'I'll give it up. I'll give it up. I've got it here.' At this he let him rise; when he forked over the money; and John sprang into his waggon and drove off."

Jim Bell himself soon drove off; and old Dave retired to the house to tell Mary. But, as he entered, she quietly said: "Never mind telling me, father. I stood at the door and heard it all." With that Mary sat down and burst into tears.

"Oh, father!" she sobbed, "what a foolish girl I've been. For weeks I've been grieving over a poor cowardly thief. All this past summer I have thought and dreamed only of Mr. Williams. I was willing and proud to be his wife. Oh, the poor fool that I was! I was only in love with his nice manners. He seemed so much better than the rest of you. But I never really liked him."

Just then old Dave diplomatically retreated to the stable; for, right from the beginning of Mary's confession, he had observed—framed in the door-way—the radiant face of John Clark.

In the stable old Dave took to currying Billie, an attention the old horse seldom received.

"Gee-whiz!" he ejaculated, as he finished the nigh-side. "Beats all tarnation!" he further remarked, as he began on the off. "Howanever, I reckon Mary wuz right, alwuz iz right, durned if she haint. Wo-o, Bill—you—"

But in the house? In the house the strong arms of John—more accustomed to the plough than a woman's form—were marvellously adapting themselves to their new occupation.



## IN MEMORY OF ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

*Died February 10th, 1899.*

HIS that great octave of earth's noblest runes,  
Those wondrous symphonies of sun-stilled noons ;  
Those minor chords of star and pearl-grey dawn,  
That treble trill of Spring's first fluted song.  
From out his pipe of Pan, the scented blooms,  
The purpled grasses and the popped plumes  
Waved at his will. Anon our eyes were dimmed,  
When hazing noonday heat our vision rimmed.  
Again the fragrant waft of new-strewn hay  
Clung to our senses many a fervent day.  
The bugled notes of autumn's bannered themes  
Transposed he into heaven's radiant gleams.  
His clarion calls of winter's snow-stepped woods  
Made music for us where the North-wind broods.  
His power, inborn, above the pangs of toil  
Caught the elusive spirit of the soil,  
Vivid, intangent, told but to the few ;  
He grasped it and its beauty's fulness knew.  
The woven wonder of his inner soul  
Scanned all the harmonies of Nature's scroll.

*Lally Bernard.*

# CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

THE Anglophobic epidemic which has been raging in Germany for months has at length reached a phase which must be close to the climax, the climax being war. There is perhaps no probability of war, but that two great civilized nations should get within hail of such a catastrophe, from absurdly inadequate causes, suggests how little mankind profits by the teachings of history or fruits of experience. In considering the case one has to be on guard against national prejudices, but, making due allowance for these, it must be said that the ill-will which has been recently displayed against Great Britain on the Continent, cannot conscientiously be credited as having its origin in generous sympathy for the struggles of a weak people against a vastly stronger enemy. It is only necessary to enquire what the attitude of continental nations has been in the past towards nations that were weak and oppressed, to find it difficult to give Germany or any of the rest of them much credit for being genuinely stirred over the downfall of the Boers. The British people need have no fear of submitting their record in this respect for comparison with that of any of their critics. Does anyone ever remember of a Neapolitan, or Bulgarian, or Armenian agitation in Germany?

Take the second of these as being typical. Who forgets those days of 1876, when the British nation was stirred to its very depths by the stories of the Bulgarian atrocities? When it became certain that thousands of human beings, including hundreds of women and children, had been ruthlessly slaughtered by the Bashi-Bazouk soldiery of the Sultan the indignation of the country knew no bounds. It was not indig-

nation manufactured to order. It was unquestionably a spontaneous manifestation of the national conscience. At the beginning it had no spokesman, but eventually it drew Mr. Gladstone from his retirement, and with a subject that suited his moral equipment the country rang with denunciations of the unspeakable Turk. It must be carefully kept in view that the foreign interests of the country were to buttress rather than undermine the tottering fabric of empire at Constantinople, and by appealing to this interest and the ineradicable suspicion of Russian designs in the Balkans, Disraeli was able to stem the torrent. But the point is, that the torrent was there, just as it was present in full flood at a later period, when the Armenian massacres shocked the English-speaking world.

Pecksniffian self-admiration would be as detestable in a people as it is in a man. It is to be hoped, therefore, that there is none of this quality in pointing to the fact that in other continental countries the public pulse does not appear to have beat a second faster on the occasions referred to. At both times in England the Governments of the day felt they were threatened by a disinterested and high-minded indignation aroused by the stories of oppression and cruelty practised among a feeble and distant folk. In Britain Ministers were harassed and put to their wits' end to prevent public feeling sweeping them off their feet. On the Continent Chancellors felt no such pressure or compulsion. They were able to treat the matter solely from its political side, and with that detachment from moral or humane considerations that distinguishes the higher politics. We are now asked to

believe that it is this very humane and moral wave which has been so markedly non-existent on the occasions mentioned, that now causes the antipathy to Britain in continental capitals. In view of the facts just cited we will be excused if we feel some scepticism on this point. We will also ask to be relieved from believing that it is generous sympathy with a weak people which now actuates the three nations which participated in the spoliation of Poland, or the two which fell upon little Denmark in 1864, and wrested two provinces from her.

✂

The pretence that Mr. Chamberlain insulted the German army when he said that the conduct of the British army in South Africa had been quite as good as that of the German army in the Franco-German war, is a very poor one. In the opinion of all who know how the campaign in the Boer republics was carried on, Mr. Chamberlain was exceedingly complimentary to the German army. If the conduct of Von Moltke's hosts was as good, the Fatherland has reason to be proud of the record. Were soldiers who ventured to take a French pullet without pay sentenced to imprisonment? Every day during the progress of Lord Roberts' army towards Pretoria, the women of the men who were in the field were getting higher prices for everything they had to sell than ever they had known before, and an ill-fed army had to buy its way through the enemies' territories at fancy prices. It is doubtful if ever in the history of the world the country of a foe suffered so little from the tribulations of war as those quiet farm-lands over which Lord Robert's hosts passed so rapidly in the summer of 1900. The state-

ment in the King's speech at the opening of the Imperial Parliament, that the soldiery had displayed "a humanity, even to their own detriment," throughout the war, is absolutely true. To say, therefore, that their conduct would compare favourably with the German army which invaded France in 1870 was to accord the latter high praise, and the anger which the comparison has caused is the merest make-believe.

✂

If the expression of it had been confined to the man in the street or the beer-halls, or even to the columns of the newspaper, illustrated or unillustrated, it is quite unlikely that any official notice would have been taken of it. It is true that our knowledge of the control that the Government has over the utterances of the newspapers in Germany made it not unreasonable to expect that the gross caricatures, in which even the ladies of the English royal family, the Emperor's immediate relatives, were not spared, would be stopped. But when Chancellor Von Buelow endeavoured to earn a little



KEEPING AN EYE ON THE GERMAN IN SOUTH AMERICA

—Philadelphia North American





APPARENTLY CASUAL

JOE: "Why dang me if it bain't Mr. Kruger—who'd a thought it? I'd a' knawed ee anywhere!"

KRUGER: "To be sure now! if it bain't Joe! Yew bain't changed a bit!"

JOE: "Only to fancy us meetin' casual like and in the same public-ouse too!"

KRUGER: "It's a Hact o' Providence, it is—an' nuthin' else!"

[*"Some of the greatest peaces, the greatest settlements in the world's history, have begun in an apparently casual meeting in a neutral inn."*—LORD ROSEBERY, at Chesterfield, December 16, 1901.]

—*Westminster Gazette.*

cheap popular applause by lecturing Mr. Chamberlain, and officially maintaining the pretence that that gentleman had slandered the German army, we can scarcely be surprised that the English Minister replied in kind. It will be found, I venture to prophecy, that German anger will now abate, just as it gradually abated in France months ago. In fact, French feeling seems to have diminished as that in Germany increased—a very natural process. We do not need to conduct a very subtle enquiry as to the origin of continental feeling against Great Britain. The continental Powers think that her colonial empire was large enough without adding two hundred thousand square miles to it, including the richest existing goldfields and a great modern city, destined to be much greater, founded on the wealth which lies about its doors. That is the real seat of continental resentment, and no one will

say that it is not a natural feeling. What we have a right to protest against is that it should find its expression in gross falsehoods and in a hypocritical pretence that it has its origin in some nobler feeling. In the case of Germany the feeling is intensified by unsuccessful commercial rivalry.

It must be thought that the Emperor is working his South American plans with consummate skill. Contemporaneously with the necessity of bringing pressure to bear on Venezuela, the Kaiser has arranged for a visit of his brother to the United States. There can be no doubt that Prince Henry will receive a splendid welcome. The millions of Germans in the States would alone be sufficient to make his tour a triumph, but their fellow-citizens of other nationalities will probably

be proud to be only a shade less hospitable and enthusiastic. The Prince speaks English as easily as he speaks German, for the former is in reality his mother tongue. There can be no doubt that his visit will make it easier for Germany to carry out her policy of making Venezuela pay up. That this will be no short or easy task may be inferred from the fact that the whole revenue derivable from Customs is only about \$5,000,000 a year. The German claim is about \$2,000,000, but there is behind this a dim claim for many millions more that may be hauled to the front as soon as the German officials are firmly established at the Venezuelan ports.

The United States authorities do not like the situation, but they seem to hold firmly to the principle that the South American republics cannot make

the Monroe doctrine an excuse for ignoring payment of their just debts. They doubtless remember that a great commercial nation cannot protect the appearance of commercial dishonesty or repudiation of debts in any part of the world. It is easy, however, to see all sorts of difficulties in the diplomatic management of the box of South American monkeys of which the big Republic has undertaken the guardianship. Revolution must be almost as common there as general elections elsewhere. In the majority of these comic opera states a President once elected refuses to demit his office so long as he can cling to it by fraud, stratagem or force. The Opposition, therefore, in order to bring his reign to a close, must resort to rebellion. This is rather hard on the taxpayer, for he not only has his life and property endangered while the row is in progress, but he must also assume the burden of the war expenditure of both sides. We have seen within the past few weeks a rival for the presidential chair of Venezuela approaching the coasts of the country in a chartered steamer freighted with thousands of stands of arms and a considerable body of warriors. If the expedition succeeds and Castro is dethroned the groaning taxpayer will have to liquidate not only Castro's expenditures in defence of his job, but also those of his rival and all the soldiers of fortune who accompany him.

✂

The joys of the European game have shifted to another part of the world. The Persian Gulf is the square on which the attention of the players is somewhat concentrated now. Its proximity to India has always made it a matter of concern to British interests. Turkey still exercises a shadowy suzerainty over portions of it. In recent years it has scarcely ever been asserted. Two of the princelings, whose territories border on the gulf, have been bickering for some time, namely, the Sheikh of Koweyt and the Sultan of Nejd. The Sheikh recognizes the Governor-General of India rather than



RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

the ruler of Turkey as his lord, and the British have responded by favouring his cause to some extent. He has been recognized on all hands as standing for British interests on the gulf. Suddenly Constantinople exhibits sufficient interest in affairs there to despatch an emissary with an invitation to the Sheikh Mubarakh to pay Abdul Hamid a visit. There is a walk-into-my-parlour air about the invitation, of which the Sheikh is evidently suspicious, and he has so far refused to let the emissary land and present his little billet. An invitation from Abdul is a command, and if he does not obey it he will be removed. The Sheikh has again appealed to Britain for protection, and it is understood that the two Sultans, both he of Constantinople and he of Nejd, have had intimations that Britain will stand no nonsense in the gulf, and that if any alleged sovereignty of either of them in that region threatens the peace steps will be taken to cancel all such claims and obligations.



# WOMAN'S

Edited by  
Mrs. Willoughby Gummings

# SPHERE

**W**ANTED—a school for the training of mothers. Some one has said that the real child has only lately

been discovered by  
THE TRAINED those who have given  
MOTHER. their time to the scientific study of child

nature. So far these students, at least in this country, have been principally teachers, and to many of them the result has been that their whole attitude of mind has so changed towards the child that they can be no longer mere workmen, but hold a position towards him more nearly resembling that of a physician than of a factory overseer. And undoubtedly the child in his school life has benefited already by this change of view. This is shown, to give but one example, in the fact that the teacher, recognizing that logical ease, as understood in adult thought, may not apply to the child at all, now teaches him by sentences and syllables rather than by letters. These things the teachers have learned, and in learning them have come to realize more and more fully the need of greater co-operation between home and school. The day is passed when it was supposed that mothers could learn by instinct all that parental responsibility requires, and yet where is the place wherein the mother may get the training which she realizes is lacking? The mother-love that helps her through the helpless stage of infancy is not sufficient alone to guide her wisely through the peculiar stage of "obedience learning," nor through the "questioning stage," on to the difficult and often perilous time of reserve, and through the years to young manhood and young womanhood. All these various stages of responsibility require special study and adaptation,

and no better thing could happen for our country than that its mothers should be trained to be good character builders.

## WOMEN'S CANADIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY, TORONTO.

The annual report of this society for 1900-1901 has just been issued to its members and friends. Besides papers on historic subjects by the members, read at the meeting—notably "History of Some Early Street Names of York," by Mrs. J. A. Paterson; "History of St. Andrew's Church," by Miss Bessie MacMurchy; and "History of St. James' Vestry," by the President, Mrs. Forsyth Grant; the pamphlet of 16 pages gives a full report of the effort made by the Society to raise a fund to erect a suitable memorial to her late Imperial Majesty Queen Victoria. This is to take the form of a hall in which historic relics and records might be kept, memorial windows or tablets erected to the Canadians who had given their lives in the service of the Empire, and where patriotic gatherings, history lectures, etc., might be held and given. Every woman in the city was asked to contribute 10 cts. The collection of these sums entailed much labour. There were few of the members with time at liberty to undertake it. The result, however, from half the city has been satisfactory. The remainder, when canvassed, it is anticipated, will add considerably to the sum now in the bank. The issue of the *Daily Star* of May 23rd by the Society as a memorial number, was also productive of an addition to the fund, which now amounts to \$2,527.10.

An information bureau was also un-



dertaken, and under the charge of Miss Teefy, of Richmond Hill, a mass of information on the history of Yonge St. has been collected and reported at the meetings. The membership is now upwards of two hundred and forty. Sympathetic reference is made to the death of several, and particularly to the loss of the Rev. Dr. Scadding and Hon. G. W. Allan.

During the past month the Secretary, Miss FitzGibbon, has addressed meetings in Lakefield, Lindsay and Bowmanville, and in the latter town aided in forming what is to be henceforth known as the Bowmanville Historical Society.

Recognizing how little they knew of Canadian history, how many of the old pioneers are passing away without their reminiscences of the past being preserved, a small but interested literary club decided to turn their attention to doing what they could on these lines this winter. When the simple routine of the necessary machinery, the workable constitution by which they could so easily govern their meetings and procedure for work was laid before them, the difficulties of the undertaking proved to have been imaginary. As the vistas of interest in the closer study of our history, the romance of its past, the great possibilities of the future, and the instant importance of all Canadians having an intimate and familiar knowledge and proper pride in the history of their own

land was brought before the assembled members, the undertaking became not only possible, but one which they could embark upon with the necessary enthusiasm to ensure success. On the morning after the meeting in Bowmanville, the newly elected officers met, and after drafting a constitution based on that of the Women's Historical Society of Toronto, drew up a plan of work for the season.

There are many other such clubs and circles in our towns throughout the country which might follow the

example set by Bowmanville, both with profit and entertainment to themselves, and by the interest roused preserve local history from oblivion, and serve the future historians of Canada. Owing to the energy and enthusiasm of Miss FitzGibbon, Secretary of the Toronto Association, historical societies of women, or of men and women, have already been formed as a chain across the broad Dominion, from Charlottetown on the east to



MRS. ROBERT REID

President Montreal Woman's Club

Victoria on the west, and it is hoped that the present number of such societies may increase, and that they may draw together and form before long a National Historical Association.

#### A WOMAN'S CLUB.

Co-operation and federation are principles that are happily coming to be considered and acted upon more and more in woman's work, as in other interests the world over. The time when

one little band of workers had nothing to do with other workers, even when their interests were almost identical, is largely a thing of the past, and not only are conferences and congresses a feature of the day, but the drawing together of local societies into national organizations is becoming the general rule. A step further, and that an important one, in the work of co-operation is the banding together of societies organized for widely different objects into one federation for the common good, and such are the National Councils of Women in the various countries of the world.

Another form of organization is that which is well illustrated by the Montreal Woman's Club, which is unique in Canada, and which under its several departments of "Home and Education," "Social Science," and "Art and Literature," draws together in one association a large number of the cleverest and most thoughtful women of that city. This Club, which now numbers 115 members, had its beginning in a meeting of 50 ladies, held in the drawing-room of its President, Mrs. Robert Reid, in 1892, when after listening to an address from Mrs. C. P. Wooley, and Mrs. J. P. Harvey, Past-President of the Chicago Women's Club, 40 of those who were present signed the roll and agreed to form a Club "to promote agreeable relations between women of artistic, literary, scientific and philanthropic tastes, and to afford Montreal sympathy and counsel in the pur-

suance of general literary and philanthropic work." Mrs. Reid was elected President, and Mrs. W. G. MacNaughton was appointed Secretary. In writing of the work of the Club, Mrs. Reid, who is still its President, says:—"The Club has its home at the Y.M.C.A. It has aided the Good Government League by donations of money, and also the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Women and Children. It also gave \$50.00 to help start the Victorian Order of Nurses. It has been the means of having hot

lunches supplied to the High School children, instead of letting them run out between sessions for an indigestible bun. It suggested to the Board of Arts and Crafts to open its classes to women, which has been carried out in cooking and dressmaking. The Club was asked to take charge of the Women's Department by the Exhibition Committee, but declined owing to the labour necessary to such a project. The Club proper

meets twice a month, on the 2nd and 4th Monday, and has always had its lectures given on these days by Professors of the University of McGill, doctors of the Medical Department, and ladies of well-known culture and literary attainments. There are three department Study Classes, conducted by three directors in each department of "Home and Education," "Social Science," and "Art and Literature." Papers are read by members of the departments, and are followed



MRS. W. G. MACNAUGHTON  
First Secretary Montreal Woman's Club



by an open discussion afterwards. This enables the women to hear their own views upset sometimes by those of others, and teaches them to be *impersonal* and *patient*. It accustoms them to hear their own voices, and acquaint themselves with different methods of work, and gives them courage and sympathy with others. All meetings are conducted with Parliamentary Procedure, according to Bourinot. This is also educative and keeps us in order."

The programme for this season is certainly very comprehensive and attractive. Under the heading of "Present Day Questions" in the department of Home and Education, for example, the question "Have the new methods of education destroyed to some extent the grace and courtesy which characterized the children of the early half of the century?" was fully discussed. On another occasion this department considered the subject of Electricity, "What is it doing for our cities and towns?" and "What is it doing for our homes?"

The programme for the Social Science Department will consider during the season such matters as "Sociology," "Henry George's Theories of Taxation," "Trades Unions," "Children of Criminals—Heredity, Environment."

The Arts and Literature Department have arranged a very enjoyable series of meetings when the topics will be, under the general heading of "Present Day Tendencies," such as "The Revival of the Historic Spirit," "Realism," "The Study of Nature," "The Development of Criticism," "The Comparative Study of the Drama," "The Poetic Spirit of To-day," "The Present Tendencies in Art," and "Nineteenth Century Influences in Music."

The general meetings of the Club are also largely attended, and the programme is always well chosen and interesting. Members have to be proposed and balloted for, and the meetings of the departments are open

only to the members who, however, have the privilege under certain conditions of introducing visitors.

It would be impossible to specify in words all the good that results directly and indirectly from such an association as the Montreal Woman's Club, for its influences are far-reaching, and touch not only its members, but through them hundreds of lives with whom they come in contact, and for that reason it is to be hoped that thoughtful women in the other cities and towns in Canada may be led to inaugurate a similar organization in the near future.

E. C.

#### A GAINFUL PURSUIT.

Flora M. Thompson opens up, in the January *Arena*, a new question. In condensed form, she says: The United States census of 1900 bears evidence that all but twelve per cent. of the women of the country have not a gainful pursuit. With statistics thus defining the economic status of woman's labour performed under the terms of the marriage contract, the American woman is compelled to believe either that matrimony is not a sound business proposition, so far as she is concerned, or that there is a mistake in the logic that establishes the wife's occupation as a "not gainful pursuit." The assumption is that the work a woman does for her husband without wages is not gainful for the reason that it is not pursued to the end of the money thus to be made. The whole matter is supposed to be disposed of in the understanding that love is the animating principle and all-satisfying return of the wife's work in the household. In a sense and under normal conditions, this is true, and still the lofty spirit of devotion in which a woman may cook, scrub, wash and sew (keep house and do housework) does not dispel—it does not even subliminate—the economic relations of this work. Nor does love correct the errors arising from failure to appreciate the economic value of this work.



# PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

THERE has been considerable talk in the press concerning the use of the tri-colour in the Province of Quebec. The people

TRI-COLOUR of the other Provinces  
AND use only the Canadian

UNION JACK. Union Jack and they wonder at the use of

the tri-colour by their fellow-citizens of French origin. The latter reply that the latter flag does not indicate any preference for France over Great Britain, but simply indicates the homogeneity of their race in this country; that the tri-colour was first flown in that Province by a British ship.

Even with this explanation, it is hard to understand why the people of Quebec should prefer the tri-colour to the Canadian Ensign. They claim, and it is a fact, that they defended the Union Jack against General Montgomery and his Southern Revolutionists in 1775, while the tri-colour of the European French did not come into existence until 1794. They claim that were it not for their steadfastness toward Great Britain, that Canada would not now be under the British Flag. If they loved Great Britain then, there are many additional reasons why they should respect her at the present day. If they love and respect her, why should they reject the British flag for the tri-colour simply because a British ship happened to fly it in Montreal harbour during the Crimean War? If, as they claim, they could not hope to obtain under French rule the freedom and liberty they have always enjoyed under British rule, why show a preference for the modern French flag over the British?

It is especially hard to understand why the people of Quebec Province—who are the original Canadians—should float a tri-colour in the pres-

ence of the Canadian flag. There is a flag which no people other than Canadians have a right to fly. It is known as "The Ensign of Canada," and is a British red ensign, having the Union Jack in the upper left-hand corner (dexter canton), and the arms of Canada in the centre of the fly. How we come to have this flag is fully explained by Barlow Cumberland in his interesting volume, "The History of the Union Jack." In 1865 permission was extended (28 Victoria, c. 14) to colonial vessels of war to use the blue ensign with the colonial escutcheon in the centre of the fly. A similar permission was afterwards given to the vessels owned by the Dominion Government. These permissions applied only to Government vessels. In 1889, permission was granted to privately-owned colonial vessels to fly, together with the red ensign, an additional flag bearing the arms of their colony. At the suggestion of Canada, this was again modified by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, who issued a warrant (1892), permitting the badge of the arms of Canada to be inserted in the fly of the red as well as in the blue ensign. All Canadian merchantmen and citizens of Canada were authorized to fly this Canadian red ensign, and all Government ships the blue.

I am not quarrelling with the people of Quebec for using the tri-colour. They are at liberty—so far as I am concerned—to decorate with any flag they wish, only seeing that we have a Canadian flag, and seeing that this flag indicates both Canadian and British citizenship, it is hard to understand why they do not prefer it to the tri-colour. They have fought and bled for the Union Jack; they have received liberty and freedom beneath its folds; they have helped to create the country

which is represented by "the Ensign of Canada," and why then should they not prefer their own flag? It represents the Confederation of colonies which they helped to create. It must represent all that is nearest and dearest to them in their history. It should commend itself especially to the educated and cultured people of the Province who know the secrets which history does not reveal to the ignorant, and who know also that the hope of Quebec lies not in the land of the tri-colour, but in the growth of a strong and united nation in this land of the North.

If Canada is to grow great she must be united. To have within her borders two languages may not be a handicap, but to have two national ideals is not conducive to progress. If the people of Quebec are lacking in admiration for the national flag there must be some reason for it. If their national ideal is not the same as that of the rest of Canada, it is time for them to speak out. If they are not pleased with the direction in which Canada is heading, let them express their displeasure. Perhaps they are right and the rest of Canada wrong. If there are differences let them be discussed and see if they cannot be eliminated from our national life. We must work together in order to attain to national greatness.

But, looking carefully into the matter, it must be admitted that the preference of the people of Quebec for the tri-colour has not led to any disrespect for the Canadian flag. It floats from their public buildings; it is used at official gatherings; it is never ignored. The tri-colour is a subsidiary decoration. Yet even in this light one could wish that its use were discouraged. Our motto should be Canada first and Canada last. The tri-colour has nothing whatever to do with Canadian life. It has no claim to fly side



FATHER LACOMBE

Vicar-General of the Diocese of St. Albert (N.W.T.)

by side with the Union Jack in Great Britain; it has even less to float in Canada beside the Canadian Ensign. Neither the French nor the English in Canada owe it anything. After the experiences of one hundred and fifty years there is absolutely no reason why the tri-colour should float in Quebec. There is a reason against it because Canada should be one nation with one flag. Constitutional union is not enough; there must be union of heart, sympathy and ideal.



The magnificent work done by the missionaries in the Northwest has been most notable. Primarily labouring for religion and the church of their choice, they have assisted settlement,

WESTERN  
MISSIONARIES.



made life more agreeable and performed a grand work for the nation. Two of the greatest of these great men are known as Father Lacombe and the Rev. Dr. Robertson.

Father Lacombe went to the Red River country in 1849, and 1881 to the Saskatchewan district. He is now Vicar-General of the Diocese of St. Albert. He has devoted his years mainly to the betterment of the social and religious life of the Redman, and won for himself a permanent place in Western history. W. A. Fraser, in one of his western stories, thus describes him :

Father Lacombe was as broad on the chest as a buffalo bull is deep. That was because of the great heart that had thumped and thumped at the ribs, and driven them far out to make room for the working. Of the same build was the great dome-shaped head, and because of that was all narrowness not therein. Broad and free was the thought, and strong was the heart ; therefore was the love of his people, the copper-coloured Crees, great and enduring. Even the whites, they who preached from without the pale, were wont to forget all else but that Father Lacombe was human—intensely human.

On December 3rd last, in the city of Montreal, Father Lacombe said a yearly mass in accordance with a vow made one stormy night twenty years ago when attempting to stem a battle between the Crees and Blackfeet. This is but a memento of the strenuous life that he has lived among the wayward redmen of the West.

And the Roman Catholic Church has not alone been represented by the faithful missionary. On January 4th there passed away, in the city of Toronto, the Rev. Dr. Robertson, the greatest Presbyterian of newer Canada. He did not go West until the early seventies, and he was for ten years stationed in Winnipeg. But during the past twenty years, as Superintendent of the Northwest and British Columbian Missions he travelled all through that country directing and assisting in all good work. He was an enthusiastic Canadian and a strong believer in a great destiny for Western Canada. Only a few days before his sudden

death he addressed a meeting of the Canadian Club of Toronto, and aroused great enthusiasm by his descriptions of the possibilities of the district to which he had devoted the best years of his life.

Truly, the West has reason to be proud of its manly, self-sacrificing and long-suffering missionary pioneers.



In everyday life there are many curious facts brought to light. Some of these are humorous and some merely funny. Perhaps the most

CURIOUS curious of all fancies are  
FANCIES those of the cable correspond-  
pendent. A cow near

Ottawa ate up a \$50 bunch of bank bills, and the wise cable correspondent sent a detailed account of it to the London papers. No doubt, he thought the people of Great Britain would be amused by knowing of the wealth of this colony where cows could be fed on bank bills. It was a pleasing change, too, from stories of stray bears and deer invading Canadian towns and villages.

The cable correspondents in London have likewise a high sense of the value of curious fancies. The other day they cabled a long account of a lady near London who made a pet of a pig, kept it in the house, and gave it a feather-bed and pillows on which to woo peaceful sleep.

Everybody has laughed at the London *Times'* correspondent who, writing from Niagara at the time of the Royal Tour, explained that General Brock fell in 1866, repelling the Fenian Raid. The correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, writing home about the same time, gravely informs ignorant Englishmen that "it has been found unnecessary to use for the royal table anything that is not grown in Canada," and seems to be surprised at the presence of sufficient Canadian fruit for a royal menu, and at "the profusion and variety of the bewildering lovely flowers."

Then there are other kinds of curious fancies. Two farmers near Ottawa have just settled a lawsuit over a piece



of land worth \$25, after the suit had dragged through several courts, lasted nearly four years and cost them about \$1,500. An Ottawa lawyer has laid a criminal charge against the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court for assault because the learned Justice threatened him in court, thereby putting him in bodily fear. The London papers have not yet come to hand, but no doubt the able cable correspondent at Ottawa wired a long account of this to London to show Canada's wild and woolly ways. The Toronto School Board is suing the Toronto City Council because it will not give the Board all the money it wants. The taxpayer sits back and watches with interest one of his pockets fighting the other and adding to his legal expenses.

The cables duly informed us on a recent Monday morning that the English people had received much pleasure upon discovering that the Prince of Wales was an orator. Just think of their slowness and stupidity in not finding this out sooner! And then exhibiting surprise over it! If a royal prince cannot make a speech without exciting surprise at his ability, surely

the wise citizens of Great Britain do not expect too much of Royal blood.

At the dinner at which this historical discovery was made by the British people, the Prince was furnished with a delectable morsel in the shape of a lark pie, for which a thousand larks had been slaughtered. And yet His Royal Highness is President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. After partaking of this luxury, how can he lecture the Princess for wearing wings and birds in her bonnets?

Even the Frenchmen have curious fancies. Paul Pourrot writes in the *Nouvelle Revue Internationale* that there cannot be no doubt that England has secret designs on Spain. She desires to add to her possessions Algiers and all the territory dominating the bay at Gibraltar. He also states that Spain's first act, in endeavouring to restore herself to her lost position among the nations, will be to drive the English from Gibraltar. "The English colossus which has proved itself incapable of vanquishing a little African nation can no longer fill any one with fear."

*John A. Cooper.*

## THE FUTURE OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.

### NO. 2.

Those who are advocating a home market for Canadian writers and artists are accused of selfishness. Perhaps the charge is true, but what of it?

A cheaper inter-Imperial postage rate would give Canadian papers and periodicals a better chance to secure Imperial circulation. These papers and periodicals make Canada better known, and induce immigration of labour and capital. It would, at the same time, restore British periodicals to the honoured position they once held in this market. The eight-cent rate now charged prevents all this.

Blank paper brought into this country from the United States pays 25 per cent. duty. Books pay ten per cent. Why should not United States periodicals, imported in bulk just as paper and books, pay a similar rate? If the duty on paper and books is correct, surely a tax on periodicals cannot be wrong.



## BOOK REVIEWS

SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH.

**I**N a group of men who, for want of a better term, we may call Colonial Reformers—a group including Lord Durham, Charles Buller, and Edward Gibbon Wakefield—Sir William Molesworth was not the least striking. His career was brief, for he died at 45. He was scarcely in the front rank of statesmen when his labours came to an end in 1855 after a few months as Colonial Secretary. But his had been a strenuous life. His personality was aggressive, and during a parliamentary period when such men as Brougham, Palmerston, Peel, Cobden, and many others of equal note crowded upon and filled the stage, Molesworth easily and at an early age made a place for himself.

He deserves to be remembered, if for nothing else, on account of his enlightened views concerning colonial administration. During the first half of the nineteenth century English statesmen were dominated by an idea that the colonies were not to be trusted. Like troublesome children they were to be kept in the nursery or only allowed out under proper guardianship. Molesworth was one of the very first to dissent from this view. Although we need not regard him as one of the pioneers of the Imperial movement, as Mrs. Fawcett appears to think,\* he is clearly one of those who were given to some thinking on the subject; who resisted as impolitic and inhuman the transportation of convicts to Australia; and who thought that on all colonial matters the colonies, especially Can-

ada, should legislate for themselves.

Molesworth was the eighth baronet of an old Cornish family, rich, of active and precocious intellect, and of a delicate constitution. He was educated chiefly in Scotland, his mother being a vigorous-minded Scotchwoman, distantly related to David Hume. The lad imbibed from his tutors a hatred of oppression and a love of liberty. When he entered public life he was equally at war with Toryism and Whiggery and formed one of the party known as Philosophic Radicals who vainly believed that the passage of the Reform Bill in 1832 was but the first step in a silent revolution of English institutions. Carlyle who met him at the Buller's wrote:

"He seems very honest; needs, or will need, guidance much, and with it may do not a little good. I liked the frank manners of the young man; so beautiful in contrast with Scottish giganity. I pitied his darkness of mind and heartily wished him well. He is, among other things, a vehement smoker of tobacco."

As a young Radical M.P., Molesworth consorted with John Stuart Mill, Roebuck, Buller and the Grotes. He founded the review afterwards known as the *London and Westminster*, writing his cheque for \$25,000 in a munificent way. In 1835 the Radical of twenty-five was perfectly outspoken, for he wrote to his mother that, "The present administration [Whig] are the miserablest brutes that God Almighty ever put guts into." To-day we may *think* these things, but not express them. Molesworth and Buller had no party ambitions, so that they devoted themselves to such colonial questions as colonization, the protest against transporting convicts, and self-govern-

\*Life of the Right Hon. Sir William Molesworth, M.P., F.R.S., by Mrs. Fawcett, LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co., Limited.



ment for the colonies. One is almost forced to the unwelcome conclusion that the revolt of the North American colonies taught the British Ministers no lesson of any importance in their management of English possessions beyond the seas, seeing that sixty years afterwards they betrayed no knowledge of the peculiar conditions of the colonies, and no foresight at all respecting the splendid future of the British dominions in America, Africa and Australia. As the Philosophical Radicals steadily declined in strength until, it was humorously said, they consisted solely of Grote and his wife, the colonial reforms became the chief Parliamentary business of Molesworth and

his associates, so that when the Canada question came up in 1838 they took the keenest interest in it. Molesworth supported Lord Durham's mission heart and soul, and Charles Buller and Wakefield came out to Canada as members of Durham's staff. When the famous Report appeared there was an epigram current in England at the time that "Wakefield thought it, Bul-



"HOW MAY I LIFT EYES TO YOU WHEN I BELONG TO THE CAUSE  
OF CHRIST?"

ILLUSTRATION FROM "GOD WILLS IT"

ler wrote it, and Durham signed it." On this question, which was fully discussed in this MAGAZINE by Mr. Martin J. Griffin,\* Mrs. Fawcett says:—

"This underestimates the credit due to Lord Durham, but it is certain that Lord Durham's five months' mission to Canada—June to November, 1838—would not have had in it the elements of permanent

\* CANADIAN MAGAZINE, October, 1896.



success, now universally acknowledged, if it had not been for Wakefield's years of study given to colonial questions."

Molesworth fought the case so well in Parliament that Wakefield writes him: "It seems as if you had been with us in Canada." Years were to pass by before so competent and earnest a public man was to be put in charge of a branch of administration which his insight and sympathies so well qualified him to undertake. He was a member of the Aberdeen Ministry, and when Lord Palmerston was reforming his in July, 1855, he offered the Colonial Secretaryship to Sir William Molesworth. The appointment was well received, especially by the Australians. But Molesworth's health, always delicate, now broke down, and he died Oct. 22, 1855, at the early age of 45. It is curious to speculate what advances might have been made in colonial policy if he had lived. With all his faults he had a better grasp of the situation than any of the well-meaning Secretaries who succeeded him until we come right down to our own time and the name of Joseph Chamberlain.



#### BIOGRAPHY OF LORD SALISBURY.

Without being at all pretentious the new biography\* of the Imperial Prime Minister is entertaining and well written. Its author has industriously sought in every quarter for material, and he quotes at length an article which appeared in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* some time ago† as being a careful study, from a Canadian standpoint, of the Prime Minister and his policy. Scattered here and there through contemporary writings there is enough to warrant a sketch of the man, but it is curious that an edition of his speeches, so luminous, witty and authoritative as they are, does not exist. Lord Salisbury is approaching the end of his illustrious career, and as the years go on he has steadily grown in

the respect of his own countrymen and foreign nations. His is a career well worth studying, and every book which honestly attempts to outline it is entitled to a hearing.



#### THE SHOES OF FORTUNE.

The reputation that Neil Munro has won as a writer of Scottish stories, with certain reminiscent touches of Stevenson and Crockett in manner and plot, will not suffer by his latest novel.\* There is romance and adventure in the wanderings of Paul Greig, who fled from Scotland to the Continent to avoid the consequences of a duel, and whose red shoes, the legacy of an uncle, carry him into strange places and stranger company. Naturally, he falls in with other Scottish adventurers who, in the years that followed the last Stuart rising, live abroad for their own and their country's good. The uncle, Andrew Greig, had in his time been a Jacobite and a plotter (which were then near akin), and the red shoes carry Paul, the nephew, into dangers nearly as great as he had fled from, and though a mere pawn in the game which the exiled Young Pretender and his coterie were playing in France, we touch the edge of the conspiracy that was to lead to another invasion of Britain. Paul's connection with the Young Pretender is of the slightest, and there is nothing very striking or impressive in the picture we get of the last of the Stuarts in the days of his misfortunes. By accident Paul learns of the latest plot, and escapes under circumstances almost thrilling to England, where he tells his story to William Pitt, and for reward is allowed to return to Scotland and give himself up for punishment to the law in having shot a man in a duel. He was the only patriot who had brought news to Pitt without asking to be paid. He finds what the impatient reader—good at reading the secrets of fiction—had already divined, that the duel had not been fatal, and

\*The Marquess of Salisbury. By W. Francis Atkin. London: S. W. Partridge & Co. †March, 1899.

\*The Shoes of Fortune. By Neil Munro. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

that his jealousy, which caused it, had all been a mistake. He settles down to commonplace domestic happiness and writes the story of his life. There is good stuff in the tale, and if Paul himself is a rather pragmatical young Scot, with a somewhat wooden head, and if Charles Stuart little resembles the broken-down yet dramatic figure we find in Scott's "Redgauntlet," the author has been able to invest his materials with the requisite glamour that commends many a historical novel to our taste.

28

#### A LIFE OF ROBERTS.

Mr. T. G. Marquis' *Life of Earl Roberts*\* is a fair piece of work. Nor does there seem to be any great reason why a Canadian should not write a perfectly trustworthy and intelligent biography of the man who has risen from cadet to commander-in-chief. The material is almost as accessible to a Canadian as to a Londoner. Besides, a Canadian will view Roberts' career from the Canadian standpoint, and thus be led to emphasize those parts most interesting to people in this country.

Mr. Marquis is judicial in his attitude. He thinks Roberts is a worthy successor of Wellington, though admitting that Roberts has not the intellectual force of the Iron Duke. He characterizes Kipling's poem "Bobs" as belittling the man it is intended to laud. It lays stress on the personal appearance where the will should count. Because of this poem, Mr. Marquis thinks Roberts is debarred from standing beside Wellington, Nelson and Marlborough. Perhaps this is ascribing too much importance to a camp song.

A life of Roberts is necessarily, to a great extent, a history of nineteenth century India. Roberts was born there in 1832. After spending eighteen years in England, he returned to that great Eastern possession in 1852. For forty-

one years he was a leading figure in the great events of that country, leaving it in 1893 amid many expressions of gratitude and love from natives and Europeans. His subsequent career is well known to every reader. His triumphs in South Africa are well described in the closing chapter of the book by Frederick Hamilton, the *Toronto Globe's* war correspondent, who gives his personal reminiscences of the great warrior in vivid and picturesque language.

28

#### THE READING OF VERSE.

So few people think of buying a book of poems, and yet a poem by Rudyard Kipling attracts great attention. The paradox is explained, perhaps, by saying that few volumes of poetry contain much that interests the general reader. A new volume by a Canadian poet arrives, and before opening it you may guess at once what it contains. There will be a poem on Love, another on April, one on Canada and so through the list. Moreover, you may guess almost exactly as to the style of treatment. Even the covers show a great similarity. For example:

"Poem Miniatures,"\* by Martha Martin, published in Montreal, in 1899, is neatly bound in blue and white. The third poem is April, the fifth Spring's Awakening, the seventh A Snow-Flake, etc. The sentiment is exquisite, the phrasing good, the metrical composition fair, and the volume must have been quite acceptable to Miss Martin's friends.

"Canadian Crystals,"† by Thomas Watson, is a newer volume. It has no poem on April, but it has one on October. Ennobling Love, Honour, Advertise, Since Baby Went Away, Summer Evenings—these are fair samples of the other titles. Then there is Domininn Day 1895, Dominion Day, 1896, Dominion Day, 1897, Dominion, 1899, Dominion Day, 1900,

\* Earl Roberts, by T. G. Marquis. Toronto: The Linscott Publishing Co.

\* Guertin Printing Co., Montreal.

† William Briggs, Toronto.



Dominion Day, 1901—but no explanation why 1898 was missed, or why all the Dominion Days from 1867 to 1895 were unworthy of attention.

"Sunbeams," by Mrs. W. W. Rodd,\* was published in Charlottetown, in 1898. Having been delayed on the road it is late in arriving. The first title is *Bedtime*, the second *Canada*, the third *Easter*, the fourth *Frances E. Willard*—and so on to the end.

Of course, better volumes appear occasionally. "Johnny Courteau" and "The Habitant," by Dr. Drummond, were on a new line and are worthy of all commendation. But even Roberts, Lampman, Campbell, Rand, Miss Machar, Miss Wetherald, Jean Blewett and the others who occupy the front rank, are oftentimes lacking in originality. They cannot break with conventionality, either in choice of subject or style of treatment. They are either lacking in moral courage or inventive power.

Canada is looking for a new poet—one who will translate the life of this ambitious country into soul-stirring song. Our present poets are lagging behind. The prose-writers, journalists, educationists and orators are making progress, while the poets remain stationary. Canada needs a poet who will start a new renaissance; a bold and vigorous singer who will exhilarate us with new wine in new bottles.



#### A DAINTY VOLUME.

It is to be hoped that they are enough art-loving people in Canada to appreciate "The Isle of the Massacre"† and make it a successful book. The author, William Carson Woods, has adapted the Micmac Legend told by Donnacanna to Jacques Cartier in 1835, and recited by J. C. Taché in "Les Soirées Canadiennes." In his version of the legend, Mr. Woods has retained the necessary

spirit and sprightliness. The page decorations and the special pictures by John Innes make the volume unique among Canadian books, and give it a charm all its own. It is a volume to be lovingly preserved.



#### QUEEN VICTORIA VERSE.

Miss Lydia Agnes Edwards, of Truro, has compiled in a well-printed and illustrated volume, the leading poems written by Canadians in memory of Queen Victoria.\* If the volume also contained the poems written by Canadians concerning the Queen in her lifetime, it would have been monumental. However, it is valuable in the form chosen. "The Mother Queen," by Miss Machar, "At Rest," by Cassie Fairbanks, "Our Queen," by May Austin Low, "The Passing of the Queen," by M. H. Bowen—these are among the best of the collection, though all are worthy.



#### THE VOYAGE OF ITHOBAL.

Edwin Arnold's sea-tale in verse† is something strange in the world of modern letters. Nor are its virtues all due to its strangeness. It is a story which may well be accounted worth the telling. Ithobal of Tyre undertakes for "The Pharaoh ruling over Misraim," to make a voyage of discovery around the coasts of Africa. The Egyptian monarch gives him three goodly ships. With these, and under the guiding spirit of his wife Nesta, he makes the long voyage and returns to tell Pharaoh what he has seen. The telling takes seven days, and so the poem is divided into seven parts. The closing scene is described, in part, thus:

" . . . And our Lord Pharaoh laid  
Ithobal's head upon his breast and said :—

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\* *Tributes of Loyalty and Love from Canadian Hearts.* Truro, N.S. : The News Pub. Co.

† *The Voyage of Ithobal*, by Edwin Arnold. Cloth, 226 pp., illustrated. Toronto : William Briggs.

\* Examiner Office, Charlottetown.

† Toronto : William Briggs.



‘Ithobal, son of Magnon, for thy King,  
Lo, thou hast wrought a wondrous famous  
thing,  
Vaster than victories ; I name thee chief  
Of all my navies, and I give thee fief  
Of lands along my Nilus, grove and field,  
Such as shall royal wealth and greatness  
yield ;  
As many schoenes as on the dreadful sea,  
Thou hast accomplished of leagues for me.’”

And thus was Ithobal rewarded, and Nesta was made Princess and Priestess of Amenru. The great sailor was honoured, even as in later days, Drake, Frobisher and Raleigh were rewarded by a grateful monarch of Great Britain.

Edwin Arnold is a master of blank verse, which Surrey introduced into English poetry, and which Milton adopted for his heroic poems. Arnold's verse is neither so majestic nor so powerful as Milton's, but its simplicity and general excellence make it easy and pleasant reading. In "Ithobal" its form is adapted to the mysticism and other peculiarities of this eastern subject. It may be classed as a mixed epic.

28

#### CROMWELL.

Cromwell's career has furnished a subject for many biographers and a few novelists. Amelia E. Barr is the latest writer to use him as the hero in a novel. "The Lion's Whelp,"\* is the title she applies to Cromwell and her book. She seems to have great admiration for him, and labels him the Pathfinder of England, extols his simplicity, his courage, his heroism and his magnanimity. The other characters in the book are well drawn, especially the women. The picture of the times seems to be faithfully and thoroughly done and cannot fail to illuminate that period for every careful reader.

29

#### THE PORTION OF LABOUR.

The work of some novelists indicates that they are paid by the word at

a low rate. Take this sentence from "The Portion of Labour,"\* by Mary E. Wilkins :

"Ellen learned *very* early to form her *own* opinions of character from her *own* intuition, otherwise she would have held her aunt and mother in *somewhat* slighting estimations, and she loved them *both* dearly."

The six words italicized might have been omitted, and the sentence strengthened. She speaks of "inborn prejudices and convictions," "absolutely indifferent," "utmost admiration," "primary and fundamental reasons," "utmost sweetness," and so on until one tires of superlatives. Yet, the story is worthy of some attention. Miss Wilkins gets close to the common people in her studies of life. In this case, she deals with life in a shoe-factory town, its pleasures, sorrows, strikes and social unrest.

30

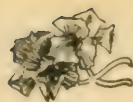
#### NOTES.

"Minette : A Story of the First Crusade," by George F. Cram, is an ambitious historical novel by a new author. The writer is clever and painstaking, but his work lacks the fire of genius. It is as good as many historical novels by better known names, and Mr. Cram need not despair. The stairway to success is long and steep. (Chicago : John W. Iliff & Co.)

A London publisher has brought out a volume of Patriotic songs, a fair collection indeed. It opens with the song of the English Bowmen, and gives selections from Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Byron, Tennyson, Swinburne, and a number of the lesser poets. That is England's share. Then come Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, India, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. The whole collection is interesting and a sign of the new Imperialism which must result in placing colonial literature on a par with that produced in the British Isles.

\*Toronto : Wm. Briggs.

\*Toronto : Wm. Briggs.



# IDLE MOMENTS



A STORY OF LORD ELDON.

OF William and John Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell and Lord Eldon, Lord John Russell used to tell with infinite zest a story which he declared to be highly characteristic of the methods by which they made their fortunes and position. When they were young men at the Bar, having had a stroke of professional luck, they determined to celebrate the occasion by having a dinner at a tavern and going to the play. When it was time to call for the reckoning William Scott dropped a guinea. He and his brother searched for it in vain, and came to the conclusion that it had fallen between the boards of the uncarpeted floor.

"This is a bad job," said William; "we must give up the play."

"Stop a bit," said John; "I know a trick worth two of that," and called the waitress.

"Betty," said he, "we've dropped two guineas. See if you can find them." Betty went down on her hands and knees, and found the one guinea, which had rolled under the fender. "That's a very good girl, Betty," said John Scott, pocketing the coin, "and when you find the other you can keep it for your trouble."

And the prudent brothers went with a light heart to the play and so eventually to the Bench and the Woolsack.—*Selected.*

THE DUKE'S IMPARTIALITY.

There have been many good stories told of the Duke of Wellington, soldier and statesman. One runs as follows: The Government was contemplating the despatch of an expedition to Burma, with a view to taking Rangoon, and a question arose as to who would be the fittest general to be sent in command of the expedition. The Cabinet sent for the Duke of Wellington and asked his advice. He instantly replied, "Send Lord Combermere."

"But we have always understood that your Grace thought Lord Combermere a fool."

"So he is a fool, and a — fool, but he can take Rangoon."

AN ABSENT-MINDED STATESMAN.

Lord Salisbury has a reputation for being singularly detached from the world of men and affairs. It has been said that he has never spoken to Mr. Morley; it is also said that poor Mr. Foley, of the Foreign Office, has to submit to be called Mr. Flower, or Mr. Fowler, or anything but Foley. Here is a story that has just come to me. It is typical—I offer no other credential for it.

Lord Salisbury, the Bishop of London, and many others, so runs the story, happened to be in a room with the King. The King said to the Bishop: "Do you know what Lord Salisbury has just said about you? He pointed you out, and asked, 'Who is that young-looking cleric?'"

And then, to save embarrassment of the Bishop, His Majesty, with that invariable geniality which is all his own, added: "But you need not mind that. I just showed him the latest photograph of myself, and, after looking at it some moments in silence, he said pathetically, 'Poor old Buller.'"—*Selected.*

THE STATUS.—"I jes' want a ticket to Coonville."

"Single ticket?"

"No, man! I'se been married fo' de las' nine yaehs!"—*Puck.*

FARES.—Little Boy (to conductor): "Pleathe thir, charge it to A. Thee Hawley. I've thwallowed my money."—*Life.*

AN EARLY START.—Dentist: "When did your teeth first begin to trouble you, sir?"

THE VICTIM: "When I was about one year old."—*Chicago Daily News.*



## ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES



### MARVELLOUS DIV- ING FEATS.

**I**N the month of August the city of Rome is empty. The heat is intense, and tourists and wealthy citizens have sought cooler parts. Of course, there are people who remain behind, and among these are many ardent sportsmen. These people

must amuse themselves, and since racing and running are too hot, water polo and daring swimming and diving feats are the order of the day. The members of the famous swimming club "Rara Nantes" are great at these, and the embankment of the Tiber, just outside the Porta del Popolo, is the vantage ground from which the most expert members, careering along in mid-air on bicycles, gracefully plunge into the river and swim to shore. Many of the feats performed by the divers in turning back somersaults while plunging from the bridges or the embankment are surprising, and always draw admiring crowds.

### WHY PEOPLE SEE APPARITIONS.

In an interesting paper on "Fairies, Apparitions, Visions and Hallucinations," read by Sir Lauder Brunton recently in England, the author directs attention to the fact that there is considerable variation in the acuteness of the sense of different people, and that apparitions are probably due to an abnormal condition of certain sense organs. *Nature* thus reports the conclusions of the writer: "Some persons perceive blue flames in the fire in winter, and some persons hear the shrieks of bats, whilst others are sensible of neither. In the same way there are people who feel things which



DIVING OFF THE EMBANKMENT AT ROME





A ROMAN WHEELMAN DIVING

others do not feel. Apparitions are probably due to abnormal conditions of the apparatus required for the reception of external impressions. The vessels inside the brain may be capable of contraction, like those outside, and in that case there would be anemia of parts of the brain, and, consequently, affections of vision, hearing, smell and taste. Epilepsy is connected in the minds of psychologists with migraine. In many people migraine is preceded by a vision of zigzags, rather like a procession. A troop of spirits in this form appears in Doré's illustrations to the 'Inferno.' It was suggested as not unlikely that both Dante and Doré suffered from headache of this kind. Stories of fairies might partly be referred to visions as well as to the aboriginal race mentioned by Prof. Rhys. Speaking of Mohammed, Sir Lauder Brunton described his visions, trembling fits and convulsions, and said it was curious to speculate how different might have been the course of the world's history if the prophet had been thoroughly dosed with bromide of potassium.

#### TO UNLOAD PASSENGERS FROM MOVING TRAINS.

Among the patents which have been recently granted in the United States may be mentioned one issued to Mr. John W. Jenkins, New York City, for an interesting system whereby passengers are to be discharged from a train without the necessity of stopping at stations. The characteristic feature of the invention resides in the employment of a number of "saddle cars," which are successively taken up and dropped from the moving train, and through the medium of which passengers

may enter or leave a train without interrupting its movement. — *Scientific American*.

#### HIGH SHOP RENTS.

There is talk of a large office building, on the American plan, being erected in the Strand, London, England. Some idea of the value of buildings in the Strand may be gained from the rents paid for shops in the Hotel Cecil.

There are in all twelve shops and the applications for them have been numerous. £800 and £900 a year will be paid for those of normal size and position, while £1,500 a year is the rent of the shop at the corner of the hotel entrance, which has been taken by the Hamburg-American Steamship Line. These shops are only twelve feet wide, but as much as fifty-six feet deep, and have a frontage both in the Strand and in the courtyard of the hotel.

The same high rate prevails even with the smallest shops.





THE MAKING OF PEMMICAN

DRAWN BY S. C. SIMONSKI

SEE PAGE 429



# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 5

## THE INDIAN JUGGERNAUT

WITH SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

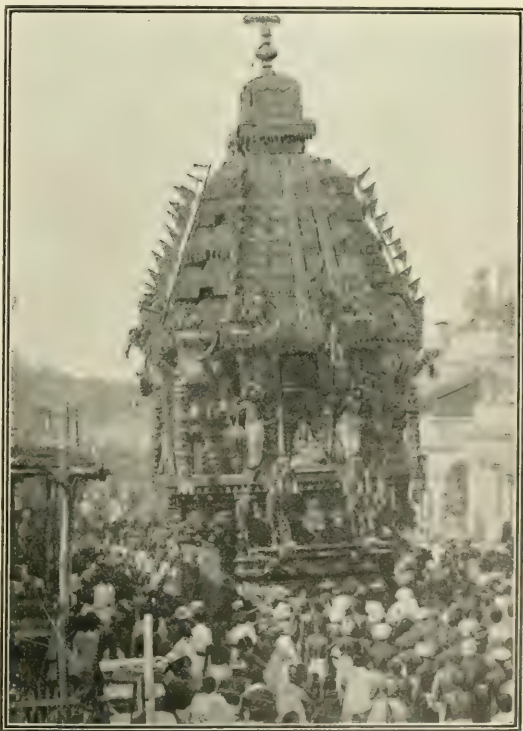
*By Helen F. M. Lewis*

DURING January, 1900, strongly against the advice of friends in Madras, we went via the East Coast Railway to Calcutta. The series of great railway bridges across the Mahanadi River were incomplete, and there were ten hours to be passed in a steamer between Kola and Calcutta. However, as we were not in a hurry and the railway restaurants kept by the Parsees proved excellent, and chiefly because we saw Jagganath Puri—the Juggernaut of the Sunday School papers—we were very glad we went.

On the railway map this famous spot is marked simply Puri. It is on the sea shore, about thirty miles off the main line. Second only to Benares in point of sacredness and the number of its pilgrims, it has terminal railway facilities to handle twenty thousand passengers a day. During the annual excursion of the God Shiva or Jagganath on his car from the Great Temple to another about a mile distant, over one hundred thousand of his devotees occupy the long sheds built for their use, and the sea coast for miles is alive with encampments.

The accommodation for Christians is very limited. We secured one vehicle, an enormous gharry, about the weight

of four London "growlers," and drove to the Dak or Government bungalow. It is close to the sea, and owing to the prevailing high winds, is periodically engulfed in sand. A bevy of the most graceful little Indian maidens were just



THE JUGGERNAUT CAR IN WHICH THE GOD IS TAKEN FROM THE GREAT TEMPLE TO HIS COUNTRY HOUSE. THE CAR IS FORTY-FIVE FEET HIGH



PILGRIMS BATHING IN GREAT SACRED TANK AT JUGGERNATH PURI, INDIA

approach closely, much less enter the sacred precincts of the Temple.

About half a mile away, on the top of a high broad platform so as to be seen from quite a distance, is the stone arch with hooks and rings from which devotees for-

completing the work of excavation.

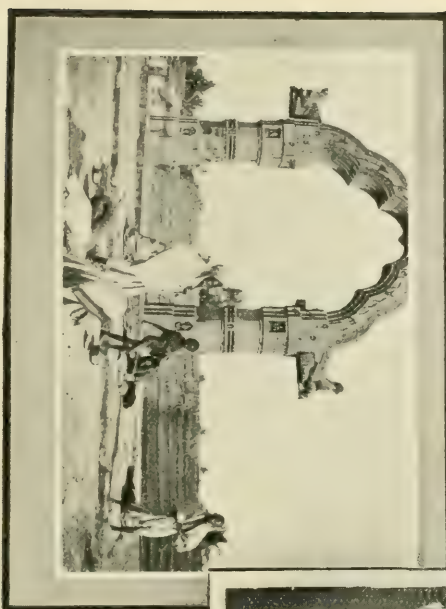
The Great Temple of Jagganath and its dependencies cover many acres and the central tower or elongated dome is over two hundred feet high. The space in front of the main entrance is crowded with sacred bulls, camels, elephants, doohlies, and an ever-flowing stream of eager-faced pilgrims from every part of India. Those returning from the shrine through the great darksome portal, guarded by huge cat-like stone figures, are adorned with ropes of yellow flowers. No European may

merly had themselves suspended, the hooks being inserted in the muscles of the back.

W. W. Hunter, an English writer, has given a detailed description of the temple. It is surrounded by a massive



THE DARKSOME PORTAL OF THE GREAT TEMPLE AT JUGGERNATH PURI



AN AGED PILGRIM  
THE STONE ARCH OF ENDURANCE

SCENES AT JUGGERNATH PURI, INDIA  
PILGRIMS DECKED WITH YELLOW FLOWERS

STREET SCENES  
THE TEMPLE



stone wall, 20 feet high, 652 feet long and 630 broad. There are in the enclosure about 120 temples, the centre pagoda being dedicated to Jagganath. Its great tower is surmounted by the mystic wheel and flag of Vishnu. The Temple has four chambers opening one into the other. The first is the Hall of Offerings where the bulkier oblations are made. The second is the Pillared Hall for the musicians and dancing-girls. The third is the Hall of Audience in which the pilgrims assemble to gaze upon the god. The fourth is the sanctuary itself, where sits Jagganath in jewelled state. He is only a rude human bust, without hands or feet,

the broad street to Lord Jagganath's country house. Although the distance is less than a mile, the journey takes several days. It is severe toil for the pilgrims and devotees. The only deaths that occur are of those who die from excitement and exhaustion, although there have been a few instances when frenzied people have thrown themselves under the wheels. When the country house is reached the enthusiasm subsides, and the god is left to be hauled back by 4,200 professional pullers, neighbouring peasants.

We could only imagine what it looked like, the Great Avenue over a hundred yards wide, packed with a sway-

ing, shouting, frenzied multitude, pulling on the many long ropes attached to the Juggernaut car. They do not voluntarily throw themselves under the wheels as the Sunday School papers would indicate, but every year after the car has passed along, there are many picked up who have fallen unnoticed, and who are beyond the aid of Dr. Hendley. This gentleman—the one white man in the district—besides the constant care and attention to the wants and sanitation of so great a concourse, is acting mag-



A SIX-LEGGED HUMPED COW

fashioned out of a log. The offerings are bloodless and consist of fruit, flowers, pulse, rice, butter, milk, salt and like commodities. The value of these offerings is about \$150,000 a year, contributed by nearly 100,000 pilgrims.

The religious year is marked by twenty-four high festivals of which the Car Festival is the great event. It takes place in June or July just at the commencement of the rainy season. Pilgrims flock in for this in large numbers. A great car is built forty-five feet high, thirty-five feet square, with sixteen wheels seven feet in diameter. The god is placed in this to be drawn by a crowd of men and women down

istrate, has daily to inspect the inmates of the extensive gaol, and between times to kill tigers. "Come quickly. Tiger carried off man last night. Widow anxious for remains," was the message, to receive which my husband was awakened the second morning of our stay with the doctor.

Why cows in India have humps, or to what use they might put them I never know until I saw those at Puri. There the humps are utilized to grow a spare leg, and in some cases two!

After watching "the heathen in his blindness" it was a relief to visit the neat little English chapel near the Dak Bungalow.



WAGNER'S THEATRE AT BEYREUTH, BAVARIA

## THE BAYREUTH FESTIVAL

*By Nonie Powell*

ONCE in every two years the little town of Bayreuth, in Bavaria, becomes the centre of attraction to a large proportion of the music-loving world of Europe.

Bayreuth will always be associated with the name of Richard Wagner, for here the great master lived, for many years, and, in the peaceful seclusion of Villa "Wahnfried," wrote some of his



PARSIFAL—SCENE A FROM ACT I





PARSIFAL—SCENE B FROM ACT I

greatest works—both the libretto and the music. Over a quarter of a century has passed since the operas, comprising the “Ring of the Nibelungen,” were first produced to signalize the opening of the theatre, built, according to Wagner’s ideas, under the patronage of King Ludwig II of Bavaria. The operas were given in the following order:—“Rheingold” on the 13th August, 1876, “Walküre” on the 14th, “Siegfried” on the 16th, and “Götterdämmerung” on the 17th of the month. Wagner had a large following even in those days, but he was not universally recognized as the genius he proved himself to be, till a much later period. The master is dead, but his works live on and prosper under the faithful supervision of his talented and devoted wife, Frau Cosima Wagner. Now his admirers flock by thousands to worship at his shrine in the distant little town in Bavaria, whose citizens *en masse*, open their hospitable doors to accommodate people with lodgings.

Last summer there was a great stir celebrating the “Festival” which commenced on July 22nd with a per-

formance of “The Flying Dutchman,” and ended August 20th with “Parsifal.”

Besides these, those operas comprising “The Ring of the Nibelungen” were repeated twice, there being in all twenty performances. The very best artists in Europe were engaged by Frau Cosima, among them such names as Mmes. Nordica, Sucher, and Malten, and Herren Van Dyck, Burgstaller, Gerhausser and Van Roy. No less celebrated are the conductors who appeared last season: Hans Richter, who conducted the first performance of the “Ring” in 1876, in the presence of Richard Wagner; Siegfried Wagner, the son of the “Poet-Composer”; Felix Mottl, who conducted the “Flying Dutchman” and Dr. Karl Muck, of Berlin, “Parsifal.”

The latter was Wagner’s “Swan-Song,” composed after the age of sixty-five, and performed for the first time in Bayreuth on July 26th, 1882, when sixteen performances were given, a year before Wagner’s death.

The story is the Legend of the Holy Grail, and deals with the sorrows of the sinful King Amfortas, who is to be redeemed by the spotless Parsifal.



Love, Faith and Hope are its themes, and it is built up principally of the Holy Supper, the Grail and Faith Motives."

It can only be produced at Bayreuth, owing to its religious character, and such was Wagner's dying wish.

It is indeed worth a pilgrimage thither to see that jewel in the setting which Wagner desired. To spend a short time in that artistic atmosphere is a unique experience. One feels for the nonce far removed from ordinary mundane cares, and to live in a world apart, uplifted on wings of glorious melody, where the spirit of Wagner's genius reigns supreme, and awakens lofty ideals and intense enthusiasm in the heart of his ardent admirers.

The Opera House stands on a knoll, partly surrounded by lovely woods, and commands a beautiful view of the valley of the Main. It is a splendid structure, most admirably planned with all the latest modern improvements. The foundation stone was laid on the 2nd May, 1872, and contains, amongst other documents, the following poem by Richard Wagner :

"Hier schliess' ich ein Geheimniss ein,  
"Da, ruh' es viele hundert Jahr,'  
"So lange es verwahrt der Stein,  
"Macht es der Welt sich offenbar."

Which, roughly translated, means :

"Here I enclose a secret,  
"Let it rest there hundreds of years,  
"As long as the stone preserves it,  
"May it reveal itself to the world."

How this "secret" of the great master is appreciated is best evinced by the enormous demand for seats (at twenty marks apiece, the one fixed price for all) months in advance of the season. The performances begin at four o'clock in the afternoon and, for some time before, one sees a stream of people mounting the hill, leading to the theatre. They meet in the grounds, when a trumpet sounds a "Motive" as the signal to enter, and all take their seats. In another moment, the theatre is plunged in darkness, and all one's attention is concentrated on the brilliantly illuminated stage.

The orchestra, one of the finest in the world, consisting of specially chosen artists, is placed a floor below the stage, and some of the louder



PARSIFAL—SCENE FROM ACT II

instruments a floor below that again, so that the sound can be regulated according to the conductor's pleasure, with the most marvellous subtle effects. In the long pauses between the acts, every one assembles in the grounds about the Opera House, to exchange ideas, and discuss the merits of the performers. It is most interesting to see so many artists of note and people of all nationalities drawn together by a

Frau Wagner\* graciously extends her hospitality to all who leave cards upon her at the Villa "Wahnfried." The house is filled with art treasures, and is a most interesting one to visit. Over the entrance is a large fresco, and the words :

"Hier wo mein Wahn      Sei dieses Haus

WAHNFRIED

Friedenfand,

Von mir benannt."



PARSIFAL—SCENE FROM ACT IV

common impulse, and the sight clearly illustrates that "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

When the curtain drops on the last scene, a storm of applause breaks through the house, which rings with cries of "Hoch," but none of the artists appear, as the individual merges his identity in the whole, and desires no praise for his own personal efforts.

"Here where my Fancies found Peace, Wahnfried (which couples the two German words) be this house named by me."

In the garden behind the house, in an ivy-covered nook, is the grave of the master, and the plain stone slab which marks it is covered with floral tokens from artists and devoted admirers who thus pay their respects to his immortal memory.

\* Wagner's first wife did not appreciate his genius. His second wife was a daughter of Liszt, who, at a banquet given in Munich, in 1881, said : "I ask for no remembrance for myself or my work beyond this : Franz Liszt was the loved and loving friend of Wagner and played his scores with tear-filled eyes ; and knew the heaven-born quality of the man when all the world seemed filled with doubt."



A HAIDA TOTEM AT MASSETT, QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS. IT HAS SINCE BEEN PURCHASED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

## A HAIDA TOTEM AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE

*By the Rev. J. H. Keen*

**T**OTEMS in British Columbia are fast becoming a thing of the past. From the coast villages they have almost entirely disappeared, and one has to go either inland or to the outlying islands to find them in any number. Their removal has not been effected, as is sometimes supposed, at the instigation of the missionaries, though the missionaries, for various reasons, do not regret their disappearance. It is part of a general and very natural tendency among the Indians to imitate their white neighbours. The old Indian lodge has given place to the modern wooden cottage, and the totem, as an adjunct to the lodge, has gone too.

Probably the finest totems in British Columbia are found amongst the Haida Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands, where the present writer has resided for some years. The photograph reproduced here shows one of their totems *in situ*, and we give below, as we received it from the Indian's lips, the legend which the totem represents.

Before, however, narrating the story it will help to its understanding if we say a word or two respecting totem poles in general.

One of the more remote Indian villages in British Columbia, seen from a distance, resembles a patch of heavily timbered woodland over which a forest fire has swept, stripping the tall trees of their foliage and branches, and leaving their bare trunks still standing. A nearer view discloses the fact that these huge poles, at least one of which stands in front of every house, have been erected by man. They vary in height from twenty-five to forty feet, and many of them are four feet in diameter. The amount of carving they bear ranges from a single figure to a chain of figures throughout their entire length. Most of the largest poles, including the one here illustrated, have been ingeniously hollowed out behind so that a cross section is in the form of a crescent. By this means the weight of the pole, and consequently



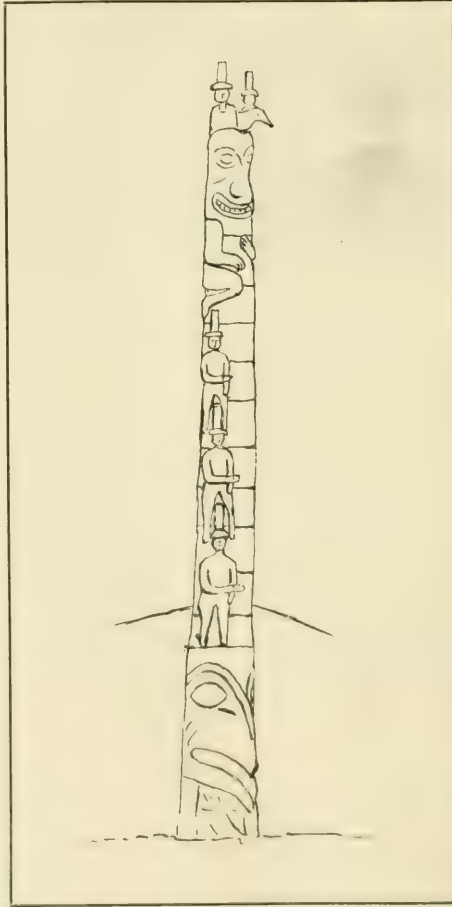
the labour of raising it into position, have been materially lessened. These poles are all of red cedar, which in the humid climate of British Columbia is so durable that the position of deserted villages can still be seen by their totem poles, though every other trace has long since disappeared.

The totems are of two kinds. One called a lodge-pole, stands (as does the one in our illustration) immediately in front of the owner's house, and by its size and the richness of its carving indicates his social status. The other, commonly called a memorial pole, always stands at a little distance from the house though still in front of it, and is erected not only as a memorial of some deceased relative, but sometimes even as a receptacle for his remains. The two kinds of poles may be distinguished by the amount of carving they bear. The memorial pole usually bears only a single figure, while the lodge-pole is more or less covered with carving.

It is commonly supposed that the figures on the lodge-pole are a representation of the various stages in the owner's pedigree. But this is not the case. Almost always, indeed, there is found amongst the figures that of the animal which does duty as the Indian's crest. But the remaining figures represent the leading actors in some Indian legend.

The lodge-pole whose story is related below, and of which we give a rough sketch to aid in the identification of the figures, stood till quite recently in front of the Haida chief's house at Massett—an Indian village on the northern shores of the Queen Charlotte Islands. It has, however, been purchased by the authorities of the University of Oxford (England), and

and was recently placed in their museum. Unlike most totem poles it has to be read from the bottom upwards. It will be seen that the pole bears eleven figures. The lowest represents the head of a finback whale—an animal which plays a prominent part in Haida tradition. Above this head are three small figures of men on each side of the pole, and above these again a large figure on whose head sit two small men with a bird between them. The large figure represents—very conventionally, it must be admitted—the head of a grizzly bear, another animal frequent in Haida mythology, which, however, is only



introduced here as being the chief's crest, and has no connection with the story itself. The body of the pole represents the tall crown of a conjurer's hat which was divided into segments marked by the horizontal lines.

The story thus embodied by the Haida woodcarver is as follows :—

There lived once at Rose Spit—the

north-eastern corner of the Queen Charlotte Islands—a great chief named Nung-kilis-tlas. He was the creator of everything around the island, and possessed unlimited power. He could also assume any form he desired; the one he usually chose being that of a huge bird. He lived by going out to sea and hunting whales, the flesh of which he ate (hence the figure of a whale at the bottom of the pole). He and his wife lived together, and his nephew, who was also his heir (for Haida descent is not from father to son, but from a man to his sister's son), lived with them. The young man, according to custom, took his uncle's name, and was known as young Nung-kilis-tlas. He, too, possessed supernatural power, and could assume whatever form he chose, his favourite dress being the skin of a crow. His escapades, most of them highly discreditable, occupy a large place in Haida stories.

One day the elder Nung-kilis-tlas was out at sea hunting when he heard a heavy clap of thunder—a most unusual sound on the Queen Charlotte Islands—and at once concluded that it was indicative of some dire calamity. He hastened home and found that in his absence young Nung-kilis-tlas had grossly insulted his aunt. Upon this, the uncle's rage became unbounded, and he vowed vengeance on the young man. Meanwhile, several friends of Nung-kilis-tlas at the neighbouring village of Skidegate, having heard the

thunder, and concluded, as he did, that something was wrong, came hurrying up to the chief's house. By this time the old man had laid his plans. He had determined to destroy the island by a flood. His wish was law, and the water at once began to rise. Before long he discovered that he himself was in danger of perishing by the flood he had caused; so, to save himself, he caused himself to grow taller as the water rose, so that his head might always be above the surface. The Skidegate visitors, seeing this, mounted to his shoulders, and from thence climbed up the crown of his hat, in which position the carving represents them.

Meanwhile, young Nung-kilis-tlas, foreseeing danger, had changed his crow's skin for that of a kingfisher. In this garb he flew up into the sky and thrust his beak through the clouds, thinking that if the water rose thus high he would at least be able to breathe. The plan was successful, and he remained there till the water had gone down. Then he descended, took his seat on the top of his uncle's hat (where he is represented on the pole) and shrieked like a kingfisher, whereupon the hat split from top to bottom. The elder Nung-kilis-tlas seeing this, and also the way in which his nephew had eluded his grasp, gave up the attempt to punish him, and before long the two became reconciled.

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## A NIGHT SONG

LATELY, nearby a shadowy wood,  
 I waited in the gloomy night  
 And heard what seemed a distant song,  
 Rolling its way in joyous flight.

Like drops of golden rain, the strains  
 Came on the bosom of the breeze,  
 And lodged their sweetness in my heart,  
 Among a thousand memories.

*Inglis Morse*

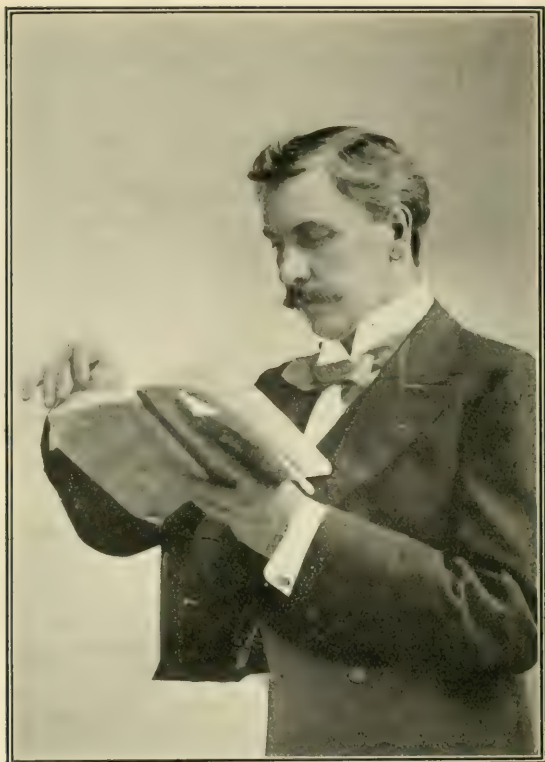


PHOTO BY EDY BROS., LONDON

CY WARMAN

## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. XXXII.—CY WARMAN AND HIS WORK

"A country that is bad or good,  
Precisely as your claim pans out ;  
A land that's much misunderstood,  
Misjudged, maligned and lied about."

THAT is Cy Warman's opinion of the Klondike in his new book entitled "A Pleasure Trip to a Busy Country," the unpublished pages of which he allowed me to see.

Mr. Warman, who is a famous globe-trotter, made his pilgrimage to the far Northwest in 1899. He has visited many countries and known people of all climes ; but in the end this cosmopolitan story-writer has pitched his tent in London, Ontario ; built himself a charming home overlooking the valley of the river Thames, and, surrounded by his little family, is daily doing his best work in a community

where he attracts less attention than was displayed by the South Sea Islanders in Robert Louis Stevenson.

And yet Mr. Warman is the discoverer of a new field. He is the pioneer of the school of railroad literature, and before his vivid, truthful and powerful stories sprang into prominence in the magazines, not a line had ever been written of railroads and their men by a man who knew what he was talking about.

Mr. Warman was born on the old Warman homestead—the land given by the U.S. Government to his father for gallant service in the war with Mexico—near Greenup, Ill. When he could vote he began to desire to reach out, to "widen his sphere." So he sold the crop and the horses, got a thou-



sand dollars, his first fortune, together, and established himself at Pocahontas, on the Vandalia, as a wheat buyer. Two weeks later he went home on a freight train whose conductor he knew. The bottom had fallen out of the market just as his first big shipment arrived in St. Louis. He had fifty cents when he got home, half of which belonged to Mr. Barry, his partner, who had also risked a thousand in the Pocahontas firm.

Then he went to Colorado, worked in a smelter, was a carpenter building snow sheds on Marshall Pass, and when the road was finished, entered the Denver and Rio Grande shops at Salida, learned the business, was fireman, locomotive engineer, caught cold, left the road reluctantly, and began the publication of *The Western Railway*, a railroad magazine, at Denver.

In 1892, he established the *Daily Chronicle* at the booming camp of Creede, Colorado. This second business venture, like his first, failed, for Creede died when the Sherman law was repealed.

In the meantime he had been singing, had met a pretty brown-eyed maiden whose first name was Marie. She had been the pet of the nuns at Sacred Heart Convent, at London, Ontario, and a great favourite at Alma College, at St. Thomas. In the shadow of Pike's Peak they met, and the "Poet of the Rockies," holding a bunch of wild flowers, sang :

Sweet Marie, here's a Columbine,  
The summer can surely spare it,  
See, here's a delicate twig to twine,  
To braid in this beautiful hair of thine,  
Take it, my queen, and wear it.

She did ; he sang some more ; they were married, spent a year in Southern California, another in Denver, another in London and Paris. During this last year abroad, Mr. Warman, the man who had set one of his songs to music, and the publishers divided \$50,000 in royalties, for "Sweet Marie" was a great success.

On the European trip he was commissioned by McClures to write of the

railroads in other countries. After England and France, he extended his investigations to Germany, Austria, and ultimately on through Servia and Bulgaria by the Orient express to Constantinople.

Finishing with the Holy Land and Egypt, he returned to Paris, took a flat, and wrote his first successful book, "Tales of an Engineer."

Mr. Warman tells me that on the top of a little French table at No. 7, Rue Leopold Roberts, with a small notebook beside him, he did a chapter of this book each morning until it was finished.

Returning to New York the MS. was left with Scribner, while the author continued on to Denver, where he could receive the publishers' "regrets" in the seclusion of his quiet little home. At Chicago a notice of his book's acceptance overtook him.

They returned to the East to be near New York. They lived in Washington two years, then came to Canada to spend a summer, and here they are, and here they seem likely to remain for some time.

It was on Sept. 4th, 1892, that the New York *Sun* published a column of Mr. Warman's poems, and on the following Sunday, gave him a column editorial introduction to the world as the "Poet of the Rockies."

"I had always been afraid to submit any of my prose, even to a magazine," said the author, "though I had long suspected myself of being a good strong, right-handed poet. Of course, Mr. Dana's endorsement tightened my hat-band considerably, but the first publisher I got to took it out of me, though that same dear, mistaken soul has since absorbed book after book of my prose—one a year for seven years—so I have allowed him to live."

It was shortly after receiving his "bundle of verse" back from New York that he wrote :

#### WE WERE BOTH DECEIVED.

An Astec maiden, black and tan  
Rode into Wingate on a mule,  
Met a Chicago traveling man  
Who told her, as a traveler can,



CY WARMAN'S HOME AT LONDON, ONT.

That she was wildly beautiful.  
She smiled, she hoped, she lived—alas  
She looked into a looking-glass.

'You are a poet,' my friends said,  
'Your fame has flashed from coast to coast,  
Why, you'll be read when Riley's dead,  
And Field has faded.' 'Yes,' he said :  
'You're Shakespeare's ghost.'  
But *now* I sympathize with her,  
The maid—I've seen a publisher.

Mr. Warman is an inventive genius in more ways than one. While in Washington he invented and patented a bicycle lock which was pronounced by the President of the Yale Lock Co. the best thing of its kind ever invented.

A number of his songs he has himself set to music, some of which have been published, for, as a boy, he "blew in the brass band."

"What is the great secret of success in writing?" I asked; feeling that an interview without this stereotyped question would be deemed incomplete. This was his answer :

"If humour bring but a smile and pathos a sigh, it is not enough. If you fail to produce a good laugh and burning tears, you'll be forgotten. But above all, there is the great secret of letting go when you have finished. If it is short, the first editor will buy it—for then it is not without merit. Then

the weary, over-worked, poorly-paid exchange editor "sees it in the *Sun*," for instance; knows it is safe, at all events, it is short; he copies it; the reader glances at it—it is short—he reads it, and if he likes it, he remembers you, but—he read it in the first place because it was short."

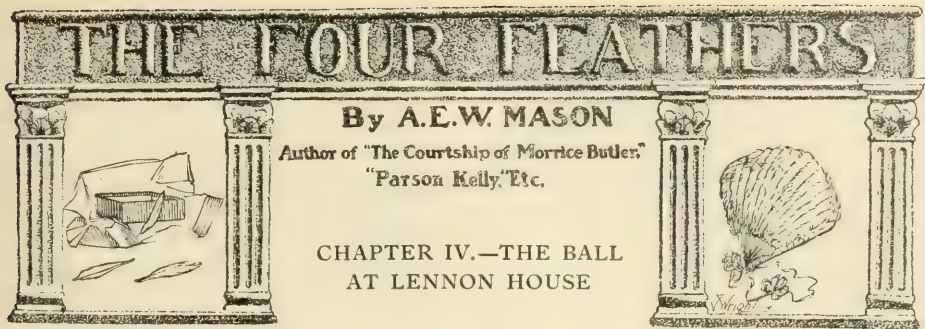
A very close friendship existed between the late Eugene Field and Cy Warman. Both were "made" in Denver, and each was deeply indebted to the great Dana, whose "*Sun*" found them out. Not very long before Field's death, the two mountain melodists met in Chicago, talked of New York, and concluded that Dana was the biggest man in that town: and then Field wrote his little poem entitled

#### CY AND I.

He's big o' heart and big o' brain,  
And he's been good unto us twain,  
Eh, Cy? says I.  
I love him, and I pray God give  
Him many, many years to live;  
Choked up, says I,  
Amen! says Cy.

Both the great Dana and the sweet singer, Eugene Field, have passed away. Cy Warman still writes and sings, with more sweetness, if with less passion than of old. *F. C.*





RESUME OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Harry Feversham, son of General Feversham, of Surrey, is a lieutenant in an English regiment. On becoming engaged to Ethne Eustace, daughter of Dermod Eustace, of Ramelton, Donegal, Ireland, he resigns his commission. He announces this at a little dinner at which Captain Trench, Lieut. Willoughby and Lieut. Durrance, who himself cared something for Ethne, were present. Just after his resignation, his regiment is ordered to Egypt where Durrance also goes on General Graham's staff. These two friends have a last ride together in Hyde Park—Durrance sails for Egypt and Feversham goes to Ireland.

**Y**ET Feversham had travelled to Dublin by the night mail after his ride with Durrance in the Row. He crossed Lough Swilly on the following forenoon by a little cargo steamer, which once a week steamed up the Lennon river as far as Ramelton. On the quayside Ethne was waiting for him in her dog-cart; she gave him the hand and the smile of a comrade.

"You are surprised to see me," said she, noting the look upon his face.

"I always am," he replied. "By so much you exceed my thoughts of you;" and the smile changed upon her face—it became something more than the smile of a comrade.

"I shall drive slowly," she said as soon as his traps had been packed into the cart; "I brought no groom on purpose. There will be guests coming to-morrow. We have only to-day."

She drove along the wide causeway by the river-side, and turned up the steep, narrow street. Feversham sat silently by her side. It was his first visit to Ramelton, and he gazed about him, noting the dark thicket of tall trees which climbed on the far side of the river, the old grey bridge, the noise of the water above it as it sang over shallows, and the drowsy quiet of the town, with a great curiosity and almost a pride of ownership, since it

was here that Ethne lived, and all these things were part and parcel of her life.

She was a girl at that time of twenty-one, tall, strong, and supple of limb, and with a squareness of shoulder proportionate to her height. She had none of that exaggerated slope which our grandmothers esteemed, yet she lacked no grace of womanhood on that account, and in her walk she was light-footed as a deer. Her hair was dark brown, and she wore it coiled upon the nape of her neck; a bright colour burned in her cheeks, and her eyes, of a very clear grey, met the eyes of those to whom she talked with a most engaging frankness. And in character she was the counterpart of her looks. She was honest, she had a certain simplicity, the straightforward simplicity of strength which comprises much gentleness and excludes violence. Of her courage there is a story still told in Ramelton, which Feversham could never remember without a thrill of wonder. She had stopped at a door on that steep hill leading down to the river, and the horse which she was driving took fright at the mere clatter of a pail and bolted. The reins were lying loose at the moment; they fell on the ground before Ethne could seize them. She was thus seated helpless in the dog-cart, and the horse was



tearing down to where the road curves sharply over the bridge. The thing which she did, she did quite coolly. She climbed over the front of the dog-cart as it pitched and raced down the hill, and balancing herself along the shafts, reached the reins at the horse's neck, and brought the horse to a stop ten yards from the curve. But she had, too, the defects of her qualities, although Feversham was not yet aware of them.

Ethne during the first part of this drive was almost as silent as her companion, and when she spoke it was with an absent air, as though she had something of more importance in her thoughts. It was not until she had left the town and was out upon the straight undulating road to Letterkenny that she turned quickly to Feversham and uttered it.

"I saw this morning that your regiment was ordered from India to Egypt. You could have gone with it had I not come in your way. There would have been chances of distinction. I have hindered you, and I am very sorry. Of course, you could not know that there was any possibility of your regiment going, but I can understand it is very hard for you to be left behind. I blame myself."

Feversham sat staring in front of him for a moment. Then he said in a voice suddenly grown hoarse:

"You need not."

"How can I help it? I blame myself the more," she continued, "because I do not quite see things like other women. For instance, supposing that you had gone out, and that the worst had happened, I should have felt very lonely, of course, all my days, but I should have known quite surely that when those days were over, you and I would see much of another."

She spoke without any impressive lowering of the voice, but in the steady level tone of one stating the simplest imaginable fact. Feversham caught his breath like a man in pain. But the girl's eyes were upon his face, and he sat still, staring in front of him without so much as a contraction of the

forehead. But it seemed that he could not trust himself to answer. He kept his lips closed, and Ethne continued:

"You see I can put up with the absence of the people I care about a little better perhaps than most people. I do not feel that I have lost them at all," and she cast about for a while as if her thought was difficult to express. "You know how things happen," she resumed. "One toddles along in a dull sort of way, and then suddenly a face springs out from the crowd of one's acquaintances, and you know it at once, and certainly for the face of a friend, or rather you recognize it, though you have never seen it before. It is almost as though you had come upon someone long looked for and now gladly recovered. Well, such friends—they are few, no doubt, but after all only the few really count—such friends one does not lose, whether they are absent, or even—dead."

"Unless," said Feversham slowly, "one has made a mistake. Suppose the face in the crowd is a mask, what then? One may make mistakes."

Ethne shook her head decidedly.

"Of that kind, no. One may seem to have made mistakes, and perhaps for a long while. But in the end one would be proved not to have made them."

And the girl's implicit faith took hold upon the man and tortured him, so that he could no longer keep silence.

"Ethne," he cried, "you don't know——" But at that moment Ethne reigned in her horse, laughed, and pointed with her whip.

They had come to the top of a hill a couple of miles from Ramelton. The road ran between stone walls enclosing open fields upon the left, and a wood of oaks and beeches on the right. A scarlet letter-box was built into the left-hand wall, and at that Ethne's whip was pointed.

"I wanted to show you that," she interrupted. "It was there I used to post my letters to you during the anxious times." And so Feversham let slip his opportunity of speech. He looked at the wonderful letter-box,

which had once received missives of so high an importance.

"The house is behind the trees to the right," she said.

"The letter-box is very convenient," said Feversham.

"Yes. I suppose that you and I are the only two people in the British Isles who are satisfied with the Postmaster-General," said Ethne, and she drove on and stopped again where the park wall had crumbled.

"That's where I used to climb over to post the letters. There's a tree on the other side of the wall as convenient as the letter-box. I used to run down the half-mile of avenue at night."

"There might have been thieves," exclaimed Feversham.

"There were thorns," said Ethne, and turning through the gates she drove up to the porch of a long, irregular grey house. "Well, we have still a day before the dance."

"I suppose the whole countryside is coming," said Feversham.

"It daren't do anything else," said Ethne with a laugh. "My father would send the police to fetch them if they stayed away, just as he fetched your friend Mr. Durrance here. By the way, Mr. Durrance has sent me a present—a Guenarius violin."

The door opened, and a thin, lank old man with a fierce peaked face like a bird of prey came out upon the steps. His face softened, however, into friendliness when he saw Feversham, and a smile played upon his lips. A stranger might have thought that he winked. But his left eyelid continually drooped over the eye.

"How do you do," he said. "Glad to see you. Must make yourself at home. If you want any whiskey, stamp twice on the floor with your foot. The servants understand," and with that he went straightway back into the house.

. . . . .

The biographer of Dermot Eustace would need to bring a wary mind to his work. For though the old master of Lennon House has not lain twenty years in his grave, he is already swollen

into a legendary character. Anecdotes have grown upon his memory like barnacles, and any man in those parts with knack of invention has only to foist his stories upon Dermot to ensure a ready credence. There are, however, definite facts. He practised an ancient and tyrannous hospitality, keeping open house upon the road to Letterkenny, and forcing bed and board even upon strangers, as Durrance had once discovered. He was a man of another century, who looked out with a glowering, angry eye upon a topsy-turvy world with which he would not be reconciled except after much alcohol.

He was a sort of intoxicated Coriolanus, believing that the people should be shepherded with a stick, yet always mindful of his manners even to the lowliest of women. It was always said of him with pride by the townsfolk of Ramelton that even at his worst, when he came galloping down the steep cobbled streets, mounted on a big white mare of seventeen hands, with his inseparable collie-dog for his companion—a gaunt, grey-faced, grey-haired man with a drooping eye, swaying with drink, yet by a miracle keeping his saddle—he had never ridden down anyone except a man. There are two points to be added. He was rather afraid of his daughter, who wisely kept him doubtful whether she was displeased with him or not, and he had conceived a great liking for Harry Feversham.

Harry saw little of him that day, however. Dermot retired into the room which he was pleased to call his office, while Feversham and Ethne spent the afternoon fishing for salmon in the Lennon river. It was an afternoon restful as a Sabbath, and the very birds were still. From the house the lawns fell steeply, shaded by trees and dappled by the sunlight, to a valley, at the bottom of which flowed the river swift and black under over-arching boughs. There was a fall, where the water slid over rocks with a smoothness so unbroken that it looked solid except just at one point. There a spur stood sharply up and the river



broke back upon itself in an amber wave through which the sun shone. Opposite this spur they sat for a long while, talking at times, but for the most part listening to the roar of the water, and watching its perpetual flow. And at last the sunset came, and the long shadows. They stood up, looked at each other with a smile, and so walked slowly back to the house. It was an afternoon which Feversham was long to remember. For the next night was the night of the dance, and as the band stuck up the opening bars of the fourth waltz, Ethne left her position at the drawing-room door, and taking Feversham's arm passed out into the hall.

The hall was empty and the front door stood open to the cool of the summer night. From the ball-room came the swaying lilt of the music and the beat of the dancers' feet. Ethne drew a breath of relief at her reprieve from her duties, and then, dropping her partner's arm, crossed to a side table.

"The post is in," she said. "There are letters, one, two, three for you, and a little box."

She held the box out to him as she spoke, a little white jeweller's cardboard box, and was at once struck by its absence of weight.

"It must be empty," she said.

Yet it was most carefully sealed and tied. Feversham broke the seals and unfastened the string. He looked at the address. The box had been forwarded from his lodgings and he was not familiar with the handwriting.

"There is some mistake," he said as he shook the lid open, and then he stopped abruptly. Three white feathers fluttered out of the box, swayed and rocked for a moment in the air, and then, one after another, settled gently down upon the floor. They lay like flakes of snow upon the dark polished boards. But they were not whiter than Harry Feversham's cheeks. He stood and stared at the feathers until he felt a light touch upon his arm. He looked and saw Ethne's gloved hand upon his sleeve.

"What does it mean?" she asked. There was some perplexity in her voice, but nothing more than perplexity. The smile upon her face and the loyal confidence of her eyes showed she had never a doubt that his first word would lift it from her. "What does it mean?"

"That there are things which cannot be hid, I suppose," said Feversham.

For a little while Ethne did not speak. The langourous music floated into the hall, and the trees whispered from the garden through the open door. Then she shook his arm gently, uttered a breathless little laugh, and spoke as though she were pleading with a child.

"I don't think you understand, Harry. Here are three white feathers. They were sent to you in jest? Oh, of course in jest. But it is a cruel kind of jest——"

"They were sent in deadly earnest."

He spoke now, looking her straight in the eyes. Ethne dropped her hand from his sleeve.

"Who sent them?" she asked.

Feversham had not given a thought to that matter. The message was all in all, the men who had sent it so unimportant. But Ethne reached out her hand and took the box from him. There were three visiting cards lying at the bottom, and she took them out and read them aloud.

"Captain Trench, Mr. Castleton, Mr. Willoughby. Do you know these men?"

"All three are officers of my old regiment."

The girl was dazed. She knelt down upon the floor and gathered the feathers into her hand with a vague thought that merely to touch them would help her to comprehension. They lay upon the palm of her white glove, and she blew gently upon them and they swam up into the air and hung fluttering and rocking. As they floated downwards she caught them again, and so she slowly felt her way to another question.

"Were they justly sent?" she asked.

"Yes," said Harry Feversham.



He had no thought of denial or evasion. He was only aware that the dreadful thing for so many years dreadfully anticipated had at last befallen him. He was known for a coward. The word which had long blazed upon the wall of his thoughts in the letters of fire was now written large in the public places. He stood as he had once stood before the portraits of his fathers, mutely accepting condemnation. It was the girl who denied, as she still kneeled upon the floor.

"I do not believe that is true," she said. "You could not look me in the face so steadily were it true. Your eyes would seek the floor."

"Yet it is true."

"Three little white feathers," she said slowly, and then with a sob in her throat. "This afternoon we were under the elms down by the Lennon river—do you remember, Harry?—just you and I. And then come three little white feathers; and the world's at an end."

"Oh don't!" cried Harry, and his voice broke upon the word. Up till now he had spoken with a steadiness matching the steadiness of his eyes. But these last words of hers, the picture which they evoked in his memories, the pathetic simplicity of her utterance caught him by the heart. But Ethne seemed not to hear the appeal. She was listening with her face turned towards the ball-room. The chatter and laughter of the voices there grew louder and nearer. She understood that the music had ceased. She rose quickly to her feet, clenching the feathers in her hand, and opened a door. It was the door of her sitting-room.

"Come," she said.

Harry followed her into the room, and she closed the door, shutting out the noise.

"Now," she said, "will you tell me, if you please, why the feathers have been sent?"

She stood quietly before him; her face was pale, but Feversham could not gather from her expression any feeling which she might have beyond a

desire and a determination to get at the truth. She spoke, too, with the same quietude. He answered, as he had answered before, directly, and to the point, without any attempt at mitigation.

"A telegram came. It was sent by Castleton. It reached me when Captain Trench and Mr. Willoughby were dining with me. It told me that my regiment would be ordered on active service in Egypt. Castleton was dining with a man likely to know, and I did not question the accuracy of his message. He told me to tell Trench. I did not. I thought the matter over with the telegram in front of me. Castleton was leaving that night for Scotland, and he would go straight from Scotland to rejoin the regiment. He would not, therefore, see Trench for some weeks at the earliest, and by that time the telegram would very likely be forgotten, or its date confused. I did not tell Trench. I threw the telegram into the fire, and that night sent in my papers. But Trench found out somehow. Durrance was at dinner, too—good heavens, Durrance!" he suddenly broke out. "Most likely he knows like the rest."

It came upon him as something shocking and strangely new that his friend Durrance, who, as he knew very well, had been wont rather to look up to him, in all likelihood counted him a thing of scorn. But he heard Ethne speaking. After all, what did it matter whether Durrance knew, whether every man knew from the South Pole to the North, since she, Ethne, knew.

"And is this all?" she asked.

"Surely it is enough," said he.

"I think not," she answered, and she lowered her voice a little as she went on. "We agreed, didn't we, that no foolish misunderstandings should ever come between us. We were to be frank, and to take frankness each from the other without offence. So be frank with me! Please!" and she pleaded. "I could, I think, claim it as a right. At all events I ask for it as I shall never ask for anything else in all my life."

There was a sort of explanation of his act, Harry Feversham remembered. But it was so futile when compared with the overwhelming consequence. Ethne had unclenched her hands, the three feathers lay before his eyes upon the table. They could not be explained away; he wore "coward" like a blind man's label; besides, he could never make her understand. However, she wished for the explanation, and had a right to it; she had been generous in asking for it, with a generosity not very common amongst women. So Feversham gathered his wits and explained:

"All my life I have been afraid that some day I should play the coward, and from the very first I knew that I was destined for the army. I kept my fear to myself. There was no one to whom I could tell it. My mother was dead, and my father——" he stopped for a moment with a deep intake of the breath. He could see his father, that lonely iron man, sitting at this very moment in his mother's favourite seat upon the terrace, and looking over the moonlit fields towards the Sussex Downs; he could imagine him dreaming of honours and distinctions worthy of the Fevershams to be gained immediately by his son in the Egyptian campaign. Surely that old man's stern heart would break beneath this blow! The magnitude of the bad thing which he had done, the misery which it would spread, were becoming very clear to Harry Feversham. He dropped his head between his hands and groaned aloud.

"My father," he resumed, "would, nay, could never have understood. I know him. When danger came his way it found him ready, but he did not foresee. That was my trouble always. I foresaw. Any peril to be encountered, any risk to be run—I foresaw them. I foresaw something else besides. My father would talk in his matter-of-fact way of the hours of waiting before the actual commencement of a battle, after the troops had been paraded. The mere anticipation of the suspense and the strain of those

hours was a torture to me. I foresaw the possibility of cowardice. Then one evening, when my father had his old friends about him on one of his Crimean nights, two dreadful stories were told—one of an officer, the other of a surgeon, who had both shirked. I was now confronted with the fact of cowardice. I took those stories up to bed with me. They never left my memory; they became a part of me. I saw myself behaving now as one, now as the other of those two men had behaved, perhaps in the crisis of a battle, bringing ruin upon my country, certainly dishonouring my father and all the dead men whose portraits hung ranged in the hall. I tried to get the best of my fears. I hunted, but with a map of the countryside in my mind. I foresaw every hedge, every pit, every treacherous bank."

"Yet you rode straight," interrupted Ethne. "Mr. Durrance told me so."

"Did I?" said Feversham vaguely. "Well, perhaps I did, once the hounds were off. Durrance never knew what the moments of waiting, before the covers were drawn, meant to me! So when this telegram came I took the chance it seemed to offer and resigned."

So he ended his explanation. He had spoken warily, having something to conceal. However earnestly she might ask for frankness, he must at all costs, for her sake, hide something from her. But at once she suspected it.

"Were you afraid, too, of disgracing me? Was I in any way the cause that you resigned?"

Feversham looked her in the eyes and lied:

"No."

"If you had not been engaged to me you would still have sent in your papers?"

"Yes."

Ethne slowly stripped a glove off her hand. Feversham turned away.

"I think that I am rather like your father," she said. "I don't understand"; and in the silence which followed upon her words Feversham



heard something whirr and rattle upon the table. He looked and saw that she had slipped her engagement ring off her finger. It lay upon the table, the stones winking at him.

"And all this—all that you have told to me," she exclaimed suddenly, with her face very stern, "you would have hidden from me. You would have married me and hidden it had not these three feathers come?"

The words had been on her lips from the beginning, but she had not uttered them lest by a miracle he should after all have some unimagined explanation which would re-establish him in her thoughts. She had given him every chance. Now, however, she struck and lay bare the worst of his disloyalty. Feversham flinched, and he did not answer, but allowed his silence to consent. Ethne, however, was just; she was in a way curious too: she wished to know the very bottom of the matter before she thrust it into the back of her mind.

"But yesterday," she said, "you were going to tell me something. I stopped you to point out the letter-box," and she laughed in a queer empty way. "Was it about the feathers?"

"Yes," answered Feversham wearily. What did these persistent questions matter, since the feathers had come, since her ring lay flickering and winking on the table. "Yes, I think what you were saying rather compelled me."

"I remember," said Ethne, interrupting him rather hastily, "about seeing much of one another—afterwards. We will not speak of such things again," and Feversham swayed upon his feet as though he would fall. "I remember, too, you said one could make mistakes. You were right, I was wrong. One can do more than seem to make them. Will you, if you please, take back your ring?"

Feversham picked up his ring and held it in the palm of his hand, standing very still. He had never cared for her so much, he had never recognized her value so thoroughly as at this moment when he lost her. She gleamed in the quiet room, wonderful, most

wonderful, from the bright flowers in her hair to the white slipper on her foot. It was incredible to him that he should ever have won her. Yet he had, and disloyally had lost her. Then her voice broke in again upon his reflections.

"These, too, are yours. Will you take them please?"

She was pointing with her fan to the feathers upon the table. Feversham obediently reached out his hand, and then drew it back in surprise.

"There are four," he said.

Ethne did not reply, and looking at her fan Feversham understood. It was a fan of ivory and white feathers. She had broken off one of those feathers and added it, on her own account, to the three.

The thing which she had done was cruel no doubt. But she wished to make an end—a complete, irrevocable end; though her voice was steady and, her face, despite its pallor, calm, she was really tortured with humiliation and pain. All the details of Harry Feversham's courtship, the interchange of looks, the letters she had written and received, the words which had been spoken, tingled and smarted unbearably in her recollections. Their lips had touched—she recalled it with horror. She desired never to see Harry Feversham after this night. Therefore she added her fourth feather to the three.

Harry Feversham took the feathers as she bade him, without a word of remonstrance, and indeed with a sort of dignity which even at that moment surprised her. All the time, too, he had kept his eyes steadily upon hers, he had answered her questions simply, there had been nothing abject in his manner; so that Ethne already almost began to regret this last thing which she had done. However, it *was* done. Feversham had taken the four feathers.

He held them in his fingers as though he was about to tear them across. But he checked the action. He looked suddenly towards her, and kept his eyes upon her face for some little while. Then very care-



fully he put the feathers into his breast pocket. Ethne at this time did not consider why. She only thought that here was the irrevocable end.

"We should be going back, I think," she said. "We have been some time away. Will you give me

your arm?" In the hall she looked at the clock. "Only eleven o'clock," she said, wearily. "When we dance here, we dance till daylight. We must show brave faces until daylight."

And, with her hand resting upon his arm, they passed into the ball-room.



#### CHAPTER V.—THE BALL AND AN ENGAGEMENT COME TO AN END

HABIT assisted them; the irresponsible chatter of the ball-room sprang automatically to their lips; the appearance of enjoyment never failed from off their faces; so that no one at Lennon House that night suspected that any swift cause of severance had come between them. Harry Feversham watched Ethne laugh and talk as though she had never a care and was perpetually surprised, taking no thought that he wore the like mask of gaiety himself. When she swung past him the light rhythm of her feet almost persuaded him that her heart was in the dance. It seemed that she could even command the colour upon her cheeks. Thus they both wore brave faces as she had bidden. They even danced together. But all the while Ethne was conscious that she was holding up a great load of pain and humiliation which would presently crush her, and Feversham felt those four feathers burning at his breast. It was wonderful to him that the whole company did not know of them. He never approached a partner without the notion that she would turn upon him with the contemptuous name which was his upon her tongue. Yet he felt no fear on that account. He would not indeed have cared had it happened, had the word been spoken. He had lost Ethne. He watched her and looked in vain amongst her guests, as indeed he knew he would, for a fit comparison. There were surely women, pretty, graceful, even beautiful, but Ethne stood apart by the particular character of her beauty. The broad forehead, the perfect curve of the eyebrows; the great steady, clear, grey

eyes, the full red lips which could dimple into tenderness and shut level with resolution, and the royal grace of her carriage, marked her out to Feversham's thinking, and would do so in any company. He watched her in a despairing amazement that he had ever had a chance of owning her.

Only once did her endurance fail her and then only for a second. She was dancing with Feversham and as she looked toward the windows she saw that the daylight was beginning to show very pale and cold upon the other side of the blinds.

"Look!" she said, and Feversham suddenly felt all her weight upon his arms. Her face lost its colour and grew tired and very grey. Her eyes shut tightly and then opened again. He thought she would faint. "The morning at last!" she exclaimed, and then in a voice as weary as her face, "I wonder whether it is right that one should suffer so much pain."

"Hush!" whispered Feversham, "Courage! A few minutes more—only a very few!" He stopped and stood in front of her until her strength returned.

"Thank you!" she said gratefully and the bright wheel of the dance caught them again.

It was strange that he should be exhorting her to courage, she thanking him for help, but the irony of this queer momentary reversal of their position occurred to neither of them. Ethne was too tried by the strain of those last hours and Feversham had learned from that one failure of her endurance, from the drawn aspect of her face and the depths of pain in her

eyes, how deeply he had wounded her. He no longer said, "I have lost her," he no longer thought of his loss at all. He heard her words: "I wonder whether it is right that one should suffer so much pain." He felt that they would go ringing down the world with him, persistent in his ears, spoken upon the very accent of her voice. He was sure that he would hear them at the end above the voices of any who should stand about him when he died, and hear in them his condemnation. For it was not right.

The ball finished shortly afterwards. The last carriage drove away and those who were staying in the house sought the smoking-room or went upstairs to bed according to their sex. Feversham, however, lingered in the hall with Ethne. She understood why.

"There is no need," she said, standing with her back to him as she lighted a candle, "I have told my father. I told him everything."

Feversham bowed his head in acquiescence.

"Still, I must wait and see him," he said.

Ethne did not object, but she turned and looked at him quickly with her brows drawn in a frown of perplexity. To wait for her father under such circumstances seemed to argue a certain courage. Indeed, she herself felt some apprehension as she heard the door of the study open and Dermod's footsteps on the floor. Dermod walked straight up to Harry Feversham, looking for once in a way what he was, a very old man, and stood there staring into Feversham's face with a muddled and bewildered expression. Twice he opened his mouth to speak, but no words came. In the end he turned to the table and lit his candle and Harry Feversham's. Then he turned back towards Feversham, and rather quickly, so that Ethne took a step forward as if to get between them. But he did nothing more than stare at Feversham again and for a long time. Finally, he took up his candle.

"Well——" he said and stopped.

He snuffed the wick with the scissors and began again. "Well——" he said and stopped again. Apparently his candle had not helped him to any suitable expressions. He stared into the flame now instead of into Feversham's face and for an equal length of time. He could think of nothing whatever to say, and yet he was conscious that something must be said. In the end he said in a lame way:

"If you want any whiskey stamp twice on the floor with your foot. The servants understand."

Thereupon he walked heavily up the stairs. The old man's forbearance was perhaps not the least part of Harry Feversham's punishment.

It was broad daylight when Ethne was at last alone within her room. She drew up the blinds and opened the windows wide. The cool fresh air of the morning was as a draught of spring water to her. She looked out upon a world as yet unilluminated by colours and found therein an image of her days to come. The dark, tall trees looked black; the winding paths a singular dead white; the very lawns were dull and grey, though the dew lay upon them like a network of frost. It was a noisy world, however, for all its aspect of quiet. For the blackbirds were calling from the branches and the grass, and down beneath the overhanging trees the Lennon flowed in music between its banks. Ethne drew back from the window. She had much to do that morning before she slept. For she designed with her natural thoroughness to make an end at once of all her associations with Harry Feversham. She wished that from the moment when next she waked she might never come across a single thing which could recall him to her memory. And with a sort of stubborn persistence she went about the work.

But she changed her mind. In the very process of collecting together the gifts which he had made to her, she changed her mind. For each gift that she looked upon had its history, and



the days before this miserable night had darkened on her happiness, came one by one slowly back to her as she looked. She determined to keep one thing which had belonged to Harry Feversham, a small thing, a thing of no value. At first she chose a penknife, which he had once lent to her and she had forgotten to return. But the next instant she dropped it and rather hurriedly. For she was after all an Irish girl, and though she did not believe in superstitions, where superstitions were concerned she preferred to be on the safe side. She selected his likeness in the end and locked it away in a drawer.

The rest of his presents she gathered together, packed them carefully in a box, fastened the box, addressed it and carried it down to the hall, that the servants might despatch it in the morning. Then coming back to her room she took his letters, made a little pile of them on the hearth and set them alight. They took some while to consume, but she waited, sitting upright in her armchair while the flame crept from sheet to sheet, discolouring the paper, blackening the writing like a stream of ink, and leaving in the end only flakes of ashes like feathers, and white flakes like white feathers. The

last sparks were barely extinguished when she heard a cautious step on the gravel beneath her window.

It was broad daylight, but her candle was still burning on the table at her side, and with a quick instinctive movement she reached out her arms and put the light out. Then she sat very still and rigid, listening. For awhile she heard only the blackbirds calling from the trees in the garden and the throbbing music of the river. Afterwards she heard the footsteps again, cautiously retreating; and in spite of her will, in spite of her formal disposal of the letters and the presents, she was mastered all at once, not by pain or humiliation, but by an overpowering sense of loneliness. She seemed to be seated high on an empty world of ruins. She rose quickly from her chair, and her eyes fell upon a violin case. With a sigh of relief she opened it, and a little while after one or two of the guests who were sleeping in the house chanced to wake up and heard floating down the corridors the music of a violin played very lovingly and low. Ethne was not aware that the violin which she held was the Guenarius violin which Durrance had sent to her. She only understood that she had a companion to share her loneliness.



#### CHAPTER VI.—HARRY FEVERSHAM'S PLAN

IT was the night of August 30th. A month had passed since the ball at Lennon House, but the uneventful country side of Donegal was still busy with the stimulating topic of Harry Feversham's disappearance. The townsmen in the climbing street and the gentry at their dinner-tables gossiped to their hearts' contentment. It was asserted that Harry Feversham had been seen on the very morning after the dance, and at five minutes to six—though according to Mrs. Brien O'Brien it was ten minutes past the hour—still in his dress clothes and with a white suicide's face, hurrying along

the causeway by the Lennon Bridge. It was suggested that a drag-net would be the only way to solve the mystery. Mr. Dennis Rafferty, who lived on the road to Rathmullen, indeed, went so far as to refuse salmon on the plea that he was not a cannibal, and the saying had a general vogue. Their conjectures as to the cause of the disappearance were no nearer to the truth. For there were only two who knew, and those two went steadily about the business of living as though no catastrophe had befallen them. They held their heads a trifle more proudly perhaps. Ethne might have become a little more



gentle, Dermod a little more irascible, but these were the only changes. So gossip had the field to itself.

But Harry Feversham was in London, as Lieutenant Sutch discovered on the night of the 30th. All that day the town had been perturbed by rumours of a great battle fought at Kassassin in the desert east of Ismailia. Messengers had raced ceaselessly through the streets, shouting tidings of victory and tidings of disaster. There had been a charge by moonlight of General Drury-Lowe's Cavalry Brigade, which had rolled up Arabi's left flank and captured his guns. It was rumoured that an English general had been killed, that the York and Lancaster Regiment had been cut up. London was uneasy, and at eleven o'clock at night a great crowd of people had gathered in Pall Mall, watching with pale upturned faces the lighted blinds of the War Office. The crowd was silent and impressively still. Only if a figure moved for an instant across the blinds a thrill of expectation passed from man to man, and the crowd swayed in a continuous movement from edge to edge. Lieutenant Sutch, careful of his wounded leg, was standing on the outskirts with his back to the parapet of the Junior Carlton Club, when he felt himself touched upon the arm. He saw Harry Feversham at his side. Feversham's face was working and extraordinarily white, his eyes were bright like the eyes of a man in a fever, and Sutch at the first was not sure that he knew or cared who it was to whom he talked.

"I might have been out there in Egypt to-night," said Harry in a quick troubled voice. "Think of it! I might have been out there, sitting by a camp-fire in the desert, talking over the battle with Jack Durrance; or dead perhaps. What would it have mattered? I might have been in Egypt to-night!"

Feversham's unexpected appearance, no less than his wandering tongue, told Sutch that somehow his fortunes had gone seriously wrong. He had many questions in his mind, but he did not

ask a single one of them. He took Feversham's arm and led him straight out of the throng.

"I saw you in the crowd," continued Feversham. "I thought that I would speak to you, because—do you remember, a long time ago you gave me your card? I have always kept it because I have always feared that I would have reason to use it. You said that if one was in trouble, the telling might help."

Sutch stopped his companion.

"We will go in here. We can find a quiet corner in the upper smoking-room;" and Harry, looking up, saw that he was standing by the steps of the Army and Navy Club.

"Good heavens, not there!" he cried in a sharp low voice, and moved quickly into the roadway, where no light fell directly on his face. Sutch limped after him. "Not to-night. It is late. To-morrow if you will, in some quiet place, and after nightfall. I do not go out in the daylight."

Again Lieutenant Sutch asked no questions.

"I know a quiet restaurant," he said. "If we dine there at nine we shall meet no one whom we know. I will meet you just before nine to-morrow night at the corner of Swallow Street."

They dined together accordingly on the following evening at a table in the corner of the Criterion grill-room. Feversham looked quickly about him as he entered the room.

"I dine here often when I am in town," said Sutch. "Listen!" The throbbing of the engines working the electric light could be distinctly heard, their vibrations could be felt.

"It reminds me of a ship," said Sutch with a smile. "I can almost fancy myself in the gunroom again. We will have dinner. Then you shall tell me your story."

"You have heard nothing of it?" asked Feversham suspiciously.

"Not a word," and Feversham drew a breath of relief. It had seemed to him that everyone must know. He imagined contempt on every face which passed him in the street.

Lieutenant Sutch was even more concerned this evening than he had been the night before. He saw Harry Feversham clearly now in a full light. Harry's face was thin and haggard with lack of sleep, there were black hollows beneath his eyes; he drew his breath and made his movements in a restless feverish fashion, his nerves seemed strung to breaking point. Once or twice between the courses he began his story, but Sutch would not listen until the cloth was cleared.

"Now," said he, holding out his cigar-case, "take your time, Harry."

Thereupon Feversham told him the whole truth, without exaggeration or omission, forcing himself to a slow, careful, matter-of-fact speech, so that in the end Sutch almost fell into the illusion that it was just the story of a stranger which Feversham was recounting merely to pass the time. He began with the Crimean night at Broad Place, and ended with the ball at Lennox House.

"I came back across Lough Swilly early that morning," he said in conclusion, "and travelled at once to London. Since then I have stayed in my rooms all day, listening to the bugles calling in the barrack-yard beneath my windows. At night I prowl about the streets or lie in bed waiting for the Westminster clock to tell each new quarter of an hour. On foggy nights, too, I can hear steam-sirens on the river. Do you know when the ducks start quacking in St. James's Park?" he asked with a laugh. "At two o'clock to the minute."

Sutch listened to the story without an interruption. But half way through its narrative he changed his attitude, and in a significant way. Up to the moment when Harry told of his concealment of the telegram, Sutch had sat with his arms upon the table in front of him, and his eyes upon his companion. Thereafter he raised a hand to his forehead, and so remained with his face screened while the rest was told. Feversham had no doubt of the reason. Lieutenant Sutch wished to conceal the scorn he felt,

and could not trust the muscles of his face. Feversham, however, mitigated nothing, but continued steadily and truthfully to the end. But even after the end was reached Sutch did not remove his hand, nor for some little while did he speak. When he did speak, his words came upon Feversham's ears with a shock of surprise. There was no contempt in them, and though his voice shook, it shook with a great contrition.

"I am much to blame," he said. "I should have spoken that night at Broad Place, and I held my tongue. I shall hardly forgive myself." The knowledge that it was Muriel Graham's son who had thus brought ruin and disgrace upon himself was uppermost in the lieutenant's mind. He felt that he had failed in the discharge of an obligation, self-imposed, no doubt, but a very real obligation none the less. "You see, I understood," he continued remorsefully. "Your father, I am afraid, never would."

"He never will," interrupted Harry.

"No," Sutch agreed. "Your mother, of course, had she lived would have seen clearly, but few women, I think, except your mother. Brute courage! Women make a god of it. That girl, for instance——," and again Harry Feversham interrupted.

"You must not blame her. I was defrauding her into marriage."

Sutch took his hand suddenly from his forehead.

"Suppose that you had never met her, would you still have sent in your papers?"

"I think not," said Harry slowly. "I want to be fair. Disgracing my name and those dead men in the hall I think I would have risked. I could not risk disgracing her."

And Lieutenant Sutch thumped his fist despairingly upon the table. "If only I had spoken at Broad Place. Harry, why didn't you let me speak? I might have saved you many unnecessary years of torture. Good heavens! what a childhood you must have spent with that fear all alone with you. It makes me shiver to think of it. I



might even have saved you from this last catastrophe. For I understood. I understood."

Lieutenant Sutch saw more clearly into the dark places of Harry Feversham's mind than Harry Feversham did himself; and because he saw so clearly, he could feel no contempt. The long years of childhood, and boyhood, and youth, lived apart in Broad Place in the presence of the uncomprehending father and the relentless dead men on the walls had done the harm. There had been no one in whom the boy could confide. The fear of cowardice had sapped incessantly at his heart. He had walked about with it; he had taken it with him to his bed. It had haunted his dreams. It had been his perpetual menacing companion. It had kept him from intimacy with his friends lest an impulsive word should betray him. Lieutenant Sutch did not wonder that in the end it had brought about this irretrievable mistake. For Lieutenant Sutch understood.

"Did you ever read 'Hamlet?'" he asked.

"Of course," said Harry in reply.

"Ah, but did you consider it? The same disability is clear in that character. The thing which he foresaw, which he thought over, which he imagined in the act and in the consequence—that he shrank from, upbraiding himself even as you have done. Yet when the moment of action comes, sharp and immediate, does he fail? No, he excels, and just by reason of that foresight. I have seen men in the Crimea, tortured by their imaginations before the fight—once the fight had begun you must search amongst the Oriental fanatics for their match, 'Am I a coward?' Do you remember the lines?

Am I a coward?

Who calls me villain? Breaks my pate  
across?

Plucks off my beard, and throws it in my  
face?

There's the case in a nutshell. If only I had spoken on that night!"

One or two people passed the table on the way out. Sutch stopped and

looked round the room. It was nearly empty. He glanced at his watch and saw that the hour was eleven. Some plan of action must be decided upon that night. It was not enough to hear Harry Feversham's story. There still remained the question, what was Harry Feversham, disgraced and ruined, now to do? How was he to recreate his life? How was the secret of his disgrace to be most easily concealed?

"You cannot stay in London, hiding by day, slinking about by night," he said with a shiver. "That's too like ——" and he checked himself. Feversham, however, completed the sentence.

"That's too like Wilmington," said he quietly, recalling the story which his father had told so many years ago, and which he had never forgotten even for a single day. "But Wilmington's end will not be mine. Of that I can assure you. I shall not stay in London."

He spoke with an air of decision. He had indeed mapped out already the plan of action concerning which Lieutenant Sutch was so disturbed. Sutch, however, was occupied with his own thoughts.

"Who know of the feathers? How many people?" he asked. "Give me their names."

"Trench, Castleton, Willoughby," began Feversham.

"All three are in Egypt. Besides, for the credit of their regiment they are likely to hold their tongues when they return. Who else?"

"Dermod Eustace and — and — Ethne."

"They will not speak."

"You, Durrance perhaps, and my father."

Sutch leaned back in his chair and stared.

"Your father! You wrote to him?"

"No. I went into Surrey and told him."

Again remorse for that occasion, recognized and not used, seized upon Lieutenant Sutch.

"Why didn't I speak that night?" he said impotently. "A coward, and



you go quietly down to Surrey and confront your father with that story to tell to him! You do not even write! You stand up and tell it to him face to face. Harry, I reckon myself as good as another when it comes to bravery, but for the life of me I could not have done that."

"It was not—pleasant," said Feversham simply; and this was the only description of the interview between father and son which was vouchsafed to anyone. But Lieutenant Sutch knew the father and knew the son. He could guess at all which that one adjective implied. Harry Feversham told the results of his journey into Surrey.

"My father continues my allowance. I shall need it every penny of it—otherwise, I should have taken nothing. But I am not to go home again. I did not mean to go home for a long while in any case, if at all."

He drew his pocket-book from his breast, and took from it the four white feathers. These he laid before him on the table.

"You have kept them?" exclaimed Sutch.

"Indeed, I treasure them," said Harry quietly. "That seems strange to you. To you they are the symbols of my disgrace. To me they are much more. They are my opportunities of retrieving it." He looked about the room, separated three of the feathers, pushed them forward a little on the table-cloth, and then leaned across towards Sutch.

"What if I could compel Trench, Castleton, and Willoughby to take back from me, each one of them, the feather he sent? I do not say that it is likely. I do not say even that it is possible. But there is a chance that it may be possible, and I must wait upon that chance. There will be few men leading active lives as these three do who do not at some moment stand in great peril and great need. To be in readiness for that moment is from now my career. All three are in Egypt. I leave for Egypt to-morrow."

Upon the face of Lieutenant Sutch there came a look of great and unexpected happiness. Here was an issue of which he had never thought, and it was the only issue, as he knew for certain, once he was aware of it. This student of human nature disregarded without a scruple the prudence and the calculation proper to the character which he assumed. The obstacles in Harry Feversham's way, the possibility that at the last moment he might shrink again, the improbability that three such opportunities would occur—these matters he overlooked. His eyes already shone with pride, the three feathers for him were already taken back. The prudence was on Harry Feversham's side.

"There are endless difficulties," he said. "Just to cite one. I am a civilian, these three are soldiers, surrounded by soldiers; so much the less opportunity therefore for a civilian."

"But it is not necessary that the three men should be themselves in peril," objected Sutch, "for you to convince them that the fault is retrieved."

"Oh no. There may be other ways," agreed Feversham. "The plan came suddenly into my mind, indeed at the moment when Ethne bade me take up the feathers, and added the fourth. I was on the point of tearing them across when this way out of it sprang clearly up in my mind. But I have thought it over since during these last weeks while I sat listening to the bugles in the barrack yard. And I am sure there is no other way. But it is well worth trying. You see, if the three take back their feathers"—he drew a deep breath, and in a very low voice, with his eyes upon the table so that his face was hidden from Sutch, he added—"why then she perhaps might take hers back too."

"Will she wait, do you think?" asked Sutch; and Harry raised his head quickly.

"Oh no," he exclaimed, "I had no thought of that. She has not even a suspicion of what I intend to do. Nor do I wish her to have one until the in-

tention is fulfilled. My thought was different"—and he began to speak with hesitation for the first time in the course of that evening. "I find it difficult to tell you—Ethne said something to me the day before the feathers came—something rather sacred. I think that I will tell you, because what she said is just what sends me out upon this errand. But for her words, I would very likely never have thought of it. I find in them my motive and a great hope. They may seem strange to you, Lieutenant Sutch. But I ask you to believe that they are very real to me. She said—it was when she knew no more than that my regiment was ordered to Egypt; she was blaming herself because I had resigned my commission, for which there was no need, because—and these were her words—because had I fallen, although she would have felt lonely all her life, she would none the less have surely known that she and I would see much of one another—afterwards."

Feversham had spoken his words with difficulty, not looking at his companion, and he continued with his eyes still averted:

"Do you understand? I have a hope that if—this can be set right"—and he pointed to the feathers—"we might still, perhaps, see something of one another—afterwards."

It was a strange proposition, no doubt, to be debated across the soiled table-cloth of a public restaurant, but neither of them felt it strange nor even fanciful. They were dealing with the simple serious issues, and they had reached a point where they could not be affected by any incongruity in their surroundings. Lieutenant Sutch did not speak for some while after Harry Feversham had done, and in the end Harry looked up at his companion, prepared for almost a word of ridicule. But he saw Sutch's right hand outstretched towards him.

"When I come back," said Feversham, and he rose from his chair. He gathered the feathers together and replaced them in his pocket-book.

"I have told you everything," he

said. "You see I wait upon chance; the three opportunities may not come in Egypt. They may never come at all, and in that case I shall not come back at all. Or they may come only at the very end and after many years. Therefore I thought that I would like just one person to know the truth thoroughly in case I do not come back. If you hear definitely that I never can come back, I would be glad if you would tell my father."

"I understand," said Sutch.

"But don't tell him everything—I mean not the last part—not what I have just said about Ethne and my chief motive. For I do not think that he would understand. Otherwise you will keep silence altogether. Promise!"

Lieutenant Sutch promised, but with an absent face, and Feversham consequently insisted.

"You will breathe no word of this, to man or woman, however hard you may be pressed, except to my father under the circumstances which I have explained," said Feversham.

Lieutenant Sutch promised a second time and without an instant's hesitation. It was quite natural that Harry should lay some stress upon the pledge, since any disclosure of his purpose might very well wear the appearance of a foolish boast, but Sutch himself saw no reason why he should refuse it. So he gave the promise and fettered his hands. His thoughts, indeed, were occupied with the limit Harry had set upon the knowledge which was to be imparted to General Feversham. Even if he died with his mission unfulfilled, Sutch was to hide from the father that which was best in the son, at the son's request. And the saddest part of it, to Sutch's thinking, was that the son was right in so requesting. For what he had said was true: the father could not understand. Lieutenant Sutch was brought back to the causes of the whole miserable business; the premature death of the mother, who could have understood; the want of comprehension in the father who was left; and his own silence on the Crimean night at Broad Place.

"If only I had spoken," he said sadly. He dropped the end of his cigar into his coffee-cup, and standing up, reached for his hat. "Many things are irrevocable, Harry," he said, "but one never knows whether they are irrevocable or not until one has found out. It is always worth while finding out."

The next evening Feversham crossed to Calais. It was a night as wild as that on which Durrance had left England; and, like Durrance, Feversham had a friend to see him off. For the last thing which his eyes beheld as the packet swung away from the pier was the face of Lieutenant Sutch beneath a gas lamp. The Lieutenant maintained his position after the boat had passed

into the darkness and until the throb of its paddles could no longer be heard. Then he limped through the rain to his hotel, aware, and regretfully aware, that he was growing old. It was long since he had felt regret on that account, and the feeling was very strange to him. Ever since the Crimea he had been upon the world's half-pay list, as he had once said to General Feversham, and what with that and the recollection of a certain magical season before the Crimea, he had looked forward to old age as an approaching friend. To-night, however, he prayed that he might live just long enough to welcome back Muriel Graham's son with his honour redeemed and his great fault atoned.

TO BE CONTINUED

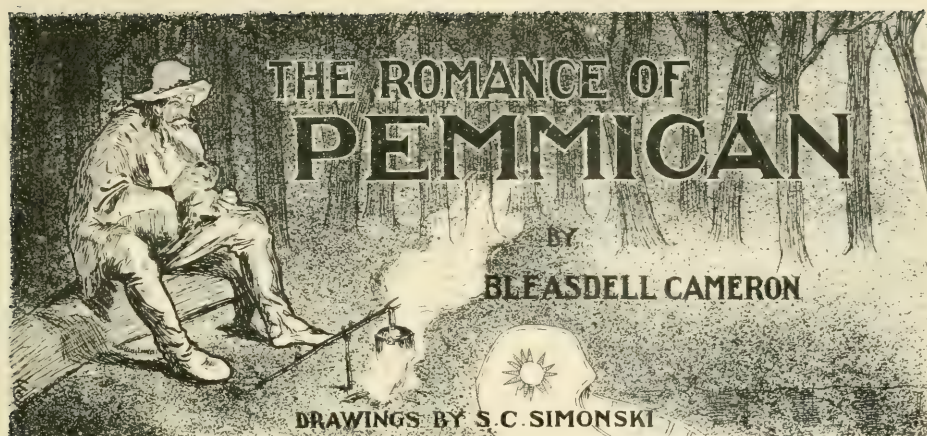
## THE FALSIFIER

TIME tries his teeth on all things worth :

He makes our days of song and mirth  
And haunting midnights of the soul  
Appear a dream, a long past goal.  
The grey horizon of his years  
Has in it mystery and fears,  
Like to a door that closing bars  
The way to dawn and morning stars,  
To lands of sweet forget-me-nots,  
Or travail of still unborn thoughts.  
Yet sometimes as the barriers lift,  
When fleeting memories are drift,  
A mystic veil sinks down at will  
And thou art Falsifier still—  
Precluding some dim realm far hence,  
Just where the world seems to commence.

*Inglis Morse*





IN the month of June, 1899, the Government of Canada invited tenders for the supply of a quantity of pemmican to be used by that substantial division of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police quartered in the mining district of the Yukon. The quantity required was ten tons, and bids were invited for the supply of the whole or any portion of it. It was to be put up in 50-pound rawhide sacks and to be of three qualities: the first, for human consumption, made from good steers and cows, and the second and third from bulls and coarse cattle and fat, healthy horses, for the sustenance of the transport equipment of the Yukon division—the trains of big “Huskie” sled dogs, animals best fitted to the purposes of winter travel in the inhospitable corners of the North.

That the tenderers were few seems probable from the fact that the pemmican was manufactured, during the following months of July and August, by the Mounted Police themselves, or rather by halfbreeds and Indians under supervision of members of the Force. Some five tons were put up at Duck Lake, on the Saskatchewan River. Nearly 100 head of cattle were purchased in the district and turned over to Joseph Parenteau, an old French-Cree halfbreed buffalo hunter, who had contracted at a cent a pound for the man-

ufacture of the pemmican. Parenteau engaged Cree Indians from the adjacent reservations to do the actual work, for which they received as payment the heads and offal of the slaughtered animals. A Sergeant-Major of the Mounted Police was on hand to superintend operations and see that no tainted or foreign ingredients went into the product.

Fifty years ago pemmican was, to the shifting and scant population of the Northwest, what flour is in the present day to English-speaking peoples in most civilized portions of the globe—the staple and most common food of the country. Then it was always made from the buffalo which covered the western plains. The great fur corporation known as the Hudson's Bay Company bought hundreds of bags of the dark, nutritious compound annually from the Indians, for use at its trading posts scattered over the vast wilderness stretching from Red River and Hudson Bay to the Rocky Mountains and from the two Saskatchewan to the Arctic Sea, a region then designated Prince Rupert's Land. Pemmican (or, more properly, pimeekon) is a Cree word, meaning a mixture, or something made with fat. It was composed of buffalo meat dried in the sun and pounded fine, mixed with melted fat; and was sewn up in sacks made from the rawhide of the buffalo, with

the hair outside. It did not look inviting, but was in fact wholesome, strong food, which would keep for years. Besides, owing to its compactness, it was easily transported, an important consideration in the fur trade—particularly to the tripper and voyageur, whether by dog-sled, canoe or York boat. Flour, in those times, was something the great Company's servant seldom saw; a small cake or two at Christmastide was a rare treat. And tea was little less of a luxury. But, so pemmican was plenty, the absence of these things was scarcely a deprivation to him, and the rugged Orkneyman or swart halfbreed, seated by the bank of some mighty inland stream or crouched in the snow over his camp fire of willows beside the frozen highway of the wilds, ate his chunk of the packed meat and drank his tin "pot" of cold water with greater relish, perhaps, even than the fastidious clubman disposed of his dinner and wine at his fashionable Gotham or London club. What was good enough for Jack was good enough for his master, too, and no Hudson's Bay Company's officer or clerk would despise a piece of good pemmican.

But if the buffalo was important to the fur-trader, the ungainly animal was life itself to the redman; for it furnished him with everything his heart could desire or with the means of procuring it. And as, owing to the migratory instincts of the herds, which took them first into the recognized territory of one tribe and next into that of an enemy, fresh meat was not always obtainable, pemmican was the form in which the Indian preserved and laid away his store of provisions against the day of scarcity.

Omitting the excitement of the hunt and substituting domestic herds for the wild ones of the plains, a description of pemmican-making by the Indians a quarter of a century ago will give an idea of what might have been witnessed at Duck Lake in the summer of 1899.

Intelligence that a band of buffalo was in the vicinity threw the In-

dian camp at once into a state of violent excitement. Men rushed from the lodges, buckling on quivers of arrows and belts of cartridges, women talked and gesticulated, boys raced wildly about shouting shrilly to one another, the horse herd was driven in, and in a few minutes the bucks, mounted on their "buffalo-runners" and under the direction of the chief of the hunt, moved in a silent body out of the camp. On nearing the herd advantage was taken of each slight rise or dip to cover the approach, which was always up wind, so that the wary brutes should not catch the scent. Stealthily they rode, one behind another, until concealment was no longer possible. Then, at a signal from the chief, they burst upon the open plain, and dashed, yelling, at the top speed of their trained horses at the startled herd.

Usually it was some distance away—perhaps half-a-mile—and it took a good horse to overhaul a buffalo. Once up with the straining animals, however, their pace slackened, and the rest was comparatively easy. Onward galloped the hunters between the long, undulating files of shaggy, brown backs, picking out the fat cows and the young bulls at their leisure. And, as a feathered shaft left the snapping bowstring and a stricken beast tottered and went down, the loud, triumphant cry of the hunter rang out, and he tossed a mocasin or a beaded firebag beside it to mark his kill, and then flew on.

The chase might last as long as the horses' wind. When it was over the women came with the ponies and the trailing travoys upon the field of slaughter. The carcases were soon stripped of their hairy coats, the meat packed on the travoys, the bones broken and the marrow extracted, and, loaded with the red spoil, the whole party returned to camp. Here, in an incredibly short time, the meat was cut into wide, thin sheets, and hung upon pole frames in the sun and wind to dry. After a day or two these sheets were removed and spread upon the clean prairie-grass, where, if the weather continued fair, they soon became as

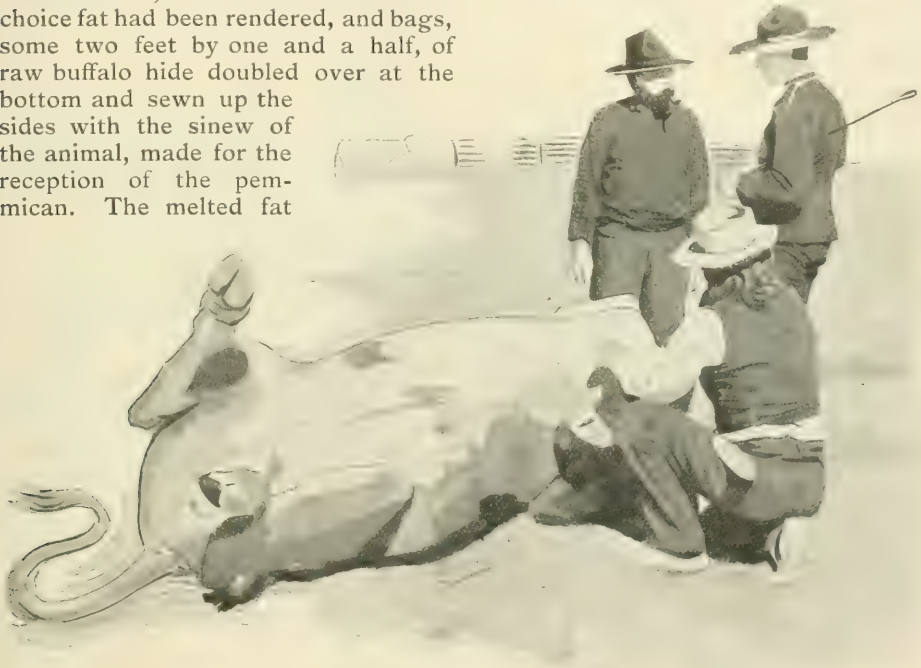


hard as shingles. They were then placed upon a hide threshing-floor with the sides elevated on short pegs to form a sort of basin and beaten with flails or between stones until the meat was reduced almost to a powder. The strange thing was that if properly handled the flesh seldom, if ever, became at all tainted, though in any other than the dry, pure atmosphere of the Northwest such a method of preparing it would doubtless be impossible.

Meanwhile, the marrow and other choice fat had been rendered, and bags, some two feet by one and a half, of raw buffalo hide doubled over at the bottom and sewn up the sides with the sinew of the animal, made for the reception of the pemmican. The melted fat

The meat was already cooked in a measure by sun, wind and the hot fat, but if you preferred, after tearing off the adhering hide, you could fry it in a pan or boil it in a pot.

Only the leanest meat is used for pemmican. That which is streaked with fat and, therefore, will not get hard enough to pulverize well, is called dried meat. It is cut and cured in sheets like the other, but is afterward folded up and tied, half a dozen sheets together, into bales two feet square.



DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

THE FIRST STEP IN THE MAKING OF PEMMICAN—THE STEER HAS JUST BEEN SHOT

was next poured over the shredded meat in the threshing basin and the whole mixed to the consistency of paste. That was the pemmican. It was shovelled into the sacks, pounded down, and after the tops had been sewn up and the bags jumped upon to make them flat, the cooled pemmican packages were as solid and almost as hard as so many boulders. When you desired to eat pemmican you chopped a piece off with an axe, sack and all.

Like pemmican the dried meat is nutritious, but it is not quite so palatable, especially if it has been made for a long time. Nor does it keep as well.

Such, twenty years ago, was pemmican making on the plains. Shooting cattle was tame sport compared with the buffalo chase, but when in 1900 the Indians learned of the call for tenders, they spoke together of the bountiful dead past and came 200 miles



to feast and look on. For days the sheets of rich beef hung warping in the sun, and by night the tom-toms beat and quaint wild chants rose above a hundred camp fires.

The accompanying photographs were taken at Duck Lake during the pemmican making. The first shows the initial step in the process—the steer just shot. Near his head stands the Sergeant-Major of the Mounted Police and the halfbreed contractor, Parienteau. Eyapais, a Salteaux Indian, kneels beside the dead animal. The

pounds. As the latter figures represent the full food product (including the tongues, which are dried) and nutritive strength of the 86 animals, it will be at once seen what an economical form of provision, for transportation purposes, pemmican is. When it is further recollected that in any moderately temperate climate it will keep for years, the idea suggests itself that pemmican might be a useful addition to the commissariat of a military campaign such as the British are now conducting in South Africa.



DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

THE LABOURERS' TOLL

In the making of Pemmican, the Indians do the work and receive as pay the heads and offal of the slaughtered animals.

frontispiece shows the beef drying on the pole frames, and the illustration on this page some of the portions given the Indians in payment for work performed; these are also being prepared for future consumption.

Eighty-six animals, in all, were slaughtered, representing some 60,000 pounds of dressed fresh beef. From this was secured two tons, each of first and second class pemmican, and one ton of dried meat, a total of 10,000

As nearly as may be estimated without official data, the cost to the Canadian Government of the pemmican made at Duck Lake—each pound of which was the equivalent of six pounds of fresh beef—would be about 40 cents per pound.

In the winter of 1881-2 I bought 50 pounds of pemmican from a halfbreed trader, for use on a 200-mile trip along the North Saskatchewan River. It had been made by the Blackfoot In-

dians and occasional buffalo hairs or stalks of dry grass were found in it. Yet I have made many such trips since, and on none of them have I eaten meat more wholesome, sustaining, or that I more thoroughly enjoyed than my 50-pound lump of pemmican. The half-breeds make a preparation of it which they call "rubaboo." The pemmican is mixed with flour and water, seasoned and stewed in a frying pan. This I found the most appetizing form in which to eat it.

In the Athabasca and Mackenzie River districts of the Far North the Indians make a pemmican of moose and caribou flesh, mixed with dried wild fruit. It is called "berry pemmican," and I have heard it compared with English plum-pudding. But the true "pemmican days" have gone with many other of the most picturesque features of the old Northwest life. Only the counterfeit remains.

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TO DOROTHY

ON this work-a-day world, my wee one, dear,  
 The moon looks down like an opal true,  
 And all the clouds are opals too,  
 Shimmering soft and clear ;  
 But if we think all's work down here,  
 While the beauty's all in the sky so blue,  
 Where moonlight's bathing the stars with dew,  
 It's a-dream we are, my wee one.

For in this work-a-day world, my dear,  
 The opals live in your tender eyes,  
 That caught their blue from the night-blue skies,  
 Opals without a peer ;  
 And moonbeams bright we see from here,  
 Still pale by your radiant smile so wise,  
 You must have caught that beyond the skies,  
 Confess it right now, my wee one.

In this work-a-day world, my wee-one sweet,  
 The wind still plays with the poplar leaves,  
 And how it moans when the poplar grieves,  
 Hurt by the cold and sleet,  
 Then the poplar bows with a grace complete,  
 As the wind that sad little fancy weaves,  
 That "work" is "play" and the pain it leaves,  
 Just part of the game, my wee one.

Then lullabye—sleep—my wee one—pet,  
 And play—Oh, play dear, the whole dream thru,  
 The work will come so soon for you,  
 When play's not over yet.  
 Then lullabye, dear, the sun's long set.  
 And while she is sleeping the angels sue  
 For some of the love that a wee one drew  
 From a heart that was weary.

*M. Elma Bingeman*

## THE GRAVES OF THE ENGLISH DEAD

IN a burial ground, by the side of the sea, that fronts to the crimson west,  
In the gathering twilight, I sat alone where the Dead were lying at rest ;  
And it seemed that Voices from far-away in longing vainly cried—  
Yet I only heard as it sang to the shore the voice of the ceaseless tide :  
As the moon up-rose from the purple waves,  
I looked on that garden of silent graves—  
And Sadness crept to my side.

“These are such,” I mused, “who are sleeping here, as have chosen a peaceful life ;  
As have lived and died in their sea-girt home, untouched by the lust of strife :  
They are such as humbled themselves to Fate, choosing the lesser pain—  
Yet they wrought like men, were England’s sons, who here in their home are lain.  
But what of the others—the heroes they !—  
Who, true to their blood, have sailed away—  
And will never return again ?

Where do they lie, those dauntless ones, who in pride of their English birth  
Carried the Sword or the Word of God to the uttermost parts of the earth ;  
Who in bearing the White-man’s burden have suffered and wrought and bled—  
And stamped forever the wide world over the mark of their tireless tread ? ”  
And lo ! in a vision that came to me,  
I saw, in the lands beyond the sea,  
The Graves of the English Dead.

I saw where the scattered legion lay, afar from their island home,  
Like seed from the hand of a sower, like stars in the Heaven’s dome :  
They lie in the five great continents ; they are fanned by every breeze ;  
Are tombed in the ice of the frozen pole or the shade of the cactus trees—  
And such as were whelmed by the wrathful waves  
Are asleep in the gloom of the coral caves,  
In the depths of the Seven Seas.

Where the far-away Northlands sunless stretch, where the cold winds moan above,  
There are footsteps locked in the ice-floe, there are bones of the race we love :  
’Mid the waterless deserts’ dust-blown drifts, by God and Devil banned,  
The steps of our brothers who challenged Death are lost in the shifting sand.  
Oh, bravely they lived, and as bravely died,  
These men who wrought, to their Country’s pride,  
The works of heart and hand.

In a burial ground, by the side of the sea, that fronts to the mystic west,  
By the light of the moon, I sat alone where the Dead were lying at rest ;  
And it seemed that a voice from far away in a longing whisper said :  
“ How long, how long, Dear Lord, how long e’er Blood to Blood be wed ? ”  
There’s a voice in the ocean’s muffled roar  
Telling a tale to the English shore  
Of the Graves of the English Dead.

*Vernon Nott*





A HOCKEY MATCH IN VICTORIA RINK, MONTREAL  
FROM A PHOTO TAKEN SOME YEARS AGO

## SOME OBSERVATIONS ON HOCKEY

*By A. H. Beaton, Sec. Ontario Hockey Association*

THE growth and development of hockey have been so recent and rapid that it is unnecessary to give even a brief resume of what is common knowledge to all Canadians. Suffice it to say, that within the comparatively short period of twenty years there has been created one of the most graceful and scientific winter sports. During fully half of this period, however, all knowledge of the game was limited to a few enthusiasts in three or four centres, so that within less than ten years the game has been introduced to and taken a firm hold of the people generally, until now its popularity is unsurpassed by that of any other pastime. The average Canadian's palate is not jaded, neither is he looking for new sensations nor unduly addicted to hobbies, so that it is safe to say that since he has pronounced in unmistakable terms in favour of hockey as the national winter sport, he means it, and the game is here to stay.

It is only within the last seven or eight years that this game has been played generally throughout the whole

country. Prior to that time such places as Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, and of course Winnipeg, were the chief exponents of hockey, but since then the popularity of the game has become so universal that there is scarcely a village in Canada where a hockey club of some sort does not flourish. The Montreal and Winnipeg Clubs for some years were acknowledged to excel all other hockeyists in Canada, but with the rapid introduction of the game throughout Ontario and other parts of the Dominion there has been developed a much finer quality of hockey than existed when the game was confined to the few centres above mentioned. No team from the Maritime Provinces has recently visited Montreal or Toronto, but the game has always been popular there.

Although the features of the game are familiar to all, one or two may be worthy of mention, and are suggested by contrasting the present scientific development of hockey with the crude beginning of a few years ago. By the enforcement of the most rigid rules

much of the roughness which was inseparable from the earlier game and was the chief characteristic of its forerunner, shinny, has now quite disappeared, but it has taken some years to bring this about, some people thinking that the rules were being enforced too rigidly, and the game was being spoiled.

The complaint is frequently heard that the referee is too strict, and will not allow even a heavy body check; however, this is the safer side on which to err, and it cannot be disputed that the elimination of everything approaching roughness has had a tendency to improve the game in every respect. In hockey, as in all outdoor sports the player who does not indulge in rough and unfair tactics is

seldom injured, and his work invariably excels that of the man who thinks his weight should be used to the disadvantage of his opponent at every opportunity. The man who "plays the puck" always does more effective work for his team than the one who "plays the man."

The Ontario Hockey Association, formed in 1890, has done much to improve and refine the game, and has always kept a keen watch over the interests of its clubs, the result being that the playing rules are now much more perfect than ever before, and the entire sport has been elevated to a standard

not approached by many other games. In the past two or three years the quality of hockey played in Toronto and Western Ontario has undergone great improvement, and the east can no longer claim to have a monopoly of first-class hockey. A few years ago hockey of the highest grade was not found west of Queen's University, Kingston, but for the past two seasons the crack team



THE TORONTO WELLINGTONS ON THEIR WAY TO WINNIPEG



THE RETURN TRIP

of that institution has been defeated in the finals by the Wellingtons of Toronto, the present Senior Champions of Ontario. It is worthy of remark that since 1890 the Queen's University Club has been represented in the finals every year except that of 1892.



A SHOT ON GOAL  
A FACE-OFF

SOME LEADING FEATURES OF HOCKEY

POINT LIFTING THE PUCK

ABOUT TO START A RUSH  
A FORWARD CHECKED



Prior to 1893 there was no trophy to represent the Championship of all Canada, so in that year Lord Stanley (now Earl of Derby) presented a Cup for competition between the champions of the various hockey associations throughout Canada, the holder of which must defend the trophy whenever challenged, provided the trustees consider such challenges reasonable. During the nine years since the donation of this Cup, the trophy has been held principally by Montreal clubs, although the Winnipeg Victorias (the present holders of the Cup) have been frequent and persistent challengers, and occasionally with success. On only three occasions previous to the present season has an Ontario team made an effort to obtain the Championship, Ottawa having tried unsuccessfully once and Queen's University twice to lift the Cup.

Some six or seven years ago a few youngsters in the vicinity of Jarvis Street, in Toronto, formed a juvenile club called the Wellingtons, and soon entered the Junior Series of the O. H. A., where they made a reputation for themselves, eventually winning the Championship of Ontario in that class. They ambitiously stepped up to the Intermediate Series, and though their age and weight were much less than those of most Intermediate teams, they played fast hockey, and here also showed themselves the best in Ontario, securing the Intermediate Championship. Having played together so successfully, they determined to try their fortune in the Senior Series, and their prowess was rewarded by the Championship of Ontario in 1900, when they defeated Queen's University in the finals. They repeated their performance the following year.

In the beginning of the present season, wishing to avail themselves of the privilege of Provincial Champions, the Wellingtons challenged for the Stanley Cup, and with most commendable pluck, but rather indifferent support from a doubting public, made the trip to Winnipeg, and competed with the Victorias of that city for the much-

coveted trophy. Of the games played in this competition it is only necessary to say that the Wellingtons surprised their most enthusiastic admirers, at the same time causing the friends of the Winnipeg Victorias many anxious moments, for all recognized that the Cup had had a very narrow escape. Although the Toronto team were handicapped by the absence of one "forward" and their reliable "cover point," whose places had to be filled by juniors, together with the fact that the Winnipeg players had been practising for almost two months, whereas there had been very little ice in Toronto prior to their trip, the Wellingtons played two very close matches, the result of each being in doubt until the referee's whistle sounded for the expiration of time. At no stage in either match was it possible to make much choice between the two teams, the score alternating in favour of each throughout the hour's play, so that it was close till the finish, the score in each match being Winnipeg Victorias 5, Wellingtons 3. Seldom has an athletic contest in Canada aroused more universal interest than was the case in the Stanley Cup competition, a remarkable feature being that almost as much credit was given the defeated team as went to the victors. The contest demonstrates beyond all doubt that the game played by the Wellingtons is as fast as that of any team in Canada, and this notwithstanding the more favourable conditions under which the game flourishes in Quebec and Manitoba, where the weather is more certain and steady than in Ontario. In Winnipeg and Montreal the rinks excel those of Ontario by so much that it must occasion surprise that the hockeyists of the latter Province have attained such a degree of excellence considering the difficulties with which they have to contend.

There can be no doubt that in Toronto, at least, there is room for an arena rink, and if some public-spirited capitalist would make the move, the necessary amount to build the same would soon be subscribed and the dividends would be sure.

# MR HOOLEY

## on Matrimony



“HELLO! Grogan, lookin’ for a match, are ye? Well, faith here’s wan of the best, always goes on furst shtrike, never a bad wan in the bunch. Light up, me boy! No chokin’ sulphur from that match, an’ she’ll burn to the ind like an ould country candle. Och hone! Grogan, me mind do be runnin’ on Matches the night—matrimonial an’ lightin’. There do be good an’ bad of both kinds, I’m thinkin’, Grogan. Hivin knows there’s more bad lightin’ matches than good wans. There’s many a shlip betuxt the match an’ the hip wid lots of thim, an’ as for the matrimonial wans, faith! there’s many a shlip among thim, too.

“‘Tis a call I had the day from Lanty O’Brien that’s set me thoughts

runnin’ this way, Grogan. Poor Lanty married the Maher gurl—the ould yaller wan wid the sour face. What Lanty saw in her, niver a wan knew—unless he was tuk by the high airs she put on, wid her father an Alderman, her brother in the Post Office, a pianny in the house, an’ all that, but marry her he did, an’ ’tis the sad-faced lad he is the day. He come in here for a nip of Irish the mornin’, the furst time he daured out for a dhrink, I hould, since his weddin’-day, six months gone. He tuk his whiskey in sips, Grogan, an’ ate a coffee bane afther ivery dhrop, afraid of his own breath an’ Ellen Maher’s tongue, Grogan. ‘Here,’ sez I to him at long last, ‘take it thro’ a peashooter, if ye are ashamed of honest dhrink,’ sez I, an’ I handed him wan of thim oil cloth shtraws that I keep for the dudes, an’ he tuk it, Grogan, may I niver sin, an’ he tuk it, him that was as bould a boy as any in the ward a few months ago.

“‘Tis a happy man you must be now, Lanty,’ sez I, ‘in the blissed state of matrimony.’

‘D’ye think so?’ sez he, wid a quare look, ‘An’ why not,’ sez I, ‘marriage is a holy institution. Marriages are made in Hivin,’ sez I. ‘They do be the makin’ of the other place on earth thin,’ sez he, an’ he wint out, an’ the bitter way he said it, Grogan, has been in me mind all day.





A GOOD MATCH

can dipind on thim. No disrespect to ye, Grogan, but there do be some men who go thro' life askin' for a match—meet thim when iver you like—'Gimme a match' or 'Len' me a match,' they say to ye. Why they say—'Len' me,' not wan of me knows, for no wan's lookin' to get thim back. But 'tis a grate leveller, a grate inthroducer, is a match. 'Tis a letter of inthroduction to any wan in the shmokin' car to borry or lind a match, an' 'tis the grate civilizer too, Grogan, for matches an' pants go together, an' the naked haythin wouldn't know what to do wid a match till he got panties. I don't know which was invinted furst—matches or pants—but the man that invinted the wan laid the foundation for the other. They go together, Grogan—wid a bunch of Eddy's Matches an' a pair of pants to sthrike thim on, wan could go anywhere.

"There are some matches tho', Grogan, that would take the leg aff ye before they'd light—ye have to carry a bit of a brick in yer pocket to sthrike thim on, but they're not 'the Hull thing,'—as the byes say. Some people buy matches, Grogan, an' more don't. Did ye iver know a drummer to buy a match? No ye niver! an'

"Ah! well, Grogan, there do be good an' bad marriages, an' the good matches of that kind are made in Hivin, I'm thinkin', just as the good lightin' matches are made in Hull."

"Comin' back on me for another match, are ye Grogan? Well take yer fill—they all come from the best place, an' you

their pockets are always bulgin' wid the best. Nothin' but Eddy's will satisfy thim lads, an' they know ivery Hotel desk, an' bar where they are to be found, an' they are theirs when they see thim, Grogan, but no wan be-grudges thim, for matches are chape an' the drummer byes are the best in the land, always ready to spind their money free, or their bosses' ayther.

"Whin matches were dearer, an' hotel men were maner, som of thim used to put away their match boxes, an' take a bit of a boord an' dhrive nails in it till it looked like a porky pine, an' thin they'd shprinkle the matches betune the nails, so that it would wrinch the finger aff ye if ye tried to take more than wan at a time, but the drummer lads would tip the boord over an' shake out the lot, an' il ye nailed the boord to the bar they'd set fire to the bunch, so they would. They're hard to bate, Grogan, thim drummers. They bate the drummers tho' down in the Lower Providences. Ye were niver there? Well, they have matches there like Curry Combs—just bits of boord, Grogan. They sell thim in slabs an' ye have to bite aff wan at a time, an' if ye wanted to carry a dozen ye'd have to put thim in yer thrunk—six at a time is the limit, an' whiniver ye see a drummer makin' a race at the match box on the desk at the Windsor Hotel, ye'll know he's just back from the Lower Providences an' hungry for Eddy's Matches. But they are improvin' down there, Grogan, an' they tell me ye can get the best of everything—Radnor Wather, Eddy's Matches an' all.

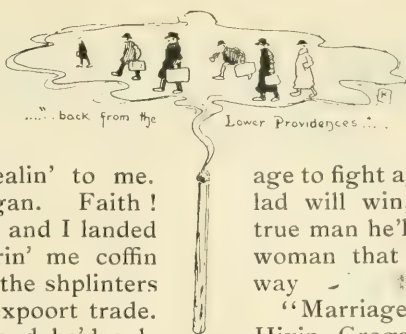
"If I made as good matches as Mистер Eddy, of Hull, Grogan, I'd be thrubbed about the hereafter, for



GROGAN



while me natural piety would be drawin' me hopes above, the manufacturin' possibilities of the other place would be appealin' to me. Just think of it, Grogan. Faith! if I was Misther Eddy and I landed there I'd be shplinterin' me coffin in a jiffy, and dippin' the shplinters in the lake—for the expourt trade. Think of it, Grogan, and he'd only have to change one letter in his labels, too. Afther all, Grogan, nayther a matrimonial nor a lightin' match is a raffle, as some say. It's the way they're made that tells. Take Lanty there—if he followed his heart an' married the little Farrel girl, 'tisin't the bitter word he'd be afther sayin' the day, for whin two lovin' hearts come together widout thought of money or anythin' else, but just to be lovin' an' helpin' each other wid the kind word an' the gentle touch, faith, Grogan, there's nothin' half so swate in life, as Tom Moore sez, an' come good or bad thin from the outside, Grogan, there's always the bright light of love inside waitin' for ye, an' 'tis many a poor lad that's sore beaten by the weary worl', an' come to his own door tired an' done, an' 'tis the pleasure to see the little woman meet him there, wid niver a word perhaps, but just a look an' a pat of the hand, as she draws his arm aroun' her and shmiles up into the face that the whole worl' seemed to have been frownin' on the long bitter day, and the beaten look dies out, Grogan, and his face lights up wid the light of love, an' the brave look comes back an' the man is ready



to face the worl' again, heartened an' proud for the love an' faith of that wan little woman that gives him the cour-

age to fight again, an' some day that lad will win, Grogan, an' being a true man he'll niver forget the little woman that cheered him on the way

"Marriages like that are made in Hivin, Grogan, an' long may they make thim, an' expourt them to this weary worl', for we'll niver have too many of that kind.

"But if 'twas to an Ellen Maher a beaten man came home, thin Hivin help him! Grogan, Hivin help him!

"An' so 'tis wid the other matches—the lightin' wans—there are good an' bad, some of thim just sputter an spit and fail ye whin' ye're needin' the heartenin' light—lots of thim made of frozen fireproof wood that can't light up. An' then there's thim fancy wans made of wax or tally that look pretty, but don't light in a natural way an' kapes ye' lookin' for somethin' to shtrike thim on—fellows that use that kind, Grogan, have no call to be wearin' pants.

"But there's others, Grogan, that can be dipinded on wharever ye are, an' 'tis just an aisy an' gentle shstroke along the leg of yer pants, an' there ye are, burnin' bright an' ready to light yer pipe, yer shtove, or yer lamp. Thim matches are made in Hull, Grogan, by Misther Eddy, an' long may he make thim for the lightin' of this worl', for, as I said before, Grogan, wid an Eddy match an' a pair of pants wan can go anywhere."



# JOHN BULL in HIS SHOP

By Albert R. Carman



THE Canadian cannot carry a critical mood very far into the United Kingdom just now. It may have been different in other days, but superlative kindness is a sure solvent of criticism; and superlative kindness is the lot of the Canadian tourist who makes his identity known to-day anywhere in the three kingdoms.

John Bull is not, as a rule, effusive-ly and demonstratively cordial to strangers. One of his "faults"—to quote his critics—is his coldness. I know a man who went to England to hunt up some of his father's relatives, taking his wife—a typical American—with him; and she cannot speak now of the visit without choking over the coolness of these English people's reception of their relative—and her husband.

"What would you do," she asked him one day, "if my people received you like that?"

"Your people?" he cried in astonishment. "Why, they just daren't—I'd raise an awful row with them." But, in his own case, he contents himself with saying that his people are English—though that does not make him like the English.

The English traveller on the Conti-

nent is a factor in international politics. He has, in my opinion, much more to do than Mr. Chamberlain's speeches with what we call English unpopularity abroad. Personally, I am not so sure about English unpopularity in Europe. The Englishman on a holiday is a twice better money-spender than a tourist of any other nationality, including the American; and that is a quality that makes for popularity. But it is, nevertheless, true that the English traveller has a habit of rubbing most foreigners the wrong way in a manner entirely unapproached by anybody else; and that the great mass of the European peoples, not being travellers, get their notion of the English from the English they meet. It would be impossible for the most bigoted Englishman to have a higher opinion of England than the Parisian has of Paris. The Parisian-born cherishes, behind his satin courtesy, the absolute and unshakable knowledge that there is very little worthy of the name of civilization in the best sense beyond the borders of his "banlieue"; but you will know him long before you suspect it, and then you will see it only as a sort of unmentioned background to his thinking. The Englishman abroad is not so reticent respecting the superiority of England. He seems to travel sometimes just to see how far the other countries have yet to progress before they will reach the English standard—and he is always publishing "the state of the poll."

This much I have written with an unwilling pen, so that I might say that this Englishman abroad—which is the Englishman at his worst—generally drops his shell and becomes really kind and cordial the moment he learns that you are a Canadian. He waits for an American to prove himself worthy—not without a hope that he will suc-

ceed and a satirical interest in him while he is trying ; but a Canadian is a member of the family. And this experience wins the emphasis of repetition while travelling in the United Kingdom. One instance comes to my mind. We wheeled into a little place, where the hotels were undesirable, one night, but found a delightful home where they took "lodgers" occasionally in the form of overflow guests from the neighbouring palace. But they were doubtful about bothering with transient bicyclists. Still the fact that they could not, in conscience, recommend a hotel, weighed with them finally, and we were taken in. It was not long before the usual remark came :—

"You are Americans, aren't you?"

"No. We're from that side of the water, but we're from Canada.

"*From Canada!*"—and the temperature went up ten degrees; and there was talk that made our cheeks glow of the work of the Canadian contingents. The next day there was to be a great deal of boating on the river (the Thames), and our people were invited to a boating party, which was to "pole" up the river, and take afternoon tea in a "back-water." They were quite inclined to take us along, just because we were Canadians; though they knew nothing of the plans of their hostess. Of course, we would not hear of it, when they told us of a very good place to spend a part of the afternoon to see the boating. We changed our plans somewhat, and went there just before luncheon instead of in the afternoon; but we regretted it afterward, for we learned that when "our people" told the boating party about us—"the Canadians"—they insisted upon turning about and coming down to this spot on the chance of picking us up.

It is this sort of thing that dulls the critical sense when the Canadian turns with honest eyes to study England. Yet, surely, after many such experiences, one may record what he does see without fear of being credited with one thought of hostility. To this

may be added the fact that a list of John Bull's "faults" could be published with impunity in the London *Times*, for John thinks they are virtues. He even thinks that the thinking so is a virtue; as he will prove by pointing to the number of times he has mistaken defeat for victory, and persevered in that illusion until the bewildered victor came around to his way of thinking.

The commonest complaint that one hears against him—in colonial and American circles—is that he is a poor imitator. When John Bull meets a man with a new sort of hat, he does not reach for it—he simply feels to see if his own cylinder is in place. Travellers notice this first in connection with his way of handling baggage. Why has he not learned to check trunks? The colonials, the Americans, even the French, show him how every day; and yet he continues the good old system that worked beautifully when men travelled by stage-coach, with their luggage in "the boot." And he is ingenious in keeping it up in the face of difficulties. The bicycle wheeled in on him the other day with a new problem. It had to be paid for on the railways, and the passenger had to be in a position to prove at the end of the journey that he had paid for it, which necessitated giving him some kind of a document to show. What an obvious opening for a check? But John Bull stepped jauntily past the opening, and kept in his favourite walk—"the old path." He sells the cyclist a ticket for his wheel precisely as he sells him one for himself. Then the cyclist labels his wheel just as he does his trunk, and must see for himself—or through his "tipped" porter—that it is put on the train. He simply has an anonymous ticket in his possession which permits one cycle to travel with him, but there is nothing either on the ticket or on the cycle to connect them with each other. When he gets to his journey's end he races down to the baggage van, points out his wheel and says, "That's mine." One of the porters hands him the wheel without asking for any proof of his asser-



tion. If the porter does not forget it, he will then ask: "Have you given up your cycle ticket?" and will accept it from the cyclist if he has not. Then the traveller pushes his wheel out of the station and rides off. There is nothing, so far as I know, to prevent another man from buying a cycle ticket and claiming your wheel and going off with it, if you happened to be delayed in the usual race to the baggage van.

Businessmen from this side of the water—Canadians and Americans alike—say that this is characteristic of John Bull's business methods. The tourist is not in a position to give much more than second-hand evidence on this point; but he is very likely to be in possession of a considerable supply of that. One man whom I knew went over to England to rest, but became mildly interested in his brother-in-law's business there; and went up to London to get some material for it and to consult a lawyer on a little question of law. He thought he would go around and order the material, and then drop in and see the lawyer, and be easily through by night. He began all right—ordered the material, and was promised prompt delivery, but he might as well have tried to see the King as the lawyer. That, he found, was only to be done by writing the lawyer a letter, asking for an appointment; and then waiting at his hotel until the lawyer wrote back giving him one. Well, he did not mind holidaying in London, so he wrote his letter and went off to see the sights. Neither the reply nor the date of the appointment came any too soon, but he found that this did not really matter; for he got a letter in the meantime from his brother-in-law asking him to call around and hurry up that stuff. This surprised him; for, judging by such things at home, he had taken it for granted that it had all been shipped the morning after he had placed the order. But he called, and was told that a part had been started by freight that very morning—several days after the order—and that more would follow before the end of the

week. "When will you get it all there?" he asked. "O—oh!" doubtfully—and then very earnestly—"As soon as possible." What he said does not matter, for it was not well considered; but he thinks now that he knows something beside free trade which may keep England behind in the race for commercial supremacy.

Though a mere tourist, I had an experience myself that seemed to me suggestive. When preparing to start from London to Liverpool to sail, we had our wheels at a shop on Farringdon Road, where they had been crated, and determined to express them to Liverpool several days in advance. We were going to travel by what is regarded as the most enterprising railway in Great Britain, which has London sprinkled all over with branch offices; so I went down to one of these offices near where I lived to ask them to send for the crated wheels and deliver them to the ship—or somewhere—in Liverpool. Yes, the clerk said, he could get them for me and forward them by passenger train. Where were they? I gave him the address. "Oh, but," he said, "that is not in my district." "Well, can't you take the order here," I asked, "and send it to the proper office?" Yes, he could do that. When did I want them to get to Liverpool? This was on Friday, and I said—"Monday, at the latest." At that he looked doubtful. "You see," he said, with almost affectionate politeness, "I'll have to write a post-card with your order on it to that office and mail it, and it may not get there until to-morrow; and to-morrow is Saturday, and if there is any delay in collecting, it might not get through by Monday." That appeared quite likely to me. "But," I said, "can't you get that office any quicker than by mail?"

"No," he said, plainly surprised at my question, and looked at me as if I had suggested doing it by magic.

Here was the most enterprising railway in England, dotting London with branch offices; and yet not connecting them with either a working telephone or a messenger service!

My kindly clerk solved the problem by advising me to take a penny bus down the street to the right office. Incidentally, he sent me to the wrong office, but in the course of the morning I found the right one, where they took my order ; and a most amiable young man spent half an hour studying various schedules to find out how much to charge me. He changed the rate three times, and finally showed me how to save an additional shilling by directing them to the Riverside station. When I got to Liverpool I went down a number of hours ahead to make sure that they were there ; and found that under no circumstances were goods ever shipped to the Riverside station. The Riverside station master, whom a policeman found for me, was absolutely unruffled at being disturbed in the quietude of his locked office ; but he said that he knew nothing about my cycles. He was rather surprised, too, because they generally—though not always— notified him when they shipped him things, though, of course the things themselves never came to him. He advised me to try the Lime street station ; but I dropped in on my way up to see my steamboat agents, and found the crated cycles in the hall. No one there knew anything about them ; so I told them they were mine, and asked them to send them down to the ship, which they did. Travelling with baggage in the British Islands has many of the features of a game of chance. It is annoying when you lose, however, as did a young lady last summer who brought over a trunk-full of clothes to attend the summer session at Oxford, but lost the trunk between London and Oxford, and consequently went through the session in a bicycle

suit and a state of worry over the missing "box." She made a daily pilgrimage to the Oxford station, and she telegraphed the London station, and she consulted everybody she knew ; but she could not seem to interest anybody very much in the affair. Her landlady, however, applied consolation. She said that she had once bought some potatoes in London, and left them to be sent her by passenger train ; but they never came. So she wrote about it, and got the local station master to telegraph, and did everything she could think of—and all to no effect. Then she put in a claim for the value of the potatoes, when they came promptly to hand, having lain all this time in the London station.

But instances like this prove nothing. Parcels are lost in Canada. The point is that John Bull retains a system which increases the danger of losing, and declines to adopt one which should minimise it. He sticks to his tall hat though the wind is blowing, and the rest of the world are wearing caps. He is a fine old "Pater," and we are proud of him ; but it is a pity that, in these hustling times, he does not put a telephone in his office, and get a lot of red tape out of his way, and take the elevator when he is going up-stairs, and put his educational system on a business basis, and generally unhandicap himself in the new competition. He is the man in possession of the world's trade. He has the best stand ; he is the best advertised ; he has the best delivery system ; he has the confidence of his customers ; he has taught the world—but he is a bad pupil. And I suspect that he is proud of it.

"JOHN BULL IN POLITICS" WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE

# COMMERCIAL EDUCATION

DIFFICULTY OF GRAFTING IT UPON UNIVERSITY WORK—WHAT MAY BE  
DONE IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

*By Professor John Cox, of McGill University*

“COMMERCIAL Education—if it be not a contradiction in terms!”—this was the remark thrown out by one of his colleagues apropos of the title of Professor Flux’s recent lecture to the McGill Literary Society and some of the leading business men of Montreal. The epigram reveals as by a lightning flash the unhappy divergence between practical life and some of our educational traditions.

Not long ago, as much might have been said of Technical Education, and one may yet find a good deal of scepticism as to its right to a place in Universities. But there are the splendid examples of Medicine and Law to the contrary, and of their younger sister, Engineering. No one can really doubt that a better training is to be found in a great medical school, organized as a faculty of a university, than under the old system of apprenticeship to a local practitioner, with a period of “walking the hospitals.” The carefully considered curriculum, the eminence of the men who find it worth while to give their services in teaching large numbers, the focussing in one centre of such a variety of views and abilities, and the contact with the other studies and the general life of the university must obviously produce a broader and more rounded culture and higher technical training than can be acquired in actual practice even under the ablest individual teachers.

The same is the case with Law. A man who has spent some years in a Law Faculty may start behind one who has gone straight from school into an office, but he will have a philosophic grasp of the principles of his subject which the other may never attain, and his mind will have gained an alertness and flexibility that should soon

enable him to make up the lost ground.

What is the secret of the success of these two Faculties? Partly that, since the professions cannot be profitably entered on at an early age, there is no pressure for time, so that it is possible to insist on a good standard of general culture, often, indeed, the full Arts course beforehand. Again, the preliminary studies, on which the technical training depends, such as Chemistry, Physics, Physiology, Anatomy in Medicine, Roman Law and Constitutional History in Law, are purely scientific, and already rank as factors in a liberal education. In a university they can be treated by specialists instead of being left to the student’s private efforts, or taught by busy men in spare hours. It is thus possible, in Law and Medicine, to combine the progress of a liberal education with at least the earlier stages of technical training; and the same is true for Engineering. This is work that the universities may fitly undertake. But if this were all, would the intending practitioners or the general public have been so ready to show the confidence in the Faculties of Law and Medicine, as training schools, which has brought them such prosperity? Is not their success rather to be attributed to the fact that the purely technical subjects themselves are taught by men whose eminence in active practice is a daily proof of their ability? That such men should be willing to teach is perhaps due in the first instance to the standing in their profession conferred by a post on the staff of a university or hospital; but later on they continue their services, just when they are most valuable, out of pure love of the work, or disinterested desire to advance the subject. In a Faculty of Engineering the chairs are



not so frequently held by men in active practice. But it may be noted that those departments thrive best and are the most popular both with students and parents, where the professors are known to be in close touch with the engineering world by the frequency with which they are called in for consultations or summoned as experts.

Compared with the Technical Faculties, a Faculty of Commerce would be at a disadvantage in every respect. The time required would be more grudgingly given. It is not only that a boy on entering an office becomes at once an earner instead of a continued expense, but there is the strongest feeling among business men that he must get over some of the drudgery and begin to acquire experience while still in his teens. To meet this difficulty the late Duke of Devonshire founded a College at Cambridge University in which the students could enter at the age of sixteen, and leave for business at nineteen. In the course of ten years some three hundred students were matriculated, but they were nearly all intended for the professions. It was found to be almost impossible to induce business men to send their boys. Another unexpected difficulty was met with. The few who entered with a view to returning to business after graduation almost without exception diverged into the professions before the end of their college life, although in some cases most attractive business openings were awaiting them.

Again, apart from Economics, it is not easy to name subjects which would rank with the other studies of a university, and yet have a special interest for those aiming at a business career.

But the main obstacle in the way of a successful Faculty of Commerce would be the difficulty of staffing it with practical men of any authority in the business world. Is it conceivable that leading men of business would give time to conducting college classes, as leading physicians and lawyers do? Would they not feel that to publicly allot a portion of their time to other work would be counted against them

as business men? That such teaching as they could give would be given far better in their own counting-houses? That much of the most valuable information they could impart is, under the present competitive system, of the nature of trade secrets, not to be published except at a price? And that, while it is possibly a proof of public spirit to aid in training doctors and lawyers "that there may never be wanting a supply" of men fitted to pursue those humane and none-too-well-paid callings, there is no obligation on any man to raise up competitors to cut his own throat. The *Times* is probably right in its anticipation that professors holding chairs in a Commercial Faculty would be either those who had left business, or still more probably those whose business had left them.

There is, besides, the rooted, or perhaps we should say well-grounded, prejudice that college life is not exactly the best forcing bed for those habits of punctuality, machine-like regularity, and faithful attention to uninteresting details that are the prime virtues in the early stages of a business life. It is suspected that at college even bad writing and faulty spelling are cultivated as proofs of a budding originality. But here business men probably insist too much on what they wish to find in a boy when they select him at the start, and give too little heed to the qualities that make for his ultimate success.

Altogether it does not seem likely that successful Faculties of Commerce will take their place as integral parts of our future universities. And yet it is a pity, for there is no other calling where width of culture is more needed before the lifework is begun, since there is no other where the early stages of work are so mechanical and stagnating to ideas.

But if the universities are not to be invoked, can anything be done to make the schools more efficient as training grounds for commercial life without interfering with their primary function of general education? From the remarks made at the end of Professor

Flux's lecture, business men seem to be in agreement that the essentials in a candidate for commercial life may be summed up as follows: First, character, as expressed in trustworthiness and a high sense of honour, independence and power of initiative, and formed habits of punctuality, regularity, accuracy, obedience. Second, trained faculties. Third, a well developed physique. Only in the fourth place was mentioned the desirability of special knowledge. And it was agreed that such specialization must not in any case be secured at the expense of the general education now given, but must come later, and be continued in classes attended after leaving school in the evenings, or during business hours.

Now character, trained faculties, and a good physique are just as essential to the boy who is going into one of the professions through a university as for one who is destined for business. So far no difference in the school curriculum is required. It is my belief that the special training desirable for a business man, so far as it can usefully be given in the schools, can be got out of the ordinary subjects now included in the curriculum, if only they be properly taught.

Let us sketch an ideal school course from the business man's point of view. We may put aside, to begin with, such barbarisms as Commercial Bureaux, and tape-gambling in schools with fictitious money. Stevenson's Jim Pinkerton is their sufficient condemnation. And we may put out of consideration boys who are to become Sir William Van Hornes. We need do nothing specially for them, since they will do everything for themselves. Let us keep in view the average boy, of dull imagination and medium wits, who will be a clerk, or foreman, or salesman, or head of a small business, with a chance of rising, bearing in mind some provision for his general culture whether he rises or not.

Two of the main requisites, viz., character (including regular habits) and a well-developed physique, may be

considered together. No better means of producing both has yet been devised than a good school, where the discipline is strict but just, with plenty of outdoor games, carried on by the boys themselves in healthy rivalry with other schools, but without any trace of the professional spirit. The boys learn regular habits and obedience from the school discipline; and independence, the lesson of responsibility, and the power of organization from their clubs and games. Here the way to success has been shown by the English Public Schools, and by those overgrown, or "continuation" Public Schools, the English Universities. It is likely that something remains to be added in the scientific use of the gymnasium under trained medical supervision.

One comes across very odd proofs of esteem for the character of the English Public School boy, or "University man," often enough in marked contrast to the opinion of his attainments. Some years ago I was discussing with a friend some reforms in the teaching of geography in which we were both much interested, he as head master of the High School in a great commercial centre, and I as an examiner of many schools for the University of Cambridge. I found that my friend had already introduced several of my pet ideas, and had been encouraged to think he was meeting the needs of the city, by receiving a letter from a leading manufacturer asking for another boy "as good as the last one." On calling to enquire what it was in the boy's training that had specially pleased his employer, my friend was rather damped by the reply:—"Oh, it was nothing of that. In fact, when they come here, the first thing I always tell 'em is to forget all they've learned at school as quick as they can, so as to make a fresh start. But *your boys seem to be good honest boys.*" Another friend, speaking as secretary of the Employment Bureau, recently established at Oxford and Cambridge by leading financiers, including the Rothschilds and the heads of the great railways, told me last



summer that he had just received a letter from one of the railways "placing" an order for "another six men." I said, "So at last they are finding out that the greater alertness and flexibility of the trained mind more than makes up to the university man for the loss of some years at the start?" "Not at all," said my friend, "that's not it. They say that experience shows that on the whole a university man is likely to be more trustworthy, and have a higher sense of honour."

The training of the faculties is the direct object of the school curriculum, and it should include provision for the bodily faculties as well as the mental, at all events for those who are not to be merely scholars. Unfortunately teachers, trained for the most part on books themselves, hold firmly the tradition that education consists of learning by heart something out of a book. Hence shall be mentioned first, because they are often neglected or omitted altogether from the curriculum, Manual Training and Drawing. Beside their direct practical utility, each of these subjects is in its own way the outlet for expression of a different side of the child-nature—the desire to *create* and to *depict* what has been observed. These two active and imaginative impulses are usually killed out in a modern education, which devotes itself almost entirely to the receptive side, in view of the mass of information it is thought necessary to master. But were it only for the sake of developing the other faculties, Manual Training and Drawing should not be neglected; for they train to accuracy; they strengthen the imagination, yet curb its flight by perpetual reference to reality; and they give concreteness to ideas in the early stages of development, when it is most needed that knowledge should be felt to be a real thing. Every examiner knows how remote from the real world about him school-acquired knowledge seems to the schoolboy. Thus a very clever boy, winner of a scholarship in fact, once worked out the whole of a difficult paper in Arithmetic for me, except that, in calculating the

height of a room from certain data as to the cost of papering it, he made a numerical slip, though working on perfectly correct principles, brought out the answer that the room was one-sixteenth of an inch high, and sent it up without a glimmer of sense of its absurdity! To him Arithmetic was an exercise in a book, not necessarily having any relation to ordinary facts. Three months of manual training would have dissipated this illusion. It is interesting to note how this point has been seized by a business man who really thinks about educational needs. Sir William Macdonald has set the example of introducing manual training into Canadian schools.

There is not much room for change in the subjects of the ordinary curriculum. We must have Arithmetic and Mathematics; the English subjects of Geography and History; and Languages.

For boys intended for business arithmetic should be kept up throughout the course, both for the sake of training and for direct use. The subject admits of great development on the commercial side, including practice in mental arithmetic, short methods, ways of getting at the essential part of a result within a known degree of accuracy, interest, discount, stocks, insurance. To these should be added simple algebra, logarithms, and the use of tables. Geometry need not be formally taught, but learned through Drawing, Geometrical Drawing, and Manual Training.

Geography might be made a most important and interesting subject, but, if so, the methods of teaching in vogue when I was a school examiner, must be radically reformed. Who remembers in later life the dry memorized geography of his school days? The profound ignorance of grown-up persons on this subject is proverbial. On the other hand, does any one forget what he has once learned by travel and personal observation? What crowds of minute details spring up the moment we let our minds go back to some place where we once spent a few hours



thirty years ago ! Yet in spite of this obvious hint of the true method, I have found schools of high reputation teaching geography by forcing boys to memorize ten lines a day from a dull textbook composed on the plan of a gazetteer, the length of the lesson being maintained without regard to the sense. In one case a lesson was marked, which consisted of part of the boundary of the county of York with four lines of small print containing part of some dry statistics about the city of Hull ! Because the rivers of England were once its main trade routes, boys, in all the schools I examined in many years, could give wonderful lists of the rivers on the east coast of Great Britain, let us say, with their tributaries down to brooklets hardly big enough to float a minnow, while the great railway systems were passed over in silence by the books, and apparently by the teachers, for though I set questions on them regularly, I never once extracted a gleam of knowledge about them. Is it any wonder that when they grow up these boys should have such dwarfed and stunted imaginations that they are unable to realize their own country vividly, while the rest of the world means nothing to them ? They can tell you, perhaps, how India is "bounded on the north," but they think of it as a vague yellow patch on a sheet of paper ; and Australia is another patch, coloured pale brown. They write to their friends in Montreal asking them to find out something from a person in Vancouver or Florida next time they are passing, and gravely wonder how we get along without turkeys at Christmas !

Now there is nothing for which children of any age show a more eager curiosity than for stories of strange lands and strange peoples. Why should not this natural bent be utilized ? Why should not the classes in our schools be led to a working knowledge of every important country in the world by means of imaginary journeys ? In these days sets of pictures and even lantern slides illustrating all lands are easily obtained. It would not be diffi-

cult for each class to make its own sufficient collection within a year from the illustrated papers and magazines taken in at home ; or sets of slides and lanterns might be circulated from school to school. The pupils would approach the study of each country by working out the great trade routes and lines of travel leading to it, and would be set to lay out tours to its principal sights and centres of interest, with details of time and cost, by means of old Bradshaws, time-tables and folders, which could be purchased for the price of waste paper. They would learn to know by sight the outlook of its coasts, the aspects of its open country, the cities, the shops and houses, the people, their dress and customs and ways of doing business, the workers in their mines and manufacturing centres, the farms and field labourers, the cattle ranches and the sheep ranges. The school library should be stocked with books of travel and stories that would bring vividly home to the minds of the pupils the habits and ways of thinking, and even the prejudices of the different peoples with whom they are later on to have business dealings. Why should not schools establish a kind of collective correspondence with other schools chosen in different parts of the world, the class being set from time to time to write a letter, either jointly under the master's supervision, or individually, each to a boy in the distant school ? Relations established in this way might ultimately serve more than a merely educational purpose, and if a school taught on these lines possessed a few travelling scholarships, it might turn out year by year men to whom the inhabitants of foreign countries, far from being unnatural monsters, incalculable in their actions, would be valued friends and co-workers in the interests of peace and good will.

For teaching Physical Geography Lord Kelvin is never tired of insisting on the "use of the globes." An intelligent teacher with a good pair of globes could do more in an hour to make clear the mysteries of the solar system, the seasons, latitude and

longitude, and the general configuration of the earth's surface than pupils will learn in a year from the descriptive chapters at the beginning of most geographies. What is now called Physiography, a combination of elementary physics, chemistry and geology, so far as is necessary to understand the phenomena of the earth's crust, rivers and oceans, winds and tides and climates, should rank as the Science subject of the curriculum. There are excellent textbooks for this purpose, but probably neither textbooks nor teachers are as yet available for dealing with general geography in the manner sketched above.

History must, I suppose, in the earlier years continue to mean the picturesque series of military exploits and personal intrigues and adventures that goes by that name in school textbooks. But later in the course it should include a little Economics and even Political science. Not that these should take the form of abstractions. It used to be said of Walter Bagehot that whereas the ordinary economist usually began with "Suppose a man on a desert island," Bagehot always said "what they do in the city is this." So our scholars might learn something about the rise and fall of empires, and how the nations of Europe emerged, and the new world came to birth; what has been the share of Athens and Rome, Jerusalem and Alexandria in modern civilization; what have been the great movements in trade and why it has followed its present lines, with the stories of Venice and Holland, London and New York; how markets are conducted, and banks and companies, railways and steamship lines are managed; why rents are paid, and customs imposed; what becomes of the taxes, and how a city and a state are governed.

We come now to the question of languages. They should all (including English) be taught more practically, with the avowed object of training boys to their use, both for culture and expression, rather than of developing scholars and commentators of the

traditional type. It is lamentable that, after six or seven years of school, boys should by universal testimony be unable to write their own language correctly, or to read another for their pleasure, much less to make themselves understood in it. Let us have fewer exercises on grammar. In English, dictation daily, and a daily theme, with plenty of good prose passages to learn by heart, from the beginning to the end of the school course. No doubt the memory must be trained, but it is too often trained on the wrong things. Boys learn endless dull lists of exceptions to rules, names of capitals of countries, counties and boundaries, dates and other things that are uninteresting and of little use to them, and if they learn any good literature at all, it is sure to be poetry. Now a mind that is echoing with the cadences of the best English prose is not only safeguarded against grammatical error, as it were by instinct, but enriched with a vocabulary and the habit of close thought expressed in perfect form.

French and German must be studied, first, for the grammatical structure of the sentence which cannot be so well extracted from the native English; and then for the sake of stories and books of travel, to be read in school in connection with the course in geography, and to start the habit of reading foreign literature for pleasure. There should be dictation daily, and conversation of course. And I would once more urge regular correspondence with selected schools abroad, both in English and in the foreign language, not on commercial subjects, but on school and home life, and current events, that would help to give local colour, and aid the young imagination to realize the distant foreigner as a fellow human being with a school and home of his own.

So much, and enough for the average boy in school! Further advance in science (chemistry, botany, physics, geology) as well as technical subjects like book-keeping, shorthand, type-writing, had best be left for continuation classes, to be attended either in



evening schools or during business hours, if that can be arranged, when French and German should be continued, and other languages taken up according to special need.

But the gifted boy should be given as much as he can take, up to the highest that Technical School and University can offer him. In England the mistake has been made of trying to give a smattering to large numbers, partly because it is the people's money that is being spent, and it is not yet understood that the best interests of the people are served by training its ablest sons to leadership; partly, too, because of a lingering dislike of education that is costly, as something useless, that puts a boy above his place, and spoils him for earning his bread and butter. In spite of recent outcries, and the speeches of some leaders on the need of being awake to the danger from foreign competition, I doubt whether there is yet in the business world, or among the masses, any genuine conviction of the value of scientific training. Education is still regarded as an expensive luxury, the first thing to be dropped or curtailed in hard times, and science, though interesting, is still *theory*—a sad contrast to useful practical rules of thumb. So, in the first year of the twentieth century, a leading firm of manufacturers of chemicals in the north of England advertises in the scientific papers for "an expert chemist, at a salary of £120 a year; must be willing, if appointed, to make himself useful in his spare hours by assisting in the book-keeping"!

In Germany, on the contrary, it has been recognized that in these days the cutting edge of progress is the highly trained expert. Hence the national funds are spent lavishly on his education, and private firms maintain magnificent laboratories staffed with the most eminent men of science that money can attract; for if one of the thirty or more highly trained and

highly paid chemists employed by a single factory should make a discovery, it may create a private fortune or a national industry. But his directions can be carried out by men of very moderate ability and ordinary education.

For these reasons I do not advocate the foundation of Faculties of Commerce in our universities, nor do I think there need be much change in the subjects taught in our schools in the interests of boys destined for business. And even so far as the teaching itself can be improved, from the point of view of business men, by a return to reality, and practical instead of traditional methods, it will be not less an improvement in the early training of those who are to pass through the universities into the professions, or take up the life of the scholar or scientific investigator.

To talk of improvement brings us face to face with the difficulty of securing efficient teachers, and this depends upon the miserable inadequacy of their pay. Teachers, surely not less than doctors and lawyers, should be men of ability, education and prolonged special training. Good teachers are therefore costly. Yet we do a grievous wrong to the children when we place them in the hands of any others. The nation that entrusts its education to those who take up teaching on a pittance for a year or two, as a stopgap while they are looking for something better, cannot escape the charge of shortsighted folly. Here and there an enthusiast or a born teacher will do good work on starvation wages; but it is unworthy of an enlightened people to accept as charity services which should be paid for as a good investment, were education truly valued. So long as teaching hardly offers a livelihood, much less a career, it is not open to us to cry out against the poorness of the general results obtained.



# THE FUTURE OF THE TERRITORIES

## THREE SPECIAL ARTICLES

### THE MOVEMENT FOR AUTONOMY

By H. W. H. Knott

ON the 2nd May, 1900, the Legislative Assembly of the Northwest Territories passed a resolution the object of which deserves to be known throughout the Dominion. The resolution itself is too long to be set out *in extenso* here, but its operative part is substantially as follows:

That an address to His Excellency the Governor-General be adopted praying for an enquiry into the position of the Territories, financial and otherwise, and for such action to be taken as will provide for their present and immediate welfare and good government, as well as the due fulfilment of the duties and obligations of government and legislation assumed, with respect to the Territories, by the Parliament of Canada; and that His Excellency be also prayed to order enquiries to be made and accounts taken with a view to the settlement of the terms and conditions upon which the Territories, or any part thereof, shall be established as a Province, and that opportunity be given to the accredited representatives of the Territories of considering and discussing such terms and conditions.

This action on the part of the Territorial Assembly, it is safe to say, will ultimately lead to a radical constitutional change in the status of the immense expanse of country extending from the Rocky Mountains to the western boundary of Manitoba. The change will not only affect the people of the Northwest Territories, but will narrow the jurisdiction and administra-

tive powers of the Dominion Government, in addition to necessitating (to some extent) a readjustment of financial burdens. In view of the fact that the transformation of the Territories into one or more Provinces is not a matter of mere local interest, but must of necessity indirectly affect the Dominion at large, it is proposed to briefly examine the lines upon which the administration of the Northwest has been developed, its constitutional status at the present day, the conditions and restrictions which the existing method of government impose upon it, and the claims which the people of the Territories consider they have upon the Dominion Parliament.

Prior to Confederation the whole area of what is now comprised within the Territories was subject to the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the fathers of Confederation, looking forward to the time when British North America should stand forth as a united Commonwealth, stipulated, in the second of the Quebec Resolutions, that provision should be made under the new constitution for "the admission into the Union, on equitable terms, of Newfoundland, the North-Western Territory, British Columbia and Vancouver." In pursuance of this resolution the British North America Act, 1867, provided for the future incorporation of Rupert's Land and the North-western Territory, or either of them into the Union upon address to the Imperial Privy Council from the Houses of Parliament of Canada. Such an

address was promptly passed in December, 1867, by the first Dominion Parliament, which expressed its willingness to assume all the duties and obligations of government and legislation with respect to the Territories. Acting upon this, the Imperial Parliament passed the Rupert's Land Act, 1868, under the provisions of which £300,000 was paid to the Hudson's Bay Company, the Crown receiving in return a surrender from the Company of all their lands, territories, rights, privileges, powers and authorities in the West. Certain reservations and conditions attached to this surrender do not affect the cardinal fact that the title of the H.B.C. in the Territories became merged in the Crown. An Imperial Order-in-Council was then promulgated declaring that on the 15th June, 1870, the lands thus acquired should be admitted into and become part of the Dominion of Canada, power being also given to the Dominion Parliament to legislate for their future welfare and good government. The transfer of the Territories to the Dominion thus became an accomplished fact, and the British North America Act, 1871, shortly afterwards gave further power to Parliament to make provision for their administration, peace, order and good government.

In this connection, the following extract from the luminous speech of Hon. F. W. G. Haultain, Premier and Attorney-General of the Territories, delivered in the Assembly on the 2nd May last, is of vital importance:—"Reading the two authorities together, we find that the only power given to the Parliament of Canada by the Imperial Parliament and by the Order-in-Council was to '*legislate for the future welfare and good government of the Territories*,' and '*to make provision for the administration, peace, order and good government of any Territory not for the time being included in any Province*.' I lay stress again on these particular words because they are really the only words in any Act of Parliament, or in any other document, upon which the

Dominion Parliament to-day bases its right to deal with this country or to make laws with regard to it."

At first the newly-incorporated Territories were placed under the administration of the Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba. In 1875 they were given a separate and distinct Lieut.-Governor and Council nominated by the Dominion Government. This arrangement was shortly afterwards modified by the creation of a Council partly elected and partly nominated, Regina being selected as the seat of Government.

In 1886 the Council was made wholly elective and endowed with limited powers of legislation, which powers have been added to and amended on several occasions. At the present day the jurisdiction and powers of the Legislative Assembly—which has taken the place of the Council—are all contained in "The North-West Territories Act" (R.S.C., chap. 50) and subsequent amendments thereto.

Thus the period covered by the last thirty years has been one of transition for the Northwest—a gradual evolution from absolute government to limited representative institutions. At the same time the development of its natural resources and the increase of population have so far distanced the slower processes of administrative and legislative expansion as to cause the Assembly to declare that the position of the Territories, financial and otherwise, is unsatisfactory, and that the ultimate remedy must lie in the grant of some measure of Provincial autonomy.

Wherein do the Territories now fall short of Provincial powers? The answer is to be found in the following extract from Mr. Haultain's speech:—"We have not the power to amend the constitution outside of the power to deal with certain phases of our election law; we have not the power to borrow money; we have not the power to deal with the public domain; we have not the power to establish certain institutions such as hospitals, asylums, charities. . . ; we have not the power to take cognizance of public undertakings



other than such as may be carried on by certain sorts of joint stock companies ; and our powers are limited to the extent that we have not the administration of the criminal law in the Territories."

The people of the Northwest are now asking for these powers—and they claim them more as a matter of right than favour. Their deliberate opinion is that the time has come when the Dominion Parliament may be justly required to concede to the Northwest Legislative Assembly as ample powers as pertain to the Legislatures of the various Provinces. For the past twelve years they have experienced limited representative institutions, and during that time the powers entrusted to the Assembly have been used with judgment and foresight. The administrative capacity of those who have come to the front in municipal and legislative work cannot be denied. The standard of education among the settlers in the Territories is at least on a par with that of any other portion of the Dominion. The population is to-day twenty fold that of Manitoba or British Columbia when they were accorded full provincial privileges. The country is well settled, progressive and flourishing ; and for these reasons the people of the Territories consider that they have been in "leading strings" long enough, and that it is full time for them to assume equal constitutional privileges and rights with the older Provinces.

The most pressing factor, however, in the present situation—more important even to-day than the lack of legislative power—is the urgent necessity of relief from the unsatisfactory financial conditions under which the local Government has to administer the affairs of the Territories.

The sources from whence the Territorial Government obtains its funds are two-fold ; (a) local revenue, (b) an annual appropriation by the Dominion Parliament "for government of the Territories." The annual grant from the Dominion funds constitutes well-nigh the whole of the income—a state

of things due to the fact that the Northwest Assembly has not, under the present conditions, available means of raising revenue other than by license fees and similar imposts. Roughly speaking, these local revenues amount to about one-fourteenth of the total Territorial Revenue Fund, and the balance has to come from the Federal grant, which is intermittent, insufficient and uncertain in its nature and amount. To put the matter plainly, the Territories are absolutely at the mercy of the Dominion Parliament in respect of the necessary funds to carry on the machinery of administration. For some years past the Territorial Executive have been compelled to despatch representatives annually on what has not inaptly been termed a humiliating pilgrimage to Ottawa, in order to interview the Federal authorities and bring forcibly to their notice the growing requirements of the West. The amount of the annual appropriation has ever been an uncertain quantity, despite strong efforts to induce the Dominion Parliament to place it upon some basis of permanence, and, as the records of the Legislative Assembly will amply prove, there has never been at the disposal of the Territories an adequate amount of money to meet the public necessities of our rapidly increasing population.

The grant of Provincial autonomy would at once solve the serious financial problem. The terms upon which the Territories would have a conventional right to admission to full Provincial status are such that, by virtue of the British North America Act and subsequent constitutional precedent, the new Province or Provinces would commence existence under definite and greatly improved pecuniary conditions. To each Province a fixed amount is paid yearly out of Dominion funds for the support of its Government and Legislature, and similarly an annual grant equal to 80 cents per head of the population is made to each Province for local purposes. As there is no public debt in the Territories, any Province carved from its area would be entitled



to a subsidy on capital account in addition to the foregoing grants. Further, under the B.N.A. Act all lands, mines and minerals were assumed as part of the property of the Provinces originally confederated. Of those subsequently admitted British Columbia retained its lands, Prince Edward Island was allowed a special grant of \$45,000 per annum, as it possessed none, and Manitoba receives a yearly grant in lieu of lands. Therefore the right of a Province to its public domain, or to a special subsidy in lieu thereof, can scarcely be controverted. In the light of this principle, if, as in the case of Manitoba, the vacant lands of the new western Province remained vested in the Crown for the use of the Dominion, it would be entitled to an additional subsidy on that account.

Many points of detail will of necessity arise for discussion, particularly in relation to the disposal of the public domain and the alleged debt which has been charged up against the Territories in the Dominion public accounts. These questions are purely subjects of adjustment and compromise, and are of too intricate a nature to enter upon in this article; in addition to which they do not affect the merits of the case I have endeavoured to establish on behalf of the Northwest. Shortly stated, the Territories claim that as a Province they would be entitled to receive

from the Dominion definite subsidies, on account of government, population, debt and lands, far in excess of what is now doled out to them as a matter of grace, and the financial problem would be disposed of once and for all. As regards future development, the new Province would have the right to charter and subsidize railways within its own limits, to borrow money on its own credit, to initiate undertakings for its own benefit, such as creameries, etc., and to direct its own immigration policy. The people of the Northwest claim these privileges as a matter of right and equity, and they appeal to the Dominion at large to see that justice is meted out to them in accordance with the magnitude and importance of the issue.

Local questions, such as the advisability of creating one large Province or of dividing the existing organized Territories into two or more Provinces, have been raised and discussed, particularly in Alberta, where there is a strong feeling that at least two separate Provinces should be established. For the present, Alberta, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan are united in asking that the destiny of the Northwest shall be left in the hands of those who have the most thorough knowledge of her requirements and the greatest interest in her development by her own people.

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## WHEN EDMONTON AND PRINCE ALBERT ARE CONNECTED BY RAILWAY

*By John Howey*

TO properly estimate the changed condition of a very large portion of the Northwest Territories, and in a measure of all Canada, when Prince Albert is joined by railway to the "City of the North," it is needful to consider some alterations in western railway arrangements which will probably be made by that time. The Canadian Northern, which is now creeping

slowly on towards the valley of the Saskatchewan, and which will in all probability be the first railway to connect Prince Albert and Edmonton, is designed and being constructed as a transcontinental line rivalling the C.P.-R. Work is now completed on the Canadian Northern connecting its eastern extremity with the head of Lake Superior, and it is anticipated that a

considerable portion of the harvest, which will next year be given to Manitoba, will pass to the eastern markets over this line and its connecting steamboats on the Great Lakes. The promoters of the C.N.R., in fulfilment of the conditions of purchase of a charter now held by them, but formerly belonging to the town of Edmonton, are at the present also extending the line of the Calgary and Edmonton road, which has heretofore ended at Strathcona, on the south side of the river, to Edmonton, which undertaking they are likely to complete by June 1st of the present year. The lease of the Calgary and Edmonton line by the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. expires during the present summer, and the report is currently accepted that in a short time this line will also pass into the hands of the builders of the Canadian Northern. Should the expected in this case happen, the present Calgary and Edmonton line would doubtless be joined by a branch from some point in southern British Columbia, thus giving the producers of Alberta the benefit of railway competition to the markets of the B.C. mining towns, which yearly take increased quantities of grain, vegetables, meats and dairy produce from the farmers on the plains. It will thus be seen that when the connecting link between Prince Albert and Edmonton is constructed, Northern Alberta will be connected thereby with a direct route to the east, and given the consequent benefit of rivalry between the new line and the C.P.R., while, should the current belief regarding the future of the Calgary and Edmonton prove correct, this benefit would be shared also by the southern part of the district.

The main purpose to be accomplished by the new line will be the development of the country lying between Prince Albert and Edmonton. The approximate distance between these towns is three hundred miles, though the line will be of necessity much longer, and while the exact route to be followed is as yet unknown—to outsiders at least—it cannot fall outside the

region drained by the North Saskatchewan and its tributary streams and lakes. This tract, generally speaking, resembles Northern Alberta in the nature of its soil, its climatic conditions, and the productions for which these are most favourable.

Assuming the road to be built in the most direct manner possible it will open for settlement an area of  $11\frac{1}{2}$  million acres of arable land lying within a distance of thirty miles from the railway line. This enormous tract will be better conceived by the fact that it contains 72,000 farms of 160 acres each, and, reckoning four as the number in the average family, would provide homes for nearly 300,000 of a farming population alone. It is to be remembered, however, that the land lying within this distance from the railway would be far short of the amount actually opened up by the road, and, calculating on the basis of the distance from railways to which settlements extend in Alberta, it is probably not an exaggeration to say that 20,000,000 acres of land, comprising 125,000 farms of 160 acres each, and, at the same calculation per family as above, offering homes for 500,000 farming residents will lie within reasonable distance of the new line.

In other words, more than one-twelfth of the entire population of our Dominion could be settled in this manner on land within fifty miles of the roadway. The climatic conditions of the newly opened territory are similar to those of the Northwest in general. Winter usually begins about the second week in November and continues until March. The season is cold but far preferable to the milder winters in the east, the dry atmosphere of the higher altitude robbing the cold of its power of penetration. Seeding is done in April, and harvest begins in August. Spring wheat yields abundantly, and successful experiments have been made in many parts of Alberta with fall wheat. Barley and rye are grown successfully everywhere. The cool summers of the north are the nurses of the oat crop, a sample of this grain grown



ten miles east of Edmonton being awarded the highest honours at the Paris Exposition. Vegetables of all kinds flourish and mature. Small fruits of all varieties thrive, and most of the ordinary kinds grow wild in abundance. The native hay is unsurpassed for nutriment, and timothy is already grown in large quantities, though the abundance of wild hay has so far made its cultivation unnecessary. The fertile valley of the Vermilion, lying somewhat more than a hundred miles north-east of Edmonton, is already the home of large herds of cattle—doubtless the progenitors of many a shipload of “the roast beef of Old England.”

In the West, contrary to the rules of settlement of Eastern Canada, the railways have preceded the settlers and the settlements have been formed almost invariably along the railway lines. The reason of this is evident as the vast distances from the headquarters of trade precluded the idea of overland carriage of grain by waggons, and the shallowness and rapidity of the streams prevented its carriage by water. The towns which are exceptions to this rule almost invariably had their origin as posts of the Hudson Bay Company or forts for the Northwest Mounted Police, and in rapidity of development and importance are in no way comparable to their younger rivals situated along the railway lines. This question of transportation alone can explain the fact that while Northern Alberta has been for some years the recipient of a continuous and enormous stream of immigration, the valley of the Saskatchewan eastward has been but little encroached upon. From the western end of the gap the country is well settled for fifty miles eastward, while toward the eastern extremity the communities about Battleford and Carleton form the only intervening settlements of consequence in the whole route. With the coming of the means of transportation it is but reasonable to suppose that the rapid settlement which has followed the entrance of railways to other portions of the Northwest will

be repeated in this valley : that settlements will form in the most favoured spots along the route, developing quickly into producing and exporting communities—that these will grow to villages and these to towns with the rapidity which has characterized the development following the opening up of districts in other parts of the Territories.

The general similarity of soil and climate throughout the region to be traversed by the new line to the soil and climate of Northern Alberta may enable us to form some reasonable estimate of the rapidity of this settlement, by observing the speed with which settlers have of late years poured into the latter district. From the reports of the Immigration authorities it appears that about 13,000 immigrants came into Northern Alberta during the three years of 1898, 1899 and 1900. A very large proportion of the settlers, however, who now arrive in Alberta come independently of the Immigration Department and of these no official record is kept. It does not seem extravagant, however, to place the number of this class at 25% of the total immigration, which calculation would indicate that during the years specified about 17,000 immigrants made their homes in this district. It is further significant that the influx for 1900 was nearly triple that of 1899, which in turn nearly doubled that of its predecessor. From these figures it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that within a year from the completion of the Canadian Northern from Prince Albert to Edmonton, an army of 10,000 immigrants will have made their homes in the newly opened territory, and that ten years later 150,000 people will populate this region, now comparatively unoccupied. While, like the population of other portions of the Territories, these settlers will doubtless come from many lands and races, it is to be hoped that a very liberal proportion will hail from the over-crowded Eastern Provinces of the Dominion and from the States of the Union to the South.



The opening of such a territory for settlement under favourable conditions is a matter of more than local, or of present moment, for its development will have a tangible and lasting effect on the affairs of the nation. In the cultivation of its immense area the volume of her exports of grain will be materially augmented, the utilization of its pasture lands will increase the herds of her cattle for the Old

World markets and the bands of her horses for the army of the Empire. The development of its inexhaustible coal deposits will provide fuel for her factories; the increase in its population and wealth will enlarge the volume of her aggregate trade; while its occupation by a numerous and prosperous populace will affect the centre of her population and power.

## MANITOBA AND TERRITORIAL AUTONOMY

*By W. Sanford Evans*

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PROVINCIAL autonomy must soon be granted to the people of Alberta, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan. In pursuance of a request made in 1900 by the Territorial Assembly, the Dominion Government has taken some steps toward investigating conditions and has the matter under consideration. How soon legislation may be introduced at Ottawa to create a new Province or Provinces in the West is uncertain, but that it will be within a few years can hardly be doubted. Natural ambition and the existence of financial conditions that require some remedy alike urge the people of those districts to seek the larger powers of the Provincial status. A very general, though not as yet thoroughly organized or consistent, demand exists which cannot long remain unsatisfied. Already in the West the question is regarded as of great and immediate importance.

In the settlement of this question all Canada is, or at least should be, deeply interested. It is not merely that the entrance of another sister or sisters into the family of Confederation will be a notable historical event, but in the terms upon which the entrance is effected and in the boundary lines drawn some fundamental principles will have to be settled. Are all Provinces in the Dominion to be equal in powers and rights, or are there to be reservations in the case of some that

do not exist in others? Is it to be the policy to increase the number of small Provinces, to further emphasize the present irregularity, or to approximate all Provinces, as far as possible, to an equality in size, resources and capacity for population? These are important questions; and Manitoba is more directly concerned in the answers than is any other Province.

Manitoba is not on an equality with the other Provinces of the Dominion in all respects. She has not, and never had, the control of Crown lands situated within the Province. All the other Provinces have this control. As an equivalent, Manitoba receives "in lieu of public lands" \$100,000 a year from the Dominion. This may or may not be a good financial bargain for Manitoba, but lacking the control of the Crown lands she lacks something which on principle she has always thought should have been given her. It is true that the swamp lands in the Province were transferred to her in 1885, but this, while increasing her resources, still marked the difference in her relation to the Dominion. In some other particulars, also, Manitoba lives under a compromise between what she was considered she was entitled to and what the Dominion Parliament was ready to grant. Provincial equality has not yet been accepted as a principle by the Dominion Government. Will it adopt this principle in creating

a new Province, or will it drive a bargain and keep all it can under its own jurisdiction? Manitoba is concerned to know. Mr. Haultain has intimated that he would not be willing that the Territories should accept Provincial autonomy unless they were given better terms than Manitoba. To any effort to obtain better terms Manitoba will lend her support, and if they are obtained she will expect a revision of her own terms.

Again, Manitoba is too small. She is a Province of 74,000 square miles, flanked by Territories comprising 2,500,000 square miles. There is plenty of room for her expansion up to the full stature of a great Province, but this expansion must take place before the contiguous districts are definitely located within another Province. Or rather, her boundaries and those of the new Province or Provinces must all be finally settled at the same time.

Here also there is a principle involved. Canada consists of three large Provinces, four small ones, and Territories that are more than twice as large in extent as all the Provinces put together. Quebec is 347,350 square miles in area, Ontario 222,000 square miles, and British Columbia 383,300 square miles. The four small Provinces are Prince Edward Island with 2,000 square miles, Nova Scotia with 20,600 square miles, New Brunswick with 28,200 square miles, and Manitoba with 73,956 square miles. The Territories comprise 2,529,140 square miles, not counting the islands of the North. As between the large Provinces and the small, economy of government and influence in national affairs are with the large Provinces. If one Legislature can competently manage local affairs over 400,000 square miles, it is wasteful to have separate Legislatures for 2,000, 20,000 or even 100,000 square miles. And if provincialism is a factor in national affairs, as it certainly is, and a growing factor as it is not unlikely to prove, then the smaller Provinces are at a disadvantage in influence. It would be better for the nation if it consisted of a num-

ber of Provinces, each as large as could be economically managed by one Legislature and all approximately equal in resources and capacity for population. The far eastern Provinces can improve their positions in these respects only by union, but Manitoba can be put upon an equality with the greater Provinces by a simple amendment to Section 1 of the Manitoba Act defining boundaries. Manitoba desires that this should be done. And the time to do it is when a new Province or new Provinces are being formed out of the Territories.

On this point Manitoba is on record. On March 28, 1901, the following resolution was moved in the Manitoba Legislature by Mr. Burroughs, and seconded by Mr. Myers, two prominent members of the Liberal Opposition. It was accepted by Attorney-General Campbell on behalf of the Government, was endorsed by Mr. Greenway, and passed unanimously. The resolution reads:

"Whereas the Territorial area of the Province of Manitoba is small in comparison with the areas of most of the other Provinces of the Dominion of Canada, while the machinery of Government is as full and complete as would be necessary to govern and administer the affairs of a much larger territory; and

"Whereas there are districts adjacent to the Province of Manitoba that should be comprised within the limits thereof, for the purpose of Provincial Autonomy, their Agricultural, Commercial and Educational interests being in a great measure common, and a union thereof would tend to develop and strengthen the same; and

"Whereas in the formation of the said adjacent territory into Provinces, it is advisable in the public interests to include in the Province of Manitoba as much of the area as possible, consistent with Economical Administration;

"Therefore let it be resolved, That a memorial be presented to the Parliament of Canada, praying that the boundaries of the Province of Manitoba be extended so as to include as much



of the said adjacent territory for reasons aforesaid as may be consistent with Economical and Efficient Government, and for the welfare and development of the people and territory therein comprised; having in view as one of the objects to be attained, the extension of the boundaries of Manitoba northwards to Hudson's Bay."

That this resolution fairly represents the public attitude there can be no doubt. Manitobans hold that their Province should have extended eastward as far as Port Arthur, for Manitoba's immediate transportation problem extends that far and the territory will always be tributary to Winnipeg and not to Toronto. There is a feeling of disappointment that this territory was not secured and this feeling goes to strengthen the determination not to allow another opportunity for desirable extension to pass without an effort to turn it to account. Access to Lake Superior cannot now be obtained, but access to Hudson's Bay is obtainable. There can be no reason why a portion of the District of Keewatin should not be annexed to Manitoba. How valuable an acquisition this might prove is uncertain; but it is probable that the people of the West will not be satisfied until they have experimented with the Hudson's Bay transportation route and Manitoba looks upon the ports on the west side of the bay as falling naturally to her.

When it comes to possible extension of the western boundary of the Province quite different conditions are encountered. Any such extension would mean the inclusion of portions of Assiniboia and Saskatchewan which already contain a fair population and the wishes of whose inhabitants must be considered. The representatives of these Territories and of Alberta in the Assembly at Regina have expressed themselves as opposed to the annexation of any portion to Manitoba. But the people themselves have not yet made up their minds. The residents of the Indian Head district recently extended a largely signed invitation to Premier Roblin of Manitoba and Premier Haul-

tain of the Territories to discuss before them in joint debate the relative advantages of union with Manitoba and separate Provincial existence. This debate took place at Indian Head on December 18. Mr. Roblin explained Manitoba's financial condition and stated what obligations any added territory would be expected to assume and what benefits would be immediately conferred. Mr. Haultain argued against the inducements held out by Mr. Roblin and advocated a new Province consisting of the three Territories now represented at Regina. Discussion is thus preparing the people concerned for an intelligent choice. Manitoba does not desire conquest by Act of Parliament but, believing her case to be a good one, she is willing to let it rest on its merits.

That no principle with regard to the size of Provinces has actuated the Dominion is evident from history. There was no object in making Manitoba the insignificant Province it was originally, since there was a superabundance of territory available; and when the Province was enlarged in 1881 there was no sense in limiting it to 74,000 square miles. Between the western boundary of Ontario and the Rocky Mountains two Provinces can be created that will be substantially equal, and will be the peers of the other great Provinces of the Dominion. This can be done without running the boundaries north of Athabasca. If the principle of equality is to be followed this must be the solution.

Other solutions will have strong advocates. Those who hold Mr. Haultain's views will urge that the new Province be made so large as to overshadow all other Provinces. Others, again, think that two new Provinces should be formed out of the southern Territories, some holding that the dividing line should run north and south and others that it should run east and west. The decision rests with the Dominion Parliament. Manitoba will stand out, in any case, for an extension of her boundaries and for an equality in terms with the most favoured Provinces.



# IN THE SECRET SERVICE

A Series of Thirteen Distinct Episodes

By ROBERT BUCKLEY

## EPISODE IX.—A DESPERATE GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS

ANTHONY HALLAM did not appear next evening and the morning after that I received a post-card bearing the Dover post-mark with the words "Paris. Can't say," which I interpreted to mean that he had gone to the French capital, and that he was unable to fix the date of his return.

Ten days elapsed before his familiar tap was again heard at my window. With what alacrity did I bound from the old leathern chair ; with what enthusiasm did I draw the brass bolt intended to bamboozle the burglars ! Anthony was in his dressing-gown, and apparently in tolerable spirits.

It seemed that the weather had become more genial, and that Mackie had reported good things of the garden. Moreover, my friend was evidently about to take a season of the repose of which the flavour is doubly agreeable after arduous and successful work. He fixed his head and his heels at the right angle, and having lit his pipe, waved the willow "spill" in the air, filling the room with the agreeable odour of burning wood.

"This," he said, "is what I call perfect happiness. My best friend,"—I bowed—"my favourite drink from my favourite mug, my favourite chair, pipe and tobacco, and, my splinter of wood to recall the happiest days of my life. For this odour was that of my father's best moments, that of his last smoke at night. I can see him now, sitting in the chimney corner, simple, but wise ; my mother opposite, sewing, knitting, or making hearthrugs which lasted a life-time. It was reckoned incorrect,

and almost a scandal, for a woman to sit with folded hands by the family hearth. Those were the days of old-fashioned people. I suppose my judgment is failing or that I am under the influence of sentiment. But—do you know—I like the old-fashioned folks best.

"I can understand it," I said ; "my father and mother were old-fashioned folks—Methodists of the ancient breed."

"Then you know all I feel concerning such people, and you understand the depth of my affection, and therefore sympathize with my fancy to light my pipe with bits of willow. My father used such pipe-lights, so did my grandfather. Talk of foreigners ! The rural folks of fifty years ago were as different from the metropolitan folks of to-day as the latter are from any foreigners in Europe."

"And the Parisians ?" I suggested.

"The Parisians are not the French, but only the scum that accumulates at the top, and which should be skimmed off and thrown away periodically. The French are a splendid people, and not at all what the man in the street—that synonym for crass and bumptious ignorance—supposes them to be. Were the magnificent architectural creations of Paris and all France conceived and executed by a nation of chattering apes ?"

"You don't like Paris," I insinuated.

"I detest the Parisians." Here he made a ring or two, and then, relighting his pipe, once more waved the smoking willow wand on high.

"The origin of our likes and dislikes is not always truly known to ourselves. We cannot always diagnose our own diseases, we cannot always analyze our feelings. Perhaps I dislike Paris because I lost a bit of my left ear there.

"It was a case of coining, and coining sovereigns. For months the frauds had spread dismay among all classes, not only of the British community, but also abroad. It was an old affair when it was first laid before me officially—quite hoary-headed, as it were. The detectives had puzzled their heads over it without obtaining the smallest clue that was really workable. Now, detectives are only human. They have not the gift of divination. They want something to start with. And in this case they could find nothing that was likely to lead to anything.

"Let me tell you exactly how the matter stood when Government decided that the affair was of a character which demanded the attention of our department. The coins were all sovereigns, but not all of the same date. So far, five different dates had been discovered. The work was perfectly done, the difference between the false coins and the true being discoverable only by experts and with a microscope. The utmost skill had been lavished on the dies, and the worn appearance of sovereigns several years old was admirably imitated. In short the thing was so cleverly done, even to the 'ring' which was excellent, that ordinary people had no means of detecting the fraud except by weight, and what man of business can stop to weigh every sovereign offered to him? What would you say if when you planked down your sovereign for your tobacco or your railway ticket, the clerk or the counterman stopped to weigh it before giving change, while other people shuffled impatiently, and you thought of the policeman round the corner?

"When I took up the matter the earliest fraud reported was about four months old. The place was Leith, of all others. Following up the frauds chronologically, it seemed that the exploiter of the base coin had started in

Leith, and after a short spin among the canny Scots of Glasgow and Edinburgh had gone southwards, making a sort of slow and royal progress through the cities. Liverpool and Manchester had been touched, then Birmingham, with its smaller neighbours of Coventry and Wolverhampton. Proceeding, the devastator had lightly touched Stafford, and then——had apparently suspended operations. It was queer that London had not been honoured with a visit. The suspension of operations at Stafford coincided with the general hue and cry of the newspapers. For the moment everybody was on the alert. The operator had evidently thought it best to dissemble for a space. This concluded the first stage of the proceedings.

"One other point may be noted. By degrees the thief had become more daring. Beginning at Leith with single sovereigns he had gradually acquired such confidence that at Stafford he had asked a jeweller, from whom he had made some small purchases, to oblige him with a note for cash, and having obtained a twenty-pounder, had immediately turned it into real sovereigns at a local bank. The most maddening feature of the case was found in the twenty-nine extant descriptions of the supposed perpetrator of the frauds. A sailor, a soldier, an old gentleman of distinguished appearance, a young lady, a smartly-dressed young man, an old woman, an American tourist, a Church-of-England clergyman, a wealthy young Australian, a Canadian ship-owner—heavens! what impressions the duped persons had! There they were before me, their combined impressions making a perfect patchwork pattern without a vestige of coherence.

"But the matter did not come before me until its third stage had been reached, and so far, I have only stated the 'evidence' collected during its first period. Having done the provinces from Leith to Stafford, the artist paused, and the detectives thought they saw in this a very patent fact. The 'mint,' they said, was in Edinburgh or Glasgow—possibly in Leith. But the thief,



living in either of the two former cities, would naturally go as far as Leith to make his debut in a strange place. Succeeding fairly well in Leith, he returned to Edinburgh and Glasgow with a good courage, and having done well enough, had in good time, and with good judgment gone south to 'fresh woods and pastures new.' That was the theory, and its result was this:—Edinburgh, Glasgow and Leith had been ransacked and rummaged to an extent unprecedented in their annals, entirely without result. The police, however, held to the first theory, declaring that the 'mint' was in one of the three places, but—most cleverly hid. Its discovery, they said, was only a question of time. And while the Scotch police failed to find the 'mint,' and the English police failed to trace the artistic disseminator, the thing broke out in a fresh place, and more severely than ever.

"This time the artist got a good start, and seemed to have profited by experience, besides having attained a magnificent audacity unknown to his earlier efforts. You know how Continental hotel-keepers welcome the English sovereign?"

"Yes," I replied, "I know that with English sovereigns you can travel anywhere in Europe, without troubling to obtain the money of the country."

"The operator knew it too. He commenced at Rotterdam, went on to The Hague, called at Amsterdam; ran thence to Dusseldorf, favoured Cologne with his notice, dropped in at happy Mainz—Mainz, which has two dozen more smells than Cologne which, according to Coleridge, has two and seventy separate and distinctive stench—thence to Wiesbaden, thence back to Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, to Verviers, to Brussels, to Antwerp, and thence—nobody knew where."

"He took the regular tourist track," I remarked.

"Yes, and—in the regular tourist season, too. His measures were well-considered; he knew his way about; covered the ground like a flash, by various subtle and plausible pretex-

obtaining the notes of the country for gold, and then at once changing these for genuine coin. It was a clever expedient, and one which showed a deep knowledge of mankind. Could the hotel-keeper oblige him with notes for English sovereigns? He had so much British gold, and it was so troublesome. Notes were so much more convenient were they not? So much more portable, you know! Could he be obliged with fifty pounds' worth. This was the favourite trick. Others were practised, but this was our friend's particular trade-mark. Well, he eluded capture, partly by reason of the rate at which he covered the ground, and partly by reason of his constant change of country. You may be in Holland, Germany, Belgium, and France, all in one day; and international police regulations work slowly.

"Well, he disappeared at Antwerp. Studying his track, this looked as if he had shipped for England once more. There was a quiet period during which people read languidly in the papers of the frauds perpetrated on the Continent by a 'gang of English swindlers,' and then they forgot the thing once more. When that period arrived, the fraud recommenced, this time in London, which seemed to have been reserved for the final series of master coups, after the 'prentice hand had been tried elsewhere.

"The extent of the frauds was alarming, the audacity of the rogue or rogues appalling. Let me recapitulate. First stage, Scotland and England, from Leith to Stafford; second stage, from Rotterdam north to Amsterdam, south to Mainz, back to Cologne, and soto Belgium. Third stage, London, the *bonne bouche*. At this point the matter was considered to possess a sort of political or economic character, which called for the intervention of the Government, and the police having entirely failed, and the thing having attained colossal proportions, the business was entrusted to me.

"After an hour's study of the twenty-nine personal descriptions of the swindler or swindlers collected by the police



I came to the conclusion that there were two persons, that they were of opposite sexes, and that they were young. Both sexes were named; the rogue was masculine on eighteen occasions, feminine on eleven occasions. Both were adepts at disguise; when they appeared as old folks, they were 'made up.' For the young to 'make up' old is easy. For the old to 'make up' young is comparatively hard.

The London newspapers boomed the frauds so tremendously that you would have thought nobody would have taken a sovereign from a stranger without caution. I say *you* would have thought so, because you read the papers, and note what you see, and therefore think that all the world does likewise. But let me remind you that though the 'confidence' trick has been boomed for a generation, it is still practised with success, and every month brings its victim to the trick of snapping a gun at a brother or sister, said gun being 'thought' to be unloaded. When will people stop changing places while boating, and drowning whole cargoes of holiday folks? Never; yet all these things should be familiar to the masses.

"I discarded the police theory as to the 'locale' of the 'mint,' and the moment I was placed in command ordered that no arrest should be made if it was possible to avoid it. The artist was to be tracked, as only by this means could we be sure of stamping out the fount and origin of the trouble. To arrest a man passing base coin might avail us nothing so long as the 'mint' survived. To give an individual fourteen years might be poetic justice, but it would not prevent the coiners uttering base coin, nor would it deter others from its distribution. 'One down another up,' would be their motto. No; to be practical, to be thorough, we required to catch, not a single member of the gang, but the whole boiling, with stock, plant, fixtures, and—ahem, goodwill!

"The young couple, if such they were, had a singularly elusive way. Charles Reade has said, 'It is the elus-

ive woman that attracts,' and I remembered his opinion with respect. The more slippery the lady was the more charm I felt in the pursuit. For I was sure there was a lady; I was sure she was young and, ten to one, good-looking; I was sure she had talent, and yet—I instinctively felt that in some way not foreseeable she would assist me in the chase. Too often, alas! the lady of the business gives the show away. Allow me to drink to the sex. Woman, lovely woman! 'Let slanderers treat thee as they will, With all thy faults I love thee still!'" And Anthony Hallam took a deep, deep draught of the good cold tea.

"At length came the first flash of real light through the murk of vague supposition. Just off Tottenham Court Road is a semi-circle of boarding-houses called 'The Crescent,' and here at No. 10, lived an M. Durose, who was a Frenchman with an English wife. M. Durose was a diamond-setter for a Hatton Garden firm; Mrs. Durose ran the lodgings. The house had a good reputation, and a clientele of regular visitors from the provinces. Sometimes a stranger came, and sometimes a fraud was perpetrated—or it would not have been a London lodging house. But the Durose establishment usually went on smoothly and comfortably. Mrs. Durose did not expect to be swindled, and consequently was not on her guard. And trouble had come.

"Not a very serious affair, from my point of view, but Mrs. Durose thought otherwise. A delightful young couple had stayed there just one week, and on leaving had paid her with sovereigns; six of them; and five were base—her husband had detected the fact on his return from business in the evening, the delightful young couple having departed in the morning. They left at 9; M. Durose came home at 6; 9 hours clear start, and—it seemed that they had left London.

"For the 'Boots' had fetched a cab; the luggage had been piled thereon (two large boxes and a bag); and the

gentleman had said 'Euston,' as plainly as possible; 'Boots' was quite positive of that. 'Euston' was the direction given to the cabman. It was raining and pouring, and the time was about 9.15.

"The gentleman was dressed as a gentleman," said Mrs. Durose, with black coat and waistcoat and gray trousers. He might be eight and twenty, and was English, she was sure. But the lady was French, she thought. They both spoke French 'like smoke,' and the man had chatted in that language with M. Durose one morning in the hall. The lady was of 'the showy sort,' and went away in a very handsome fawn-coloured mackintosh which her husband had bought for her the day before.

"When I heard of that handsome fawn-coloured mackintosh—but words fail me. I asked Mrs. Durose to describe it; she became 'mixed' and indefinite. But she agreed to run round the best shops with me, and, accompanied by her sister and my humble self, whirled over the district for three-quarters of an hour. Not only did we find the shop, but Mrs. Durose identified the pattern of the waterproof, which was stylish and striking in the extreme. I bought the facsimile of the garment elegantly worn by the late lodger at No. 10, the Crescent, and, promising Mrs. Durose to do my best to bring the defaulting pair to condign punishment, took my leave, with the five false coins in my possession.

"There was no need to compare them with the base sovereigns already in hand. The dates were sufficient, once you knew the coins. But why did the man pay one good sovereign? Was it a slip, or—was he running short of stock? If the latter, he would be on the point of returning to the manufactory; to the 'mint' of which the police had talked so much. And the fact of his leaving by Euston rather pointed to the North as the right locality after all! The idea that the police might be right was unpleasant. I had pooh-poohed the

notion emphatically. Perhaps the distributor was about to give the provinces another turn; we might hear of him again in the Midlands. Meanwhile, I went to Euston with the mackintosh.

"Not a vestige of the happy pair. This was queer; the lady and gentleman with two large boxes and a bag, and the handsome garment like the one I carried on my arm had not been noticed by anybody! I wired up the main line, and along the branches, and in short, did all I knew. No result. From Euston to the Crescent is only a hop, step and jump. I called at No. 10, and borrowed the boy for half an hour. No, the cabman he had fetched was not on the stand. No, he didn't know his name or number. But he would know him when he saw him. We got the cabby next morning. He remembered the mackintosh at once. And—what a lovely bit of news he gave me. I could have danced with delight.

"Said the cabby, 'Yes, he jumps up and he says "Euston." But when we'd gone 'alfway he says, Driver, he says, take us to "Victoria!" And I tuk 'em to "Victoria," and he give me two 'arf-crowns. He were a perfect gentleman.'

"This was enough for me. My waterproof worked like a charm. By it I tracked its predecessor to Paris, and in an incredibly short space of time, several thousand pairs of eyes were watching the streets of the French capital for a lady wearing a pattern like that deposited by me with the police authorities. In three days she was found, and I was at liberty to introduce myself to her elegant boudoir in the Boulevard Malesherbes, had I been so disposed. But that would have spoiled all; and, exercising a strong effort of will, I denied myself the pleasure of presenting my homage.

"Once the pair were traced the rest became mere routine. The French police, excellent in detective work, and born trackers, following the pair of distributors, located the 'mint' in a quiet respectable district on the south side of the Seine, Rue Pompier. There



were six in the gang, five men and the lady who had been 'doing' England and the Continent with her accomplished 'husband.' Two were French, one Leroux, and the lady, whose name was Cecile Ducrot. Three were English, known respectively as 'Big Bill,' Williams, and the 'Grasshopper,' which disrespectful name applied to our touring friend. The remaining ruffian was a Belgian named Schirmer, an expert in revolver-shooting, who kept himself in form by daily practice at one of the shooting galleries so popular in France, even at seaside resorts. All this was discovered bit by bit, the police displaying the greatest tact and skill, and watching these worthies about with perfect art and the greatest patience.

"All the men had lady friends, but Cecile was the only woman admitted to the house in the Rue Pompier, or who knew of it, or of its business. The others knew nothing, and therefore of no use to us. Our object in waiting and watching was to bide our time, and to nab the whole gang with their stock-in-trade at once. This policy was rendered easier by the fact that for the moment operations were suspended, and that the confederates, with a sound discretion, had never uttered a false coin in Paris. They were now enjoying themselves in perfect security, having probably divided the spoil which the 'Grasshopper' and Cecile had brought over from England. The art would seem to be this—you worked seriously to exchange the false coin for genuine, and having effected this, you lived in virtuous ease, disbursing good money in your chosen area, and basking in the smiles and respect of all sorts and conditions of men.

"At length came the time for the resumption of hostilities. Preparations were made to finish the drama, and a strong force was ordered to act under a distinguished police official named Goriot, who was instructed to carry out my general design under my immediate direction. The interior of the house in the Rue Pompier had not been examined, one of the gang being

always there on guard. The front was on the street; at the back was a large garden with a high wall, in which was a doorway which led into a narrow passage between the garden wall and another garden wall. Before the front door was a small enclosure with a high spiked palisade. As the house was detached there was no taking it by surprise. Even the passage between the garden walls was commanded from the upper windows.

"An open attack seemed the only method available, and the gang doubtless had firearms and would use them freely. Goriot and I talked the thing over, and finally decided on a night expedition. In order to avoid if possible driving the ruffians to desperation, which meant loss of life on our part, we determined to make our approach by the front, to knock and ring in our official capacity, and—to drive them to flight by the garden, where they would run into the arms of an overwhelming force. At the last moment, and when the whole gang were safely tracked to their lair, we arrested Cecile with the object of obtaining information that might be of use to us that evening. But she only laughed and said we would be shot down like dogs, and that she would give millions to see the fun. You know the demoniac Frenchwoman of the Commune? The lovely Cecile was of that stamp; smooth and silky in manner, but with the teeth and claws of the tiger.

"Goriot then went to the front to summon the party to surrender. I went with the outflanking column to the back. The night was dark and there was no knowing what would happen. It was hardly likely that if they tried to escape by the garden they would stick to the path and the garden door. No, they would be more likely to scale the side walls which led into other gardens, than to patronize the end wall at the bottom of the garden, where was the portal and the regular track. Having therefore to guard a large area, the thought occurred to occupy the garden under cover of the distraction afforded by Goriot in the



street. At the signal convened, ten of us scaled the wall, leaving twenty men scattered outside it. I advanced at their head, cautiously, you may be sure. Not a sound here—no doors opening, no sign of the fleeing band. Nearer and nearer, and yet no movement. Nor were there any lights. All still and silent. But we knew the birds were there; the nest had been closely watched. Emboldened by impunity, I ventured by the side of the house to a point where the garden commanded the street, and there I saw that Goriot lingered uncertain. Nobody had responded to his summons. That was what he expected, no reply, and a *saute qui peut* by the garden.

"You know the sort of street over the Seine about there? Not a street at all, in the city sense, but more like a country road with detached houses standing in their own grounds. I was considering the advisability of communicating with Goriot, when there came a declaration of war.

"It came from an upper window, and it was a shot from a revolver. Not a bad shot, in the dark. The bullet took away the lower lobe of my left ear, after passing through the brim of a favourite old felt hat, which it ruined.

"After this there was no more to be said, though much to be done. The thing was plain enough. They had discovered our plan, and seeing no possibility of escape, meant to stand a siege. I ran along in the darkness to a point I thought safe, and, scaling the wall, went round under its cover to Goriot. A hasty conference followed; we decided on instant and violent measures; a double assault on front and rear, a reserve force remaining at both points to cover our advance by firing at the windows whence the desperate men in a corner might have

taken cool shots at us. A neighbouring timberyard furnished a couple of battering rams, and while our covering parties fired into the upper windows we simultaneously demolished the doors both back and front, and effected a lodgment on the ground floor.

"Even then life was not all beer and skittles.

"One of our men was shot through the shoulder, and no one knew who would fall in attempting to rush the stairs. Still, the pause was only for a moment. Our blood was up, and with a shout of 'Forward' we went on, firing upward into the darkness. It was a regular storming affair, I can tell you, and but for the shooting, which deterred the neighbours, we should have had a large gallery of spectators. With a last rush we crashed the timber through the last door with its barricades and bore down and mastered the whole gang. 'Big Bill' was killed on the spot; Williams was shot through the lungs and died next day; the 'Grasshopper' and the rest were secured unhurt. We found about 5,000 sovereigns and a complete and scientific plant. It seemed that each of the gang was an expert in a particular department, whether metallurgy, die-sinking or engraving; and that the 'Grasshopper' and his accomplice were the only distributors. Of course, the French Government dealt with the survivors, and I remember how Cecile declared she had been convicted because the prison authorities would not permit a certain preparation to be used for her golden locks. 'With my hair like this,' she said, I look like a criminal!' I always felt indebted to Cecile and her waterproof; Morland has often worn its fellow with exquisite grace. He never looks more ladylike than when wearing his 'Cecile' mackintosh."

# THE RISE AND FALL OF THE J. HOLMES GREENES

*By L. E. Schulte*

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Green first appeared in city life they attended a small and unpretentious rough-cast edifice, in an equally unpretending back street, and there worshipped, in the proud consciousness that they were rather "large toads in a very small puddle." Mrs. Green's proportions swelled with pride when she heard herself spoken of as "Sister Green" and "a shining light." She frequently led in prayer, much to her own satisfaction. Considering her donations, which were almost as generous as her proportions, the congregation wisely said nothing. So all were happy and dwelt in harmony.

The Greens prospered, and soon Mrs. Green engaged a maiden to assist her in her household duties, to whom she made frequent references as "the help." Indeed, so frequently was "the help" alluded to, that her existence was somewhat resented among Mrs. Green's less fortunate female acquaintances. They found it aggravating, when they went to take tea with the lady, to be greeted with some such address as the following:

"Well, now, aint I just glad to see you! You'll excuse me opening the door, but I aint got but one help and she's settin' the table. I often say to Green, I says, 'Well, if I find it so hard to get along with one help, how-ever does Mrs. Walters manage with none? But I guess it all depends on the way you're raised and the way you wants to live.' But do come in and lay off your things. You must be tired out doin' your own work the way you do. However you stand it is more than I can see."

How could sentiments of pure affection linger in any human breast after an address like that? Soon the Greens were spoken of in an unflattering manner at all the local tea drinkings.

At the Mission Workers' meeting

Mrs. Green was a regular attendant and a generous giver, but, as she always took care to remark that she "says to Green" she guessed she would give this or that, because if she didn't there wasn't anyone else as could afford it, the gifts were not received with the old time fervour. Hence she generally found herself on the outside of the circle, which is not agreeable.

Now this was not to be borne. What is the use in having more than your neighbours if they won't let you tell them so?

"Joseph," said Mrs. Green to her liege lord, as together they sat before the fire, he with his paper, she with her knitting—"Joseph, I aint altogether satisfied with the way things is going in the church. Seems to me the folks is growing jealous and mean. I was thinking as we aint spending half, nor a quarter, what we could, it would be a good idee for us to move on a real fashionable street, and go to a real fashionable church. Land alive! whatever is the use of having money if you don't get the good of it. If we was to go to a bigger church we'd get company more equal."

Joseph put down his paper and expectorated thoughtfully, for he always gave due consideration to the words that fell from the lips of his spouse—a virtue all members of his sex might emulate with much advantage.

"Say, Sairey," he said, "I was thinking something the same myself. As far as I can see there ain't no reason we couldn't cut a dash. Just hold on a bit. I've got a deal on now, and if it goes through satisfactory I guess we'll be pretty well fixed, and money don't need to bother us. I know about as much as I need to know about buying wheat, and I guess me and you has got sense enough to learn all there is to learn about style."

"Well, Joe," said his wife, "I guess

we have; and won't the folks round here be just mad when they see our names down at all the swell parties. Say, there is one thing we've got to learn to do, and that is to dance; all the swells do it."

Joseph didn't like this idea at all. He had a vision of himself in swallow-tail and pumps careering wildly around, and he felt he would not be at his best in the mazes of the waltz or two-step; so he drew the skirts of the church round his spare person, and averred that what she declared wrong (in this respect) he would in no wise do. Not so with Sarah, who had a small foot and a light step, and who in imagination saw herself floating about the room in the arms of Sir John Jones or Sir James Thomas. The discussion waxed warm, and when bedtime came the situation was proof positive to the philosopher that "better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than stalled ox and hatred therewith."

Well, things prospered, and in the course of a few months behold the Greens established in splendour in a brown stone front with suitable settings. Feeling, as the time approached for them to enter the gay world, a not unnatural doubt of their ability to engineer their bark through the troubled waters of high life, they engaged, as pilot, a widow lady, viz., Mrs. Augustus Stewart, a dame rich in style but poor in pocket, who, for a rather large monetary consideration, consented to be their dearest and most intimate friend. Under her guidance they were metamorphosed from "the Joe Greens" into Mr. and Mrs. J. Holmes Greene; also they were no longer "raised" in the country, but had been brought up there, and Mrs. Greene had passed all her maiden life at the old homestead. Likewise "the help" vanished from the Greene ménage, and her place was taken by the maids and the coachman.

Mrs. Greene should have been the happiest of women. But—she was not. She felt there were still worlds to conquer. Every Sunday when they drove to church in state, she gazed

with longing eyes at the exclusive edifice in which Mrs. Stewart worshipped. It was Episcopalian of the very highest variety; this was her Mecca.

"If we are going to be fashionable, Joe," she complained, "I don't see why we can't be as fashionable as can be. Mrs. Stewart says as it's the most fashionable church in the city. I do wish we was Episcopalian, and I don't believe it would cost us as much to be English Church as to be Methodist; and when they don't ask us to lead in prayer in this church, I don't see why we can't go where the minister does it all. Besides, the folks we want to know in the church we are going to ain't called on us or asked us out. I do wish you'd leave." And so in course of time Joseph left, and the Greens became "English Church."

Every Thursday, clad in silk and velvet, Mrs. Greene sat herself down to receive in state the fashionable visitors who came not. It really was too trying. She and J. Holmes went to church twice on Sundays and tried to think they enjoyed the ornate service. They gave to everything, and poor Mrs. Greene talked of her maids and Atlantic City whenever she got the opportunity. All in vain. No one came to see her save to collect, and as for Joseph, the only notice he received was from a pompous gentleman seated on his right, and as the notice consisted in a peculiarly wooden stare when Joseph, under the mistaken impression that he was singing, made a noise throughout the musical part of the service, it cannot be said to have made him feel either comfortable or at home. Truly Mr. and Mrs. J. Holmes Greene were getting more and more out of their element.

In this state of affairs it became necessary to blame some one, and Mrs. Stewart fell a victim on the altar of necessity.

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Greene to her, "I don't know what we're paying you such big wages for. You ain't done a thing as far as I can see but just sit round and eat our vittles. I thought you knew such a lot of swells, and



that you was going to bring them all to call on me and Joe, but you ain't done a thing."

Mrs. Stewart was indignant. The injustice of the attack was too great to be borne, for had she not struggled manfully with verbs and nouns, knives and forks, finger bowls and the like, ever since she had enjoyed the pleasure of the Greenes' society? And then to be blamed because they had not all in a moment emerged from grubs into courted butterflies was too much. She replied without that discretion for which ladies, especially widows, are noted, and to put it mildly, "words" ensued, and the end of the matter was that she received a month's notice to quit the mansion.

But in the silent watches of the night a brilliant idea came to Mrs. Greene, a *coup de main*, by which she might jump at one bound into the charmed circle. Hardly could she refrain from rousing up the long-suffering Joseph to hear all about it, but no sooner did he open his eyes than the plan was laid before him. It was this—they would give a regular ball, no less, and ask all the people they wanted to know, and when all the grandees saw the way in which they were able to entertain they would be only too thankful to continue the acquaintance. Joseph could not but admire the daring of the scheme.

Now Mrs. Greene recognized the fact that Mrs. Stewart's advice was necessary to the success of the entertainment; clearly it must be given before her departure; so she hastened to that lady's apartment and gave utterance to her ideas. But alas! and alack! that embodiment of all the proprieties was still smarting with the thought that in a few short weeks she would be thrown once more on the cold charities of the world, and a desire for vengeance had taken possession of her gentle breast; therefore she thought a rather smiling thought which she did not put into words. She simply acquiesced.

Soon His Majesty's mails were increased by various square missives, on

their way to all the fashionable quarters of the town, announcing that Mr. and Mrs. J. Holmes Greene would be "At Home" on Thursday evening, March 29th, and requested the pleasure of the company of Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Blank. Now as neither Mr. nor Mrs. nor the Misses Blank had the faintest idea who Mr. and Mrs. J. Holmes Greene were, the cards, in most cases, found a rest in the waste paper basket; while the High Church aristocrats said, "What extraordinary people to be giving a party like that on the eve of Good Friday."

Mrs. Greene was inclined to be uneasy that she received no replies, but Mrs. Stewart, still with the desire for vengeance, assured her that it was not good form to acknowledge any invitation, and she was comforted. In the meantime preparations for the dance went on apace, and soon the great day arrived.

A proud and happy woman was Mrs. Greene, as, clad in violet velvet, she gazed on the solemn black-coated waiters who had taken possession of the house. Downstairs the floors were waxed, upstairs the card tables were set out. The supper, under the direction of the smartest caterer in town, promised to be what Mrs. Greene called "rechurgy," and flowers and palms were everywhere.

But time went on, and so far no guest had arrived. Nine, then half-past nine; Mr. and Mrs. Joe smiled less and less. Ten, they ceased to smile at all. The solemn waiters began to glance at one another, and to hold their hands over their mouths, while Mrs. Stewart smiled softly. Eleven, Mrs. Greene could bear it no longer, but broke down and sobbed, declaring that never, no never, would she ask fashionable people to the house again.

The waiters departed, and left them with enough salads, jellies, ices, etc., etc., to last a year, and this was the end of the J. Holmes Greenses.

The Joe Greens now seek fellowship with various other comfortable souls who are content to gaze on high life from afar.

# WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By  
M. MacLean Helliwell

## LIFE'S PRESENT.

Not for the future be our care,  
Nor for the past our thought;  
Not ours the task to murmuring ask  
What other hands have wrought.

The past is gone beyond repair,  
The future yet to be;  
The present alone can we call our own —  
It holds our destiny!

So learn, who would in triumph wear  
The wrested wreath of bay:  
No victory's won in the Coming or Gone—  
It lies in our To-day!

M. MACL. H.

THE Canadian woman visiting her cousins across the border cannot fail to be struck by the fact that there is no American city of any size or importance that does not possess at least one thoroughly modern, well-equipped women's club-house; and upon her return to her native heath she cannot fail to be equally impressed by the conspicuous absence of any such delightful institution in every Canadian city, no matter how far-reaching its power and broad its proportions.

Of course, we have Young Women's Christian Guild and Young Women's Christian Association buildings in almost every town, but I do not know of a single city in the Dominion which has a regular women's club-house corresponding to those which are so ubiquitous across the border. This seems to me to be a rather deplorable state of affairs. Her club has come to be a very important factor in almost every woman's life, and a little "clubbing," provided that she clubs wisely and not too well, is not only to be recommended but encouraged, since it

tends to broaden her views, widen her range of vision and, in brief, helps to make her a woman of broad and liberal culture.

Of women's clubs there are already no small number in Canada; why, then, should they not have their club-house, their permanent local habitation? From Toronto comes the pioneer movement in this direction (it is a somewhat significant fact, by the way, that that progressive little city is not only the headquarters of the three most important women's clubs of Canada, the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, the Woman's Art Association, and the National Council of Women, but is likewise the home of the two principal monthly magazines of the Dominion!) in a plan now under discussion for the erection of a club-house by the combined women's clubs of the city.

The suggestion, which has been brought forward by the Toronto Women's Canadian Historical Society, is that there should be put up in some central locality a plain substantial building, which shall include a large hall, to be known as the Queen Victoria Memorial Hall. It shall be available for annual and regular club meetings, entertainments, receptions, lectures, etc.; committee rooms and central offices for the various societies, lunch and tea rooms, and cosy, comfortable reading and writing rooms—in fact, a regulation, orthodox club-house, where women bound by the tie of common interests could meet on common ground or take their friends for a cosy chat and mental and physical refreshment.

This is a movement that should re-

ceive the hearty and sympathetic support of every loyal feminine resident in the Queen City, and let us hope that not only will the Women's Club-house of Toronto soon be a firmly established and most flourishing institution, but that the good example thus set will be speedily followed by all the sister cities of the Dominion.

Speaking of clubs, perhaps the most thoroughly practical one now in existence is the Woman's Improvement Association of Las Cruces, New Mexico. This club is not a society for the improvement of *woman*, as its name might suggest. (why, oh why, are not feminine organizations known as *women's*?—one never hears of a *man's* art club, a Young *Man's* Liberal, Conservative, or Literary Association!) but is bent on adding to the beauty and comfort of the little town of Las Cruces, a small place chiefly populated by unprogressive Mexicans and winter tourists.

The club, now in its fifth year of usefulness, consists of only eleven members, but what these enthusiastic ladies lack in numbers they make up in tireless energy and inexhaustible resource. The club's first proceeding was to fill a long-felt want by the purchase of a *hearse*—a rude waggon having previously served for this purpose, and now the president proudly says they have "the only hearse in the county!" Their next work was to buy a lot, which they promptly converted into a park, by planting trees and building a pavilion. They are at present erecting a windmill for the better irrigation of the town, and hope to be able to build, some day in the near future, a public library and club-house. No mean record this for eleven lone females.



Of all the manifold spheres of activity which are open to men and women none is so uncertain in its rewards as the profession of literature, particularly if poetry be the chosen branch. You will remember the vivid picture Macaulay presents of the early literary associates of the great Dr. Johnson :

"All that is squalid and miserable," he writes, "may be summed up in the word 'Poet.' That word denotes a creature dressed like a scarecrow, familiar with combers and sponging houses, and perfectly qualified to decide on the comparative merits of the Common Side in the King's Bench Prison and of Mount Scoundrel in the Fleet. Even the poorest pitied him, and they well might pity him. For if their condition was equally abject, their aspirings were not equally high, nor their sense of insult equally acute. To lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs; to dine in a cellar among footmen out of place; to translate ten hours a day for the wages of a ditcher; to be hunted by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary to another, from Grub Street to St. George's Fields, and from St. George's Fields to the alleys behind St. Martin's church, to sleep on a bulk in June, and among the ashes of a glass house in December; to die in a hospital and to be buried in a parish vault, was the fate of more than one writer who, if he had lived thirty years earlier would have been admitted to the sittings of the Kitkat or the Scriblerus club, would have sat in Parliament, and would have been intrusted with embassies to the High Allies, who, if he had lived in our time, would have found encouragement scarcely less munificent in Albemarle Street or Paternoster Row."

It is true that the days when such abject wretchedness was the usual lot of the unhappy courter of the muses are happily now past, but the author's millennium has not yet dawned, and, except for the favoured few, the path of literature does not yet always lead to fortune's golden gate.

Many a devoted Apostle of the Pen finds at the falling of life's twilight that the joy of labour has been his toil's sole reward.

Recognizing this sad but undeniable fact, a brother and sister who possessed, in addition to great wealth, strong literary and artistic tastes, and who were desirous of raising a memorial of some kind to their father,



conceived the excellent idea of establishing a memorial home where men who had truly served the world in the promotion of the fine arts might end their days in ease and comfort.

The substantial result of this philanthropic thought is now known to the world as The Pringle Memorial Home, and is situated in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. The donors, Mrs. Margaret Pringle Fenton and Samuel Milligan Pringle, knowing that to artistic temperaments at least beauty of surroundings is as essential to happiness as comfort, have spared no efforts in this regard, and it is and has been the study of the managers to maintain throughout the Home an air of antique and established elegance and refinement. Old pictures cover the walls; old books fill the shelves; and old rugs are strewn over the floors. Antique mahogany sets the note of the furnishing throughout, and at the table the quaint old silver of the Pringle household of the earlier days of the last century still does service. Only the billiard room is new.

The capacity of the Home is a scant score. Only about a third of this number are now in residence—artists and literary men, all of whom have served honourably and some even eminently in their professions; one was for thirty-three years a professor at Smith College, one a magazine writer, one an artist. Nor do they consider their activities really ended, for many are continually sending out literary contributions, and one is a regular daily contributor to the editorial page of a metropolitan newspaper. Few, perhaps, in the palmiest days of their active careers were so richly or comfortably housed and so well cared for. It now remains for some others of fortune's favoured ones to establish a similar institution for the feminine *littérateures* who have laboured—financially—in vain.

Amongst a motley collection of books, old and new, a queer little volume was recently unearthed which

must have been a great pet with the elegant ladies of colonial days. Its title page bears this comprehensive suggestion of its contents:

“THE MIRROR OF THE GRACES,  
OR

THE ENGLISH LADY'S CUSTUME,

combining and harmonizing taste and judgment, elegance and grace, modesty, simplicity and economy, with fashion in dress, and adapting the various articles of female embellishments to different ages, forms and complexions, to the seasons of the year, rank, and situation in life. With very useful advice on Female Accomplishments, Politics, and Manners; the Cultivation of the Mind, and the Disposition and Carriage of the Body; offering also the most efficacious means of preserving

BEAUTY, HEALTH AND LOVELINESS.

The whole according to the general principles of Nature and rules of Propriety

BY A LADY OF DISTINCTION,

who has witnessed and attentively studied what is esteemed truly graceful and elegant amongst the most refined nations in Europe.”

This genteel and valuable little manual was published in New York in pre-Revolutionary days. Having with “taste, judgment,” etc., adorned their outward persons, made themselves conversant with all female accomplishments (tatting and hemstitching), dipped into politics, and studied their manners, the industrious ladies were then free to give thought and attention to such trifles as “the cultivation of the mind” and the means of preserving the health and loveliness so laboriously acquired!

This volume recalled to mind a delightful little book seen some time ago, which surely can have no duplicate anywhere. It was made early in the century by a lady of quaint originality who called it “An Album of Conceits and Fancies.” A few specimens of its

contents will suffice to show how aptly chosen was the title.

A carefully drawn bottle with a prim little glass stopper had written above it: "A Wash to Smooth Wrinkles," while beneath it appeared these words:

"CONTENTMENT.

. . . . . to be secure  
Be humble. . . . . to be happy  
Be content!"

A little box containing what were labelled as "A Matchless Pair of Earrings," illustrated this admirable little verse:

"A dearth of words, fair girls, you need not fear:

But 'tis a task indeed to learn to hear;  
In that the skill of conversation lies,  
Which shows or makes you both polite and wise."

In an American contemporary appears the following story of the birth of the first women's club in America, a story which will doubtless interest Canadian women, many of whom have at some time or other enjoyed the hospitality of "Sorosis":—

"Over thirty years ago the Press Club in New York, made up of men members only, planned a dinner for Charles Dickens. It was his first visit to the country, and 'Jennie June,' the pioneer newspaper woman, asked for tickets that she and a friend might attend this literary repast. The request was refused promptly, and thereupon this woman declared that she would form a club 'for women only.' And she did, thus calling into being Sorosis."

MODJESKA'S CALIFORNIAN HOME.

Madame Modjeska, the actress, who is known in private life as the Countess Bozenta, has a beautiful home in California.

Wearying of the stage a quarter of a century ago—for she had acted from

her girlhood—she and her literary husband, the Count Bozenta, went with a colony of literary, musical and artistic young men and women to live on a co-operative ranch at Anaheim, in the vicinity of Los Angeles. In two years the colony broke up.

Count and Countess Bozenta, however, were charmed with California, so the countess resolved to go upon the stage in the hope of retrieving her heavy losses. Neither she nor her husband spoke English then. By extraordinary work and study almost day and night for ten months the countess was able to play in English the stage parts she had formerly played in Polish and French. She adopted for her stage name Mme. Modjeska.

Her success was instantaneous, and a couple of years later she commissioned an architect to go out to the Pacific coast to design a gem of a home for herself and her husband among the mountains overlooking the scene of the colony that the count and she had worked and planned for. The Modjeska ranch is known by its owners and their friends as the "Forest of Arden." The name was chosen by the actress in memory of her favourite dramatic character, Rosalind.

HER HAND.

I held her hand—'twas late last night,  
We sat before the gas-logs bright,  
(The proper place for one to woo);  
She smiled but did not blush—'tis true,  
Nor did she whisper her delight;  
In fact, to tell the story right,  
She did not stammer in affright,  
While I, ah, lucky guileless wight,  
I held her hand.

I clasped her hand and held it tight,  
And though her husband was in sight  
He only laughed and said I'd do  
To fill in for a hand or two;  
While she dropped out to serve a "bite"  
I held her hand.

—Selected.



# CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

THE announcement of the signing of a treaty between Great Britain and Japan is the international sensation of the month. It was all the more surprising to the people of the British Empire because it came on the heels of what looked remarkably like a policy of scuttle in China. Only a few days before the news of the conclusion of a treaty transpired, it was given out that Great Britain had determined to abandon Wai-Hai-Wei as a naval base. Wai-Hai-Wei had been occupied as a set-off to the occupation of Port Arthur by the Russians and Kiaochau by the Germans. The reasons given for abandoning it were that it was un-

suited for naval purposes or for defence. England, it was said, would confine her attention to the Yang-tse-Kiang region. It was hinted that perhaps she might acquire a foothold at the mouth of the river, thus publicly asserting the "hands-off" policy so far as that great valley was concerned. Hardly, however, had the leader-writers begun to air their views about the decline of British influence in China before this last astonishing announcement was made.

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The objects of the treaty are set out in the preamble, namely, to maintain the *status quo*, to preserve the independence and territorial integrity of China and Corea, and to secure equal opportunities in those countries for the commerce and industry of all nations. This is in reality the open-door policy, for the independence and integrity of China are an indispensable part and parcel of that policy. The treaty is to endure for five years, with a provision for its denunciation on a year's notice at any time, but it cannot be terminated by either party while a state of war exists. The contracting parties only agree to come actively to each other's assistance in case either of them is attacked by more than one Power. In case of a single attack on either of them the other engages to maintain a strict neutrality. This is a plucky declaration on the part of Japan of her ability to cope with Russia unaided. All she



HOLDING UP THE MIRROR

"Is this the attitude our preferential trade advocates would like to see Jack Canuck assume?"

—Toronto Daily Star



asks is that other Powers shall be prevented from coming to the aid of the northern Colossus.

The Bantam and the Bear! Not such a Bantam as at first glance might indicate, however. A tidy little nation of over forty million people, full of the enthusiasm and cocksureness of youth; an army raised by conscription which showed its mettle in overwhelming its overwhelming neighbour a few years ago. The fitness and spirit of the Japanese troops in China during the past two years has drawn tributes of admiration from European officers. Nor is the disparity so great as at first sight might seem to be the case. Japan's great strength is that she is on the ground. European military men have not forgotten the impetuosity with which the little brown men hurled themselves on the Chinese coasts, and in a few short weeks turned the monster dragon of the East on its back. Could Russia prevent an army being again similarly landed in the vicinity of Port Arthur? How long

could she defend that port, strongly fortified though it be, against an enemy that would impel themselves against it like the rats that invaded the bad bishop's palace—at the windows, down the chimney, and even by more questionable entrances? The Russian fleet is more powerful, but it is scattered. Japan's interests are so concentrated that in an emergency she could perhaps muster a greater flotilla than the powerful neighbour that has so suddenly appeared at her door like a portentous apparition. That would be a



The latest portrait of the Marquis of Salisbury, who entered upon his seventy-second year on February 3rd, having been Premier of Great Britain for a total period of fifteen years, during which time he has headed no fewer than four Governments. Lord Salisbury has been more than 4,850 days in office, the Earl of Liverpool was 4,680 days, Mr. Gladstone 4,489 days, Lord Palmerston 3,434 days, Lord Beaconsfield 2,528 and Lord Melbourne 2,492 days.

tremendous element in such a contest—who could get in motion first, and at present it looks as if Japan were in the best position. What may be the outlook when the whole East is full of Russian soldiers, with trains passing regularly and efficiently between Port Arthur or Vladivostock and Moscow remains to be seen.

In the meantime the treaty catches Russia bringing all her minatory influences to bear to coerce the Chinese

Government to a virtual cession of Manchuria. The French papers are declaring that the negotiations with respect to Manchuria are outside the scope of the new treaty. Certainly if its words mean anything it is not. The independence and integrity of China are its very *raison d'être*. The Chinese authorities have not signed the convention with Russia as to Manchuria, and are not at all likely to do so now when one of the world's great Powers is leagued with the dominant Power of the East in giving Russia notice that any interference with China or Corea will precipitate a conflict. The tone of

the Russian press in commenting on the treaty is charmingly moderate, but the disappointment must be keen. At the very moment the treaty was announced in Pekin, tremendous pressure was being brought to bear on Prince Ching, who is virtually Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs, to sign the convention. But Li is dead, and the present Chinese authorities know not Joseph. Prince Ching, it is thought, will welcome any interference that relieves him from the insistence of his overbearing neighbour, who has so long and yet to all practical intents and purposes so recently, moved into his Siberian possessions.



"WE'VE GOT NO WORK TO DO!"

"The Boer representatives in Europe have been completely discredited and ignored by the British Government on account of their having no relation to the fighting burghers in the field."—*Daily Paper*.

PATHETIC CHORUS :

"We've got no work to do—oo-oo ;  
We've got no work to do ;  
We're all poor, honest delegates ;  
But we've got no work to do !"

—*London Express*

(And so on ad infinitum.)

It appears that the treaty before being signed was communicated to Washington. It does not appear that there was any expectation that the United States would become one of the signatory powers, but it is recognized that the policy which the treaty crystallizes is one which the United States supports with all its heart, although its principle of entering into no "entangling alliances," prevents it from actually setting its hand and seal to the matter. The march of events in the East has inevitably cast the aims and policy of Great Britain and the United States in the same grooves. The experiences of the latter in the Philippines only serves to confirm the fact that the form of the American Constitution, and to some extent the ingrained political ideals of the people make a programme of foreign adventure inconvenient, if not impossible. Americans possess the managing in-



stinct quite as strongly as Englishmen do, and in the end it may lead them far, but they will first have to silence that inward monitor in the breast that has been nurtured on a hundred years of Fourth of July celebrations. How powerfully this monitor speaks is witnessed by the growing repugnance of the country to the position they find themselves in in the Philippines. The whole country would heave a sigh of satisfaction if the responsibilities that have been assumed there could be honourably cast aside to-morrow. What sustains them is the distaste to acknowledge that they have undertaken a task that they have not the stomach to finish.

They certainly will undertake no further adventures of the same kind unless it be on this continent. They have no dreams of Chinese possessions, therefore, but they have dreams of Chinese trade. That is the problem—to preserve equality of opportunity for trade among the mercantile nations of the world. In this the United States and Canada as Pacific Ocean Powers are vitally interested. The adherence of the former, therefore, to the open-door policy is no mere tepid assent to an academic political principle, but is a thoroughgoing assertion of an indispensable commercial maxim. While not in the same position as the United States in the matter of foreign possessions, Great Britain is yet quite as indisposed to assume any fresh obligations. She does not desire a Chinese India on her hands, but she is determined that neither Russia nor any other Power shall close the markets of the East upon her one after another. Thus, without any treaty of alliance the aims of the two great English-speaking countries are identical in the East, and they are virtually forced together by community of interest.

The criticism is frequently heard that British foreign policy consists mainly of a watchful vigilance to frustrate Russia at every point, and even to prevent her following her legitimate aims and ambitions. The criticism is probably not without support, and the pro-Russians will think that this is another case in point. But if it be once admitted that the dismemberment of the Chinese Empire is something that the other Powers could not assent to, there seems to be no other course than to stop such a threatened catastrophe at its inception. Would not every argument that is advanced for the seizure of Manchuria be advanced later on for the inclusion of Corea or other provinces of China. It would be a signal for the game of grab to begin. If Russia complains of the tendency of British statesmen to spoil sport, they ought to see if their sport is of a legitimate kind.

The efforts of the European Governments to prove to the United States that Codlin is their friend, not Short, is rather ridiculous, and anxious as we all are to promote good feeling between the two countries, it must be thought that the present competition for the smiles of Uncle Sam is rather childish. If he does not know who were his friends in the war with Spain, he can find out if he is interested, and if he is not interested it is somewhat caddish to thrust it on his attention. Self-respecting people, when they act in neighbourly fashion toward their neighbours, do not subsequently roost on their doorsteps in order to remind them of the fact every time they pass out or in.



# PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

WHEN Sir John A. Macdonald conceived and advocated his "National Policy," he saw very clearly the

A WAVE OF  
PATRIOTISM.

necessity of his country; when he used that necessity to help him back to political power, he was as much the politician as the patriot. To-day, all Canada is uniting in that policy and the trade question is being eliminated from party politics.\* If this merges the two parties into one and abrogates party government, so much the worse for party government. It is much better, even when the results are the same, to place country before politics.

To-day, a great wave of patriotism is sweeping over the Dominion—a positive patriotism, offensive to no other country and aiming at a building up not a tearing down. Every movement looking to an improvement in our agricultural production is supported loyally by all classes of citizens. So it is with regard to mining, lumbering, importing, retailing, manufacturing, shipbuilding, and other branches of industrial life. Every class is showing a willingness to help every other class. And this is constructive patriotism. The manufacturer is anxious to help the farmer, and the farmer the manufacturer. The labourer sees some good in the capitalist and the capitalist sees virtue in the labourer. Each seeks also the other's good.

And after all this is only natural. A community of farmers will be found to

be always living on terms of mutual help. In a live growing town, every citizen is helping to build up and extend the industries and advantages of his town. The people of a country should have the same spirit—the desire to see every man, every class, every species of industry and trade improve and develop. Theoretically patriotism may be bad, but practically it is a necessity in the position in which the world of nations finds itself at this stage of its existence.

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The farmer has had little reason to cry out for patriotic treatment. His grain, his beef, his pork, his fruit do

FARMER AND  
MANUFACTURER.

not need tariff protection. They are the best in the world and everybody uses them. He has required foreign markets, and the nation has done its best to secure them for him. He required railroads, steamboats, public schools, agricultural colleges, creamery schools, cold storage facilities, and he has received them. Of course he paid his proportion for them, but then people do not always get what they pay for.

The manufacturer on the other hand, has needed tariff protection. He was competing with the established manufacturer of countries older and more populous. He cried out for a national policy. He desired the whole country to tax itself, if necessary, that he might do its manufacturing and trading, and thus keep the profits in the country. "Give me a chance to do business," said he, "and I will employ your capital and your labour, and give you an industrial population to consume your agricultural products."

Then he goes farther. He asks the country to buy goods because they are

\* I hope I can say that the tariff is largely out of politics to-day (hear, hear), and that if you will take the trouble to read the discussions at Ottawa you will come to the conclusion that there is not much difference of opinion between the two great political parties in Canada upon this great question.—Hon. W. S. Fielding at Montreal in December.

Canadian. There is a limit to the power of a tariff, and to assist it he calls for patriotism. He brings out his pianos, his woollens, his cottons, his umbrellas, his tinware, his furniture, his leather goods, his pickles, his books, his magazines, his carpets, his machinery and his various wares, and he says: "Buy these. They are made by Canadians in Canadian factories by Canadian capital. The men who produced them are endeavouring to make an honest living and to help you build up this country." And the people are responding, with the result that there is peace, progress and prosperity throughout the land.

Of course there is always the danger that a country may pay too much for its whistle. The manufacturer who imposes on this patriotism will necessarily hasten the day when it will be withdrawn. Even commercial prosperity may be bought at too high a price. An example of the manufacturers demanding too much is the Canadian Paper Makers' Association, which Judge Taschereau has found to be a combine. The government was wise in rebuking unjust action by a reduction of the duty on newsprint from 25 to 15 per cent. This reduction will not cause United States newsprint to come in if the price in Canada is kept at a fair level.

One point at which patriotism might be extended is in the Canadian attitude towards foreign life insurance companies, fire insurance companies, and fraternal benefit associations.

LIFE INSURANCE. These should be given a wide berth. In the first place, the laws in Canada under which native companies of this sort are organized are better than in other countries, and give greater security. In the second place, the more patronage the Canadian companies get, the stronger will be their position with regard to surpluses and reserves. The money collected by these companies and not applied immediately to payments on policies is invested in the country so

as to produce a revenue. In 1900 premiums paid to United States life insurance companies by Canadians amounted to over four millions of dollars. This is not patriotism; it is not even good sense. It may be necessary to go to the United States to buy certain lines of manufactured goods; but it is not necessary, nor advisable, to go there to buy life insurance, fire insurance or fraternal benefits. What the individual has to invest, he should invest in his own country. If he has not enough confidence in his country to do that, he is a citizen unworthy of the name and unworthy of the country which gives him his bread.

Of course no objection can be made against giving business to strong British fire and life insurance companies with branches in Canada and doing business under Canadian regulation.



It is not a good feature of our Canadian life to see so much interest being taken in foreign stocks. The brains, the

intelligence, the activity of some of our best Canadians is being devoted to a study

BANKING SELFISHNESS. of the New York stock market. A great deal of Canadian money is being used to swell the profits of that market. If all this intelligence and wealth were concentrated upon Canadian industries, upon Canadian undertakings, our development would be much more rapid. The amount of money employed in our daily business is \$11.00 per head now as compared with \$7.70 twenty years ago. Our foreign trade in 1901 was \$71.50 per head as compared with \$49 in 1871. The bank deposits of the people are \$74 per head now as compared with \$19 in 1871. Our trade and our industries have developed wonderfully, and should be able to utilize all the energy of our people. A greater self-confidence is needed to neutralize the fascination of the foreign stock market.

The bankers are mainly to blame for this state of affairs. They advance



money on all sorts of foreign stocks in the form of call loans to brokers, and require the broker or stock gambler to advance only ten per cent. of the value of these stocks. If these bankers were to make the margin on foreign stocks twenty per cent. and leave the margin on domestic stocks at ten per cent., they would prevent much of this interest in foreign securities and speculations. If the banks persist in this somewhat unpatriotic course, there will arise an agitation to amend the banking act to prevent it. The banks have a strong power, a public franchise, and they must be careful not to exhibit a selfishness detrimental to the best interests of the country.

According to the Bank Statement of September 30th last, the call and short loans on stocks and bonds in Canada was 38 millions, and on call and short loans outside of Canada 44 millions. Of this 38 millions, at least 20 millions would likely be on foreign stocks. Then the result is as follows :

Call Loans on Canadian

Stocks ..... \$ 18,000,000

Call Loans on Foreign

Stocks ..... \$ 64,000,000

This is not as it should be in the best interests of Canada. What Canadian capital we have should be employed in fostering Canadian industries and trade. This country owes much to its well-managed banks and its solid banking system, but it does not desire to owe less. The power placed in the hands of the banks must not be used against the country. Nor is this enough ; it must be used so as to be an active and persistent help to the country's business.

In addition to the 64 millions of call loans mentioned above, the bank statement shows that at the same time there were outstanding "current loans" outside of Canada amounting to 27 millions. That is 90 millions of Canadian money was employed in enterprises other than Canadian. It seems supremely foolish to be crying to the foreign capitalist for aid when

we have nearly a hundred millions of native capital invested in foreign securities.



The Canadian Pacific Railway is applying to the Dominion Government for permission to add \$20,000,000 to its capital stock and the permission will likely be granted. The Canadian Pacific is our greatest and most successful corporation and its expansion is not unpleasing. The country is growing and the Canadian Pacific is growing with it. New rolling stock and locomotives are required, double-tracking from Winnipeg to Fort William will soon be a necessity, and new elevators are required to give more accommodation to those who are making western Canada the granary of the Empire.

There is no stock in which people may invest with greater confidence than that of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. As the country grows, the value of that stock must steadily and proportionately increase. At present a great deal of it is held in London and Berlin, and it would be pleasing to see more of it held in Canada. Some of the hundred millions of Canadian capital now invested in foreign securities might be safely invested in C. P. R. stock.

This would benefit Canada in several ways. The liberality of the Canadian Government and people in franchises, land grants and bonuses to this railway company would thus come back to the people in dividends and increased stock value. If Canadians owned all this stock, there would be less need for the Government to press for occasional revision of the charter, for lawsuits to determine certain disputed points of interpretation, or for a constant pressing for lower rates. The need would still exist of course, but until such times as these revisions and interpretations were accomplished it would be more pleasant to know that any extra profit that was being made would ultimately find its way into Canadian hands.



Then again there would be less need of Government ownership if the stock were all owned in Canada. Government control of rates would then be sufficient, or would be a satisfactory status for the twentieth century. Government ownership is only another name for people's ownership; and if the hundred and ten millions of C.P.R. stock was scattered among a half million of investors, and if private management continued as economical and as progressive as it has been, Government ownership would offer few additional advantages and several disadvantages.

Besides, the holding of the stock in Canada would prevent the arch-manipulators of railway traffic on this continent, who reside to the south of the boundary line, from gaining any foothold in this country. One Canadian railway of considerable importance has just passed into the hands of the Vanderbilts, so that the danger is not a mere bogey.



Every citizen should be interested in this theme. Every man, woman and child is affected by the country's prosperity. The banker

EVERY CITIZEN who prejudices his  
INTERESTED. country's interests

for the sake of a little extra profit on New York loans is not the only person who must learn the new lesson. The journalist who says Canada's crying need is "capital—British capital"—has something to learn. The citizen who buys foreign life insurance and foreign fire insurance, the Canadian who buys foreign stocks in preference to Canadian, the citizen who buys foreign manufactured articles, the citizen who sends his sons to a foreign country to make a living, the citizen who fills his house with foreign books and periodicals, the teacher who does not dwell lovingly on the country's progress and possibilities when moulding the minds of the youths under his charge—all these have something to learn.



THE HON. SENATOR TEMPLEMAN  
New Minister in the Dominion Cabinet

It is not all of life to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. There is a sentiment in trade. The British Government is now buying colonial goods in preference to foreign goods, where quality, price and time of delivery are equal. If it is right for the British Government to exhibit sentiment, it is surely right for Canadians to exhibit it, especially concerning Canadian goods.

The sales of Canadian manufactured goods abroad has increased from nine and one-half millions in 1897 to over sixteen millions in 1901. This is gratifying. Our total foreign trade has increased one hundred and sixty-two millions since 1895. This is gratifying also. But our success with our foreign trade depends on our maintaining a healthy domestic trade. The home market is the basis of prosperity. The home market will be more satisfactory when Canadian goods are given the preference where price and quality are equal. It will be more satisfactory when it ceases to be a necessity to label Canadian knitted goods with "Scotch" labels, Canadian hats, tweeds and dress goods with foreign labels, or to sell Canadian Brussels and Axminster carpets as "imported."

Every citizen is interested in this development, and must do his part.

*John A. Cooper.*



## BOOK REVIEWS

### THE NIGHT-HAWK.\*

THIS entertaining book marks the entrance into the lists of a new Canadian novelist, Alix John, a lady of Halifax. Her novel is a stirring tale of blockade-running in the American Civil War. The *Night-Hawk* was one of those swift steamers that plied between Halifax and Southern ports in the interest of the Confederate States. The heroine is introduced to us as a bride, enjoying the social life of Paris. She returns to her Southern home only to find such a state of affairs as obliges her to run away from her husband, escorted by a false friend, who so compromises her as to bring about a divorce. On the outbreak of the war she devotes herself to political intrigues in the interest of her beloved South, and becomes a fascinating and daring "rebel" agent in Paris, and later on in Halifax. She is the central figure of the novel, and monopolizes its action from beginning to end. Her exploits are always interesting, often thrilling. If there are inconsistencies in her mental and emotional outlook—well, she is a woman, and they do not detract from the story.

For a first book, the "Night-Hawk" is far and away beyond the average. Miss Alix John has proved her ability to tell a tale of absorbing interest. There is not a bit of padding in her book from cover to cover. The story *marches* from beginning to end, and is developed with very considerable logical power. There is no attempt at fine writing; no feminine weakness for the frills and flounces

of female character drawing; every personality in the book is made to reveal itself through the delightfully simple and straightforward action of the story. Whatever shortcomings there are arise from natural limitations and not from a bad method.

This book deserves a warm reception from the Canadian public. It was a quite unnecessary modesty for the lady to assume a *nom de plume*. Her work is worthy of a writer of achieved reputation. In her next story she may safely put aside the mask. Her name will be a distinct addition to the rapidly-increasing list of Canadian writers.

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### ISRAEL PUTNAM.

The Putnams are issuing a series of biographies entitled "American Men of Energy" and the latest volume is intitled "Israel Putnam, Pioneer, Ranger and Major-General." Putnam served as a private in the battle of Lake George, in 1755, where General Johnson commanded the British and Colonial forces against Baron Dieskau and his Canadians. The English lost heavily but were finally victorious. But it was as one of Rogers's Rangers that Putnam won special distinction in these French and Indian wars. The Rangers formed a body of independent scouts, scouring forests, making daring reconnoissances and living and pillaging everywhere. Putnam was not only associated with Rogers but also "became intimately acquainted with him," for they had much in common in their love of adventure, capacity for physical endurance, and instinctive bravery.

This part of the volume will be very interesting to Canadians although little

\* THE NIGHT-HAWK—A ROMANCE OF THE 60'S. By Alix John: New York, Frederick Stokes & Co.



of the material is entirely new. Yet the story is worth reading once more from a new point of view. The subsequent chapters deal with Putnam's life as a citizen and revolutionary officer.

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#### NOTES.

Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" will be published next October.

The "Speeches on Canadian Affairs," by the late Earl of Carnarvon, Colonial Secretary, have at last been published by Murray, at 7s. 6d. net.

Fisher Unwin announces a book by Arnold Parker, the champion "Ping-Ponger," entitled, "Ping-Pong or Table Tennis: the Game and How to Play it."

Three new volumes in the English Men of Letters Series will appear during March. They are "George Eliot," by Leslie Stephen; "Wm. Hazlitt," by Augustine Birrel, and "Mathew Arnold."

Sir D. M. Wallace, who was the Duke of York's assistant private secretary during the Royal tour, has compiled the official record. There will be many illustrations, and Macmillan will be the publisher.

Charles Bradford is the author of a book published in New York for sportsmen. It is entitled "The Wild Fowlers" and is unique in several ways. The pictures of wild geese are excellent. (Toronto: Tyrell's Book Shop.)

Mrs. Cotes ("Sara Jeannette Duncan") will go to England to live in April. Her new novel, "Those Delightful Americans," now running serially in *The Ladies' Field*, appears shortly by Methuen, in London, and Appleton, in New York.

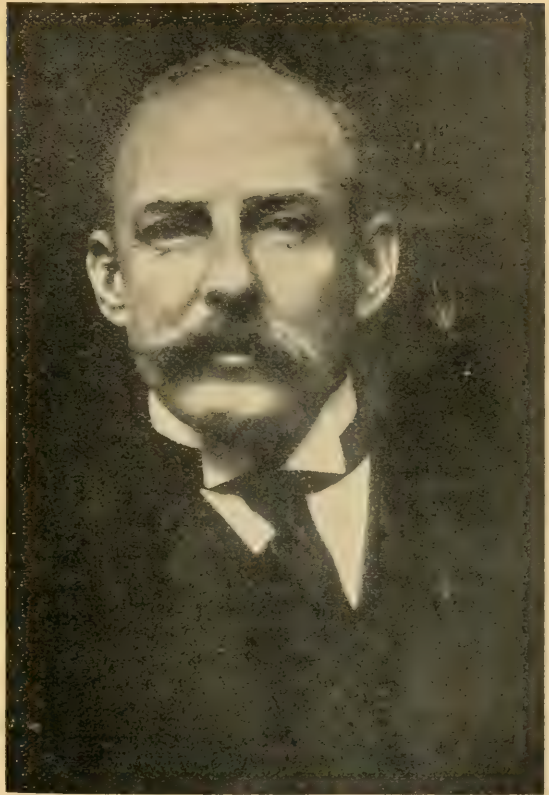


PHOTO BY MISS BEN-YUSUF

F. MARION CRAWFORD, AUTHOR OF "VIA CRUCIS" AND "MARIETTA"

Mr. F. Clifford Smith, author of "A Lover in Homespun" and "A Daughter of Patricians," has completed a volume of short stories entitled "The Fencing Master," which will be published by T. Fisher Unwin during the coming spring.

On March 1, the Copp, Clark Co. propose to issue in paper an edition of "The Right of Way," by Gilbert Parker. This book has had an astonishing sale, not only in the United States, but in the native country of the author. Probably it is the most powerful book which Mr. Parker has ever written, and its dramatic intensity takes possession of the reader completely. The remarkable success of the book in the cloth edition points to a very large sale in paper.



The Macmillan Co., New York, announce a new book by Professor Goldwin Smith, of Toronto, entitled "Commonwealth or Empire," in which recent territorial expansions by the United States seem to point to a change in the character, institutions and relations of the republic. Professor Smith takes a birdseye view of recent political, social and commercial tendencies, not confining himself wholly to America. He seeks, generally, for the causes of such tendencies, and also for their results.

Mary Johnston's "To Have and to Hold" had a fine sale in Canada, and the announcement of a new book by the same author is promise of another success. "Audrey" is its title, and the date of publication has had to be postponed until February 26, owing to the very large edition necessary to supply all the advance demands pouring in. Geo. N. Morang & Co., who will handle Miss Johnston's new book, have just issued an edition of "A Modern Antæus," by the author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." This is a wonderfully strong story of a human life, beautifully written, and altogether a literary achievement.

Prof. James Bryce has just issued "Studies in History and Jurisprudence" (Oxford University Press).

The author of "The Holy Roman Empire" and the "American Commonwealth" has collected together in this bulky volume the "open" or public lectures which he delivered during his ten years of office as professor of civil law at Oxford. By the circumstances of the case, the book has not that unity which characterizes the two works by which Prof. Bryce made his reputation, and yet it only narrowly escapes being his third masterpiece. The majority of studies consist of comparisons between the English and Roman law, and if the book had been confined to this subject it would have been for all time a most indispensable introduction to the comparative study of the common law. One might call his method that of sublime common sense.

William Briggs announces another history of the Royal Canadian Regiment, which, under Col. Otter, formed the first Canadian contingent for service in South Africa. This new volume is entitled "From Quebec to Pretoria," and is from the pen of Mr. W. Hart-McHarg, a barrister of Rossland, B.C. The author resigned his commission in the Rocky Mountain Rangers, and served as sergeant in "A" Company throughout the entire campaign. He proves himself not only a close and intelligent observer, but possessed as well of the ability to record his observations and experiences in good literary style, and in a most interesting way. The publisher regards this as the best history of the contingent yet written. A series of well-executed sketch maps illustrate the plan of campaign and the positions occupied by British and Boers in the several engagements in which the regiment participated.

Mr. Bernard McEvoy has put into shape for publication in book form the delightful series of letters contributed by him to the *Mail and Empire* during his recent extended trip through Western Canada. The volume is entitled "From the Great Lakes to the Wide West." William Briggs has the work in hand, and will issue it in his best style, illustrated plentifully with picturesque scenes—new plates from recent photos—along the route across the continent. Mr. McEvoy writes with the easy, sprightly style of the practised journalist; he possesses the eye of a keen observer, and the faculty, rare enough and therefore all the more to be valued, of giving things their proper proportion. As might be expected, the touch of the poet is frequently in evidence, especially in the many exquisite passages descriptive of the scenery witnessed *en route*. A vein of light humour runs through all the chapters, greatly enhancing the reader's enjoyment. Certainly no volume since Principal Grant's "Ocean to Ocean" was published gives anything like so engaging a picture of Canadian travel.



# IDLE MOMENTS



## THE SOLDIER AND THE CROW.

THE following Canadian story appears in Harper's for August 1878 :

Shortly after the war with Great Britain an aristocratic English gentleman built a residence in the vicinity of Fort George, on the Niagara frontier, and, in accordance with the old country idea of exclusiveness, he enclosed his grounds with a high tight fence. Here he lived like an old English gentleman, "one of the olden time," with the exception that none but the *élite* of the province and the officers of the garrison were permitted to pass his gate. There was a very good understanding between the American officers at Fort Niagara and the British at Fort George, and the men were permitted occasionally to visit back and forth. Among the American soldiers was a queer chap who stuttered terribly, was very fond of hunting, and was always getting into some sort of mischief. One day this chap took the small boat that lay at the foot of the wall of the fort, and crossed over to the Canadian shore for a hunt. He wandered over several miles in rear of Fort George without meeting any game, and on his return, seeing a crow on a tree in the inclosure of the aristocratic gentleman, he scaled the high fence, fired, and brought down his game. Colonel B— witnessed the transaction and advanced while the soldier was reloading. He was very angry, but seeing the Yankee standing coolly with a loaded gun in his hand, gulped down his passion for a moment, and merely asked him if he killed the crow.

The soldier replied that he did.

"I am sorry," said the colonel, "for he was a pet. By-the-bye, this is a very pretty gun. Will you be so kind as to let me look at it?"

The soldier complied with the request. The Englishman took the gun,

stepped back a few paces, took deliberate aim, and then broke forth in a tirade of abuse, concluding with an order to stoop down and take a bite of the crow, or he would blow his brains out. The soldier explained, apologized, entreated. It was no use. The colonel kept his finger on the trigger, and he sternly repeated the command. There was "shoot" in the Englishman's eye; there was no help for it; and the stuttering soldier stooped and took a bite of the crow; but swallow it he could not. Up came his breakfast and it really appeared as if he would throw up his stomach. The Englishman gloated on the misery of his victim, and smiled complacently at every additional heave. After the man had wiped his eyes, the colonel handed him his gun, with this remark: "Now, you rascal, that will teach you not to poach on a gentleman's enclosure."

The Yankee soldier took his gun, and the colonel might have seen the devil in his eye if he had looked close. Stepping back he took deliberate aim at the heart of his host, and ordered him instantly to finish the crow. Angry expostulations were useless. There was "shoot" in the American's eye, as there had been in the Englishman's. There was no help at hand, and he took a bite of the crow. One bite was enough, and while the Englishman was in an agony of sickness Jonathan escaped to the American shore.

The next morning early the commandant at Fort Niagara was sitting in his quarters, when the colonel was announced.

"Sir," said the colonel, "I came to demand the punishment of one of your men, who yesterday entered my premises and committed a great outrage."

"We have here three hundred men, and it would be difficult for me to know who it is you mean," said the American officer.



The Englishman described him as a long, dangling, stuttering, stoop-shouldered devil.

"Ah! I know who you mean," said the officer. "He is always getting into mischief. Orderly, call Tom."

In a moment Tom entered, and stood all attention and as straight as his natural build would allow, while not a trace of emotion was visible in his countenance.

"Tom," said his officer, "do you know this gentleman?"

"Ye-ye-yes, sir."

"Where did you ever see him before?"

"I-I-I," said Tom, stuttering awfully, but regaining the grave expression natural to his face—

"I di-di-dined with him yesterday."

Tom was not punished.

#### MARK TWAIN MET THE KING.

An advance paragraph from Mark Twain's autobiography was made public by him at a dinner given by a British club in New York in celebration of the King's birthday. While he was in England, he said, his head was once taxed—he believes, as gas-works. He wrote Queen Victoria a friendly letter of protest. He said, "I don't know you, but I've met your son. He was at the head of a procession in the Strand, and I was on a bus." Years

afterwards he met the Prince of Wales at Hamburg. They had a long walk and talk together. When bidding him good-bye, the Prince said, "I am glad to have met you again." This remark troubled Mark Twain, who feared that he had been mistaken for someone else, perhaps Bishop Potter. He communicated his suspicion to the Prince, who replied, "Why, don't you remember when you met me in the Strand and I was at the head of a procession and you were on a bus?"—*Westminster Review*.

Scene—Little Willie sitting down to tea with his grandmother, who is just about to cut the cake.

Willie (hastily): "Grannie, before you cut my piece of cake I want to ask you a question."

Grannie: "Well, dear, what is it?"

Willie: "I want to know if your spectacles magnify."

Grannie: "Yes; a little, dear."

Willie; "Well, then, will you please take them off while you cut the cake?"

He: "So you visited Pompeii?"

She: "Oh, yes."

He: "How did you like it?"

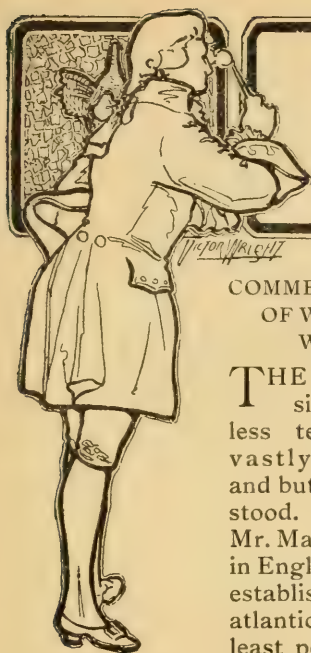
"Well, I must say I was awfully disappointed in the place. Of course, it was beautifully located and all that, but it was dreadfully out of repair."



SHE: "Have you never been tempted to give up literature?"

AUTHOR: "No such luck. I've always been compelled to stick to it!" *Life*.





## ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES



### COMMERCIAL SIDE OF WIRELESS WIRES.

THE commercial side of wireless telegraphy is vastly interesting and but little understood. Now that Mr. Marconi is back in England, ready to establish a Transatlantic line in the least possible time, this phase of his system becomes of new

importance, says the *London Express*.

It costs sixpence a word to communicate between stations of the Marconi Company at present. The rate per word between England and the United States and Canada, to be charged by the Marconi Company, will be sixpence—in fact, just half the present cable rate. Of course, the charges for land telegraphing will be added at both ends.

Our special correspondent who interviewed Mr. Marconi from the Lizard wireless station on his return, had an interesting insight into the workings of the new system. There is, of course, much about the apparatus to attract electrical experts, but even to the average individual, who knows no more about telegraphing without wires than with wires, the transmission of messages between ship and shore is a rare novelty.

The Lizard station is one of the most important operated by the Marconi Company. The station is a lonely little box, perched high on a cliff, with Lloyds signal station on one side and the familiar twin Lizard lighthouses

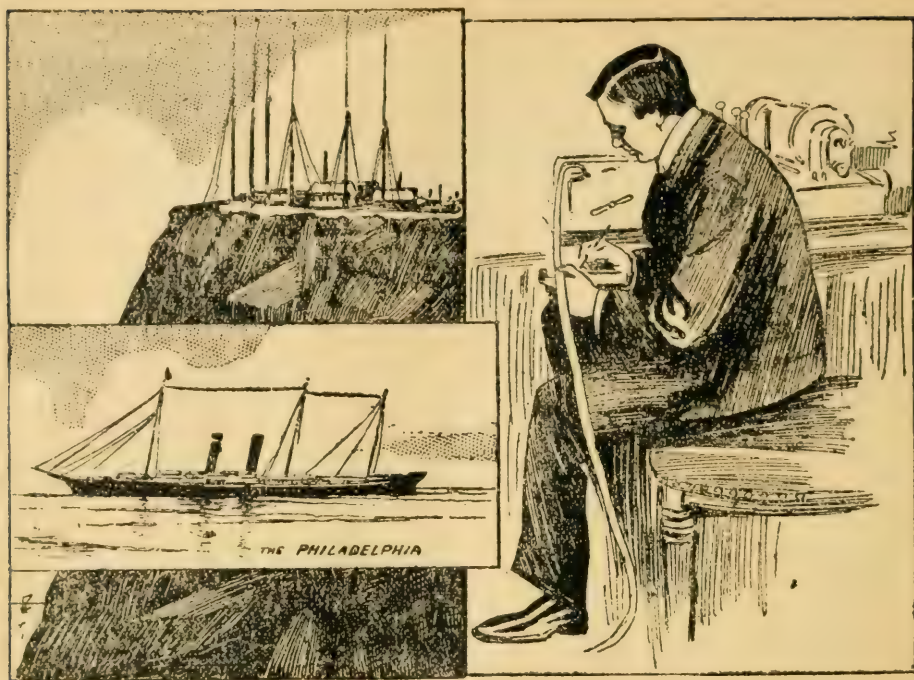
on the other, for company. A mile away is the little village of Lizard Point, and a narrow path along the edge of a cliff leads to the station.

If a visitor unversed in electrical terms entered the station he would see a long, rough board table in the centre of the room and on it three oblong tin boxes, each about 3 ft. long by 6 in. wide. In one corner are a number of glass jars, connected with small wires. At one side of the table is a handle, which is something like an enlarged telegraph sending key. Beside it stands an ordinary "ticker," or tape reel, which prints the Morse dots and dashes as they are received from the ships.

There is something uncanny about this "ticker," which will begin a low purring without any apparent cause, and after a jumble of unintelligible letters, suddenly spell out intelligent words and sentences. There is a very faint "click, click," accompanying the movement of the tape, so that expert operators can read messages by sound if they like. The tape, however, is preserved as the company record of each message received.

Sending a message is a noisy, uncomfortable operation for persons with sensitive ear-drums. The wire running from the station to the tall mast just outside must be changed from one part of the instrument to another when it is desired to receive instead of send a message, or vice versa.

Then the handle which resembles an enlarged telegraph key is grasped by the operator, who presses it downwards. The result is a brilliant spark among the glass jars on the table and a loud cracking noise, not unlike the explosion of a torpedo. When the



WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

This illustration shows Mr. Marconi receiving a message on board the *Philadelphia* as he neared England on his return from Canada. The picture of the vessel shows it fitted up with long masts by means of which wireless communication was carried on with the Poldhu Station, Cornwall, 100 miles distant. The Poldhu Station is also shown.

lever is held down long enough for one explosion it means a dot; long enough for two explosions and two sparks, a dash.

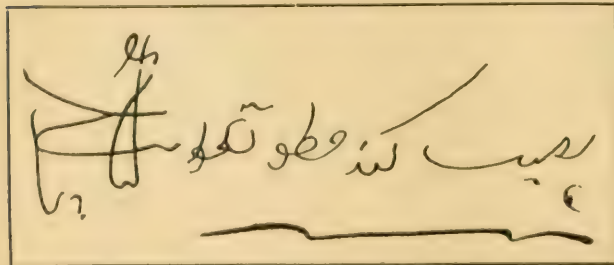
In the actual transmission of messages, the ordinary rules of telegraphy are usually followed. Each station has its own call, and likewise each steamer. The operators are known to each other by initials, and so familiar

do they become with each other that a Lizard operator can instantly detect the presence of a newcomer on a passing steamer.

The operators are for the most part old-time cable men who thoroughly understand the technical end of the business.

One man is constantly on duty at a shore station. When a ship is expected or signalled two men are on duty, one receiving, the other copying messages on post office blanks for land transmission. The staff at the Lizard consists of four operators and the assistant in charge.

One of the greatest objections to wireless telegraphy for commercial purposes at present is the



THE HANDWRITING OF HABIBULLAH KHAN, THE NEW AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN



slowness of transmission. It is not possible to maintain a greater speed than six words a minute. The average cable speed is twenty to twenty-two words per minute. Mr. Marconi expects to remedy this defect in time, so that as great, if not greater speed than that of the cable companies will be possible.

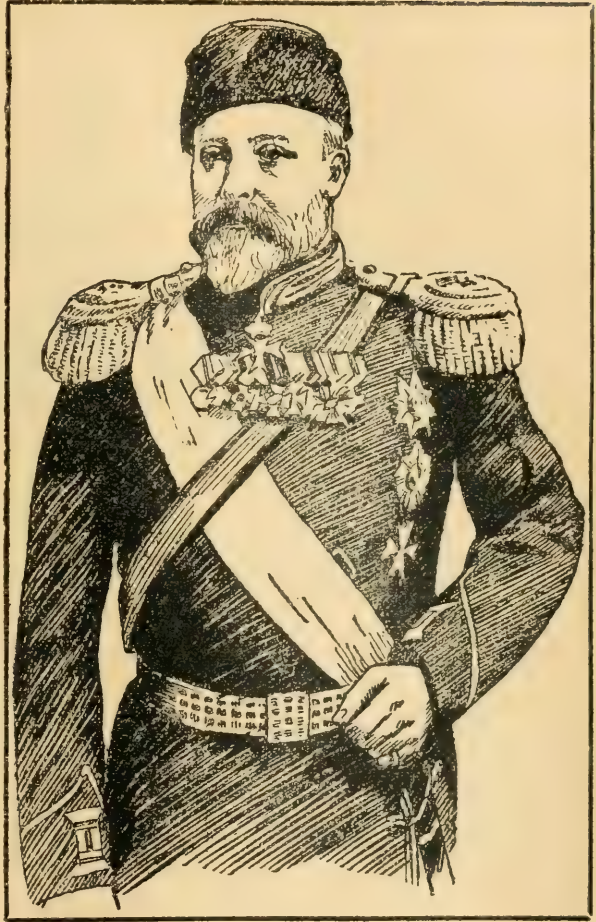
There is a law inspired by the Post Office authorities which does not permit communication between ship and shore stations while the ship is within three miles of the shore station. This law always causes a suspension of business, and the consequent loss of valuable time in transmitting messages.

#### HANDWRITING OF HABIBULLAH KHAN.

This is the signature of Habibullah Khan, the new Ameer of Afghanistan. He is 30 years of age, and is connected by marriage with the best Afghan families. He comes to the throne at a very trying period, when Afghanistan is beginning to adopt less barbarous and more civilized modes of living. But the characteristics of the race are unchanged. Habibullah, though a capable second to his father, has not been accredited with the strength of mind or fidelity of purpose. It remains to be seen whether he can successfully carry on the work that Abdur Rahman began and maintain the order that he established.

#### ROYALTIES IN FOREIGN UNIFORM.

Foreign sovereigns confer military rank upon each other. Such courtesies are common among royalties when visits are paid to reigning monarchs who desire to show special marks of



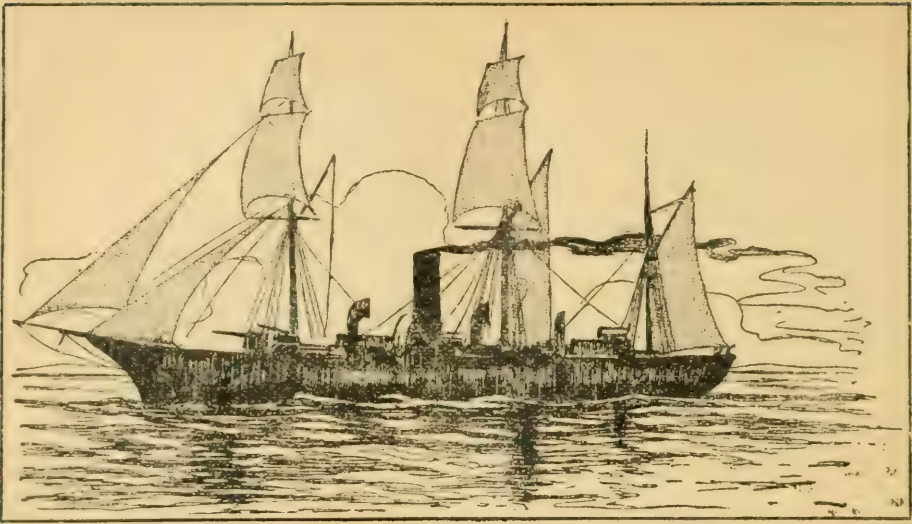
A PICTURE OF KING EDWARD VII IN THE UNIFORM OF THE 27TH, KIEFF REGIMENT, RUSSIAN DRAGOONS, OF WHICH THE KING IS HONORARY COLONEL

favour to their illustrious guests, hence most of the prominent Royal personages of Europe are entitled to wear one or more "foreign" uniforms.

Take our King. His Majesty is honorary colonel of the 27th (H.M. King Edward VII.'s) Kieff Regiment of Russian Dragoons, as well as honorary colonel of the 5th Pomerian (Blucher) Hussars, and of the 12th Austro-Hungarian Hussar Regiment; besides being colonel-in-chief of the 1st Prussian Regiment of Dragoon Guards.

His Majesty's brother, the Duke of Connaught, is honorary colonel of the Ziethen Hussars, No. 3 (of Braden-





**THE MISSING BRITISH GUNBOAT.**—H.M. Screw Sloop Condor left Esquimaux for Honolulu on December 2nd and has not since been heard from. She carried 130 men and nine guns. She also carried a good spread of canvas, being a fully barque rigged vessel. If her engines had broken down merely, she should have been able to make some port under sail.

burg) and of the 4th Austrian Hussars.

The Kaiser Wilhelm is a British field-marshal as well as a British admiral; while his Imperial Majesty's brother, who is to be present at the christening of the Emperor's new yacht in America, is entitled to wear a British admiral's uniform.

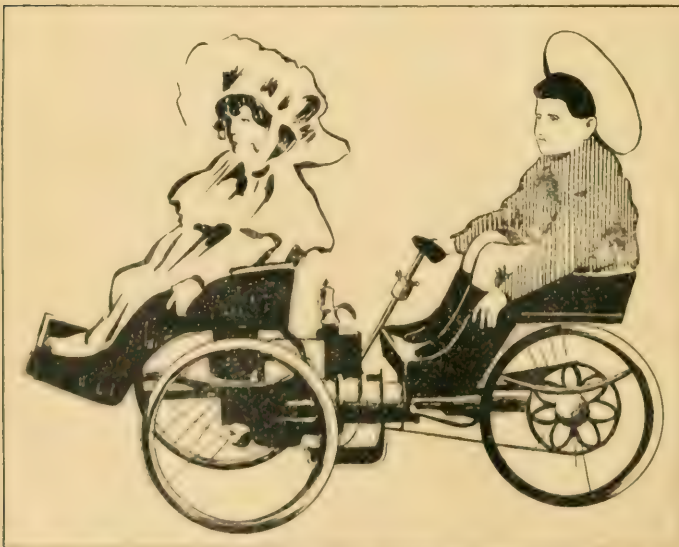
The Czar is honorary-colonel of the

Scotch Greys, whose proud regimental motto is "Second to None;" and the venerable Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is honorary colonel of the King's Dragoon Guards.

#### THE TINIEST MOTOR-CAR.

What is declared to be the tiniest motor car ever constructed is shown

in the accompanying illustration. It was built by a Mr. Cooke of Portsmouth, England, for his children, a boy aged six and girl aged 4. The little lad is an expert chauffeur, and together the pair go skimming about the town and even take long trips into the country, unattended. The tires are pneumatic of a non-puncturable design, and the motor was driven all summer without a single accident.



THE TINIEST MOTOR-CAR





TURNING THE HARROW—EARLY MORNING

FROM THE PAINTING BY HORATIO WALKER; BY PERMISSION N. E. MONTROSS, NEW YORK



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## HORATIO WALKER AND HIS ART

*By M. L. Fairbairn*

CANADA has not produced many great artists, but there are some worthy of better recognition than they have yet received. A short time ago, a New York connoisseur remarked: "You will wake some morning, you Canadians, to find what a great man you have to be proud of in Horatio Walker." Perhaps the same might be said of us in connection with several other artists; but it is certain that the work of Horatio Walker is more talked about in the United States and England than it is in Canada.

Outside of Montreal Mr. Walker's work is little known, for the simple reason that it has not been shown. Urged by his friends he held an exhibition of his work in the Art Gallery of that city in 1900, there being at the same time a loan exhibit of the work of the three Maris brothers in the Gallery. However odious comparisons are, they will be made, voluntarily or involuntarily, and this instance proved no exception. But our artist suffered nothing by juxtaposition with the world-famous Dutchmen. The intense individuality of his

work was no echo or imitation; it was the utterance of one who had seen and felt and learned; who had known "the artist's hunger and thirst, and the things that give him peace."

Because Mr. Walker's pictures have been little exhibited here, the lack of appreciation of, or rather better ac-



WOOD CUTTER—FROM THE PAINTING BY HORATIO WALKER,  
BY PERMISSION N. E. MONTROSS, NEW YORK



SHEEP WASHING—FROM THE PAINTING BY HORATIO WALKER, BY PERMISSION N. E. MONTROSS

quaintance with, the work of one of our fellow countrymen, who is well known elsewhere, must be forgiven, but at least it need not continue. Our cousins over the line have grown to appreciate him, thinking, perhaps, that we are not overwise in things of art. This good opinion might be best shown by a quotation from one of the keenest art critics of the New York press, who has this to say with regard to one of Mr. Walker's pictures, "The First Gleam":—

"The theme is simple, but in its treatment we have an epic. The mystery and the majesty of the morning are in these labouring forms, and the canopy of fire and cloud. In the driver we see no 'man with a hoe,' dull, hopeless, dragging his way through an existence that means no more to him than food and shelter; it is a man who, though brother to the ox, feels joy and purpose in his work; a man in whose air there are resolution and command; a man into whose life has come something of the calming greatness of Nature. He is sprung from the earth, and the strength of the soil is in him. His environment is of a splendour kings cannot command. The freshness and the fragrance of the morning are around him, and distances

recede into glowing infinities. The immense sky, shot with rays and shadows, is pouring its light on a freshened earth, and the curtains of the night are rolling away before the sun. Life, power, joy are the meaning of the picture."

Horatio Walker was born at Listowel, Ont., in 1858. His art career began while yet a boy, when he had a habit of sketching at odd times with all sorts and conditions of material. His training in art is very simply stated: it consisted of the old-fashioned process of going to nature, and the other process, equally old, of keeping on and on and on. The first pictures, real oil paintings, he ever saw were in Toronto, in 1872. They proved most unsatisfactory to the art-hungry youth to whom they gave nothing but the keenest disappointment, his instinct telling him these were not that for which he longed. Later, in the same city he saw a number of old English pictures which were as a shower in a desert; as water to a thirsty soul.

Continued work from nature brought increased power to the young artist.

He moved to Rochester, N.Y., but did not yet devote all his time to study; this came later, as the demands of art became more imperative, and the interest in it more absorbing, but at no time did he work in any studio or place himself under any master. As with most of the great landscape painters, he was compelled to find his own way of expression. Occasionally a picture was attempted, but for a time without success; still, whether discouraged or elated, the persevering student never ceased work. The result of this may be seen now in slight sketch or finished picture. From these the student will learn that success is not attained as the result of superficial observation and clever handling; it comes of continuous searchings, strivings, and close application.

At last, in 1883, came the turning in the long lane, the first distinct success met with, and since that time no

year has passed in which one or two canvases have not been exhibited, which have from year to year shown a growing mastery of technique, and of penetrating subtilty.

One who knows Mr. Walker well, both before and after the turning of fortune's tide, and who was with him much, tells of long days spent in sketching; of tramps afar in search of subjects for anatomical study, the dead body of a horse or cow or sheep; of busy days in the studio when the artist worked in a cloud of smoke, always quite alone; of over-elaborated studies, in which every detail was carefully noted, that appeared in the complete picture broadly brushed in—a matter of suppression and selection which only thorough knowledge could achieve. To those familiar with the colour sense shown in Mr. Walker's later pictures it may seem strange to know that in his earlier work that first attracted atten-



HAULING THE LOG—WINTER—FROM THE PAINTING BY HORATIO WALKER, BY PERMISSION  
N. E. MONTROSS





TREE-FELLERS AT WORK—FROM THE PAINTING BY HORATIO WALKER, BY PERMISSION N. E. MONTROSS

tion there was little colour, "it just escaped being in black and white." A final remark sums the secret of Mr. Walker's charm—"He felt everything so; he could paint the very soul of an ox!"

For his motive Mr. Walker from the first has gone to the peasant of his own country. Not the up-to-date farmer of the west, neither the pioneer nor the man from "way back," nor yet the owner of many acres and city culture; none of these has he sought, but the French peasant, the *habitant* of the Province of Quebec, whose life, dress and manner of living are of the simplest, who in many ways is now where his French ancestors of two centuries ago stood. "The *habitant* has manners," Gilbert Parker tells us; he has besides a warm heart and much trust in those hedeems worthy. Among this people Mr. Walker has made his home on the Ile d'Orleans, where he lives and works the greater part of the year and here he is looked up to by the farmers with unlimited veneration

for his art and affection for himself. To oblige their friend they will hasten or delay the ploughing of a field; and they will change or modify the daily routine of work to suit artistic demands with the greatest good will and interest in the undertaking.

There is a story of a French peasant from the island who was in Quebec on business and who, happening to look in a bookseller's window, espied in a number of *Harper's Weekly* a reproduction of one of Mr. Walker's pictures, a ploughing scene in the early morning. His attention was arrested—the field certainly looked strangely familiar, surely he knew those oxen; and that man's figure—who but himself! It was wonderful! To think all this should be in this great paper of another country! Delighted, he bought up all the copies for sale there, that his friends might share his pleasure in his own importance and his enthusiasm for their artist and his picture.

Mr. Walker was made a member of the Society of American Artists in 1887, a



A STY—FROM THE PAINTING BY HORATIO WALKER, BY PERMISSION OF N. E. MONTROSS

full member of the National Academy in 1891, is a member of the Water-Colour Society and also of the British Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, has been the winner of a gold medal at Chicago, of the Webb prize at the National Academy and other honours. In 1901 he exhibited in the Royal Academy, England, at which time the *Art Journal*, among its thirty-six reproductions of the leading pictures of the year included one by our artist, and its criticism was : "Mr. Horatio Walker shows a Millet-like realism which is yet charged with poetry—charm, the outcome of power, and not of mere desire to achieve the pretty, is the characteristic of this water colour. England should give welcome to Horatio Walker."

With regard to the artist's scope and ability there remains much to be said. He is not a painter of incident only, nor does he strive to give a correct map of some part of the earth. He is a deep thinker ; his attitude is reverential ; the landscape, the cattle, the people, all nature, are but the language for the utterance of a truth, of an idea, of the infinite. Each picture is the re-

sult of some thought, some strenuous feeling to which he seeks to give expression ; it follows that there is no repetition, each picture is a separate and individual creation. Nor may there be any haste in finishing. One canvas we know of has been carried every summer for eight years to the Canadian sketching grounds that when opportunity offers for the requisite effect of time and lighting something may be added. No pecuniary consideration could induce the artist to let a canvas go until he was satisfied he had given it his utmost.

Sometimes one must acknowledge the drawing uncouth, or the use of the pigment hasty and crude, but the result is always honest, the product of no trifler, but of a serious gifted man. Perhaps a remark of the artist may be a key to the better understanding of one who is usually silent about what he feels most, and who has little to say about art and his own work, "I have two patron saints, Michael Angelo and Turner." To the immense strength and intense feeling of the one, and the magnificent colour sense of the other, there

is that in him which has responded as deep to deep.

The subject of Mr. Walker's pictures are mainly pastoral; they appeal to the elemental in us as do Homer's tales or the story of Jacob and his flocks and his long service of love. The intense repose, the large suggestiveness, of many of them recall the breadth of Troyon; they seem in sharp contrast to our modern unrest and triviality.

In a large canvas, "Morning," a flock of sheep have just emerged from the shed and are beginning to disperse through the meadow. The dew glistens on the grass and the cold feeling of early morning is in the air, the light is quickening in the eastern sky but has not yet penetrated the shade of these trees. Gradually, as you give yourself sympathetically to the understanding of the painting, its meanings unfold, you appreciate the chill of the dawn, the first stirrings of the daily round of toil, the subtlety with which the great expanse of meadow is indicated, the charm of the cool green tones, the drawing of the sheep at once characteristic and broad. This reserve is one of the marked things in Mr. Walker's work; he does not tell you everything at once. It is all there as in nature, but the artist's purpose only comes to you gradually, bit by bit.

There are other subjects pleasant to recall—a sheep-washing in a shady pool in the foreground with a sunny vista showing beyond; massive oxen standing with patient heads against the

drinking trough, a drifting sky overhead; a *habitant* felling a tree in the dim woods; a pastoral with the unpoetical pig to the fore; a limekiln seen by moonlight, the conflicting lights making an interesting problem; a careworn peasant woman who drives home her cow in the glow of evening, stopping reverently before the wayside shrine and bowing in simple faith.

There is in these none of the pitifulness, the hopelessness of Millet's peasant, although the comparison has been made. Rather Mr. Walker has expressed something of the pathos and tenderness to be seen in Israel's work, though with a dignity quite his own. They are alike in discovering to us the beauty of the daily routine of life with its homely joys and cares.

During the last part of January and the first of February this year Mr. Walker held an exhibition of a number of his newer pictures, the best collection of his best work yet seen, at the Montross Gallery, Fifth avenue, New York.

There is a sentence of John Addington Symonds, in speaking of Michael Angelo, which might be applied to our artist's work in a degree. He says of certain of the great Italian's creations, "they became to him the hieroglyphs of his impassioned utterance." So here, whether the "hieroglyph" be landscape, figure, tree, or some effect of light, there is always the mind "to see through nature, to pass beyond the actual to the abstract, and to use reality only as a stepping-stone to the ideal."

## INHERITANCE

THERE lived a man who raised his hand  
and said

"I will be great,"

And thro' a long, long life he bravely knocked  
At Fame's closed gate.

A son he left who, like his sire, strove

High place to win—

Worn out, he died and, dying, left no trace

That he had been.

He also left a son who, without care

Or planning how;

Bore the fair letters of a deathless name

Upon his brow.

"Behold, a genius, touched with fire divine!"

The people cried.

Not knowing that to make him what he was

Two men had died!

Isabel E. Mackay





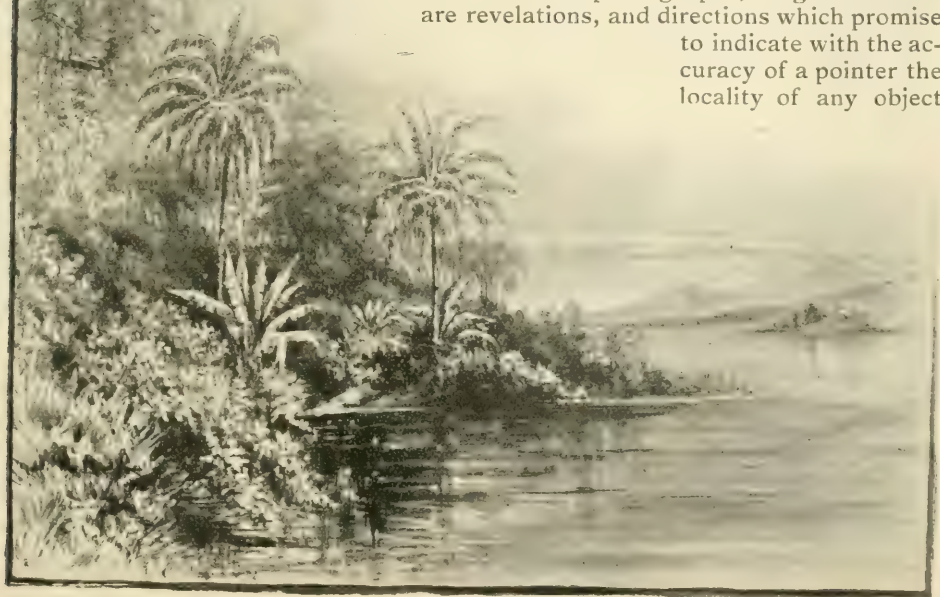
## A BIRD TROGLODYTE

*By Fritz Hope*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE amateur "observer" is a much-cared-for individual. He is as providently looked after by the bookmakers as is the country store by the wholesale dealers; whatever be the direction in which either his taste or his situation incites, an *embarras de riches* of appliances are tendered him.

Scientific esotericism is as extinct as the Dodo, and there is a vigorous competition in the efforts to illuminate the tyro's course. What with coloured photographs, diagrams which are revelations, and directions which promise to indicate with the accuracy of a pointer the locality of any object





THE BANK SWALLOW

sought, "observing" offers a most alluring prospect, and promises to be as easy as bowling down the hill.

Yet when the débutant starts out provided with a painstaking selection of these "guides, philosophers and friends," his success never comes up to his expectations. After focussing a dozen evanescent and perplexingly varying phenomena, he is happy if he comes home with but one or two assured facts of his own verification. Some experiences in this line leads me to heartily endorse the soundness of the advice to the beginner, to study but one object at a time, and to begin with the commonest in his neighbourhood.

The present paper illustrates an effort in this direction, though it was more accident than design that direct-

ly led to the subject. On a summer walking-tour along the northern shores of Lake Ontario, pity arrested me, all too late, to save a nestling at its last gasp in the placid ripples, and a glance up at the high cliff for its home was arrested by an uncommon sight. In the top fringe, for a long distance, was a fretwork of holes as thick set as the perforations of a sponge, while overhead was a whirl of wings as mazy as a Doré illustration of Paradise.

Between the flying host and the cliff-side was a busy intercourse. Every moment one would start from its airy convolutions and sweep to and fro the face of the cliff till a point was gained for a dart, straight and swift as an arrow, to some destined hole, where, clinging for an instant at the entrance,

half hidden in a little cloud of dust, it would creep in and vanish, while from some mysterious depth in the tunnelled earth another would flash out to be as quickly lost in the bewildering bird waltz; amongst the swaying crowd, short sweeps and sudden tangents of



THE BANK SWALLOW





BANK SWALLOW BURROWS—LORNE PARK, LAKE ONTARIO

flight interlaced one with another with a touch and go which conveyed the very embodiment of delight in motion. They were as vacillating as butterflies with the speed of a gleam of light, and to follow any individual for more than a second or two was impossible. The birds were clearly some species of swallow, and the pleased interest that engrossed attention for some time recalled a Mahommedan tradition which relates that after the banishment from Paradise the Angel Gabriel compassionately offered poor Eve, in her grief, some swallows and hens as a distraction.

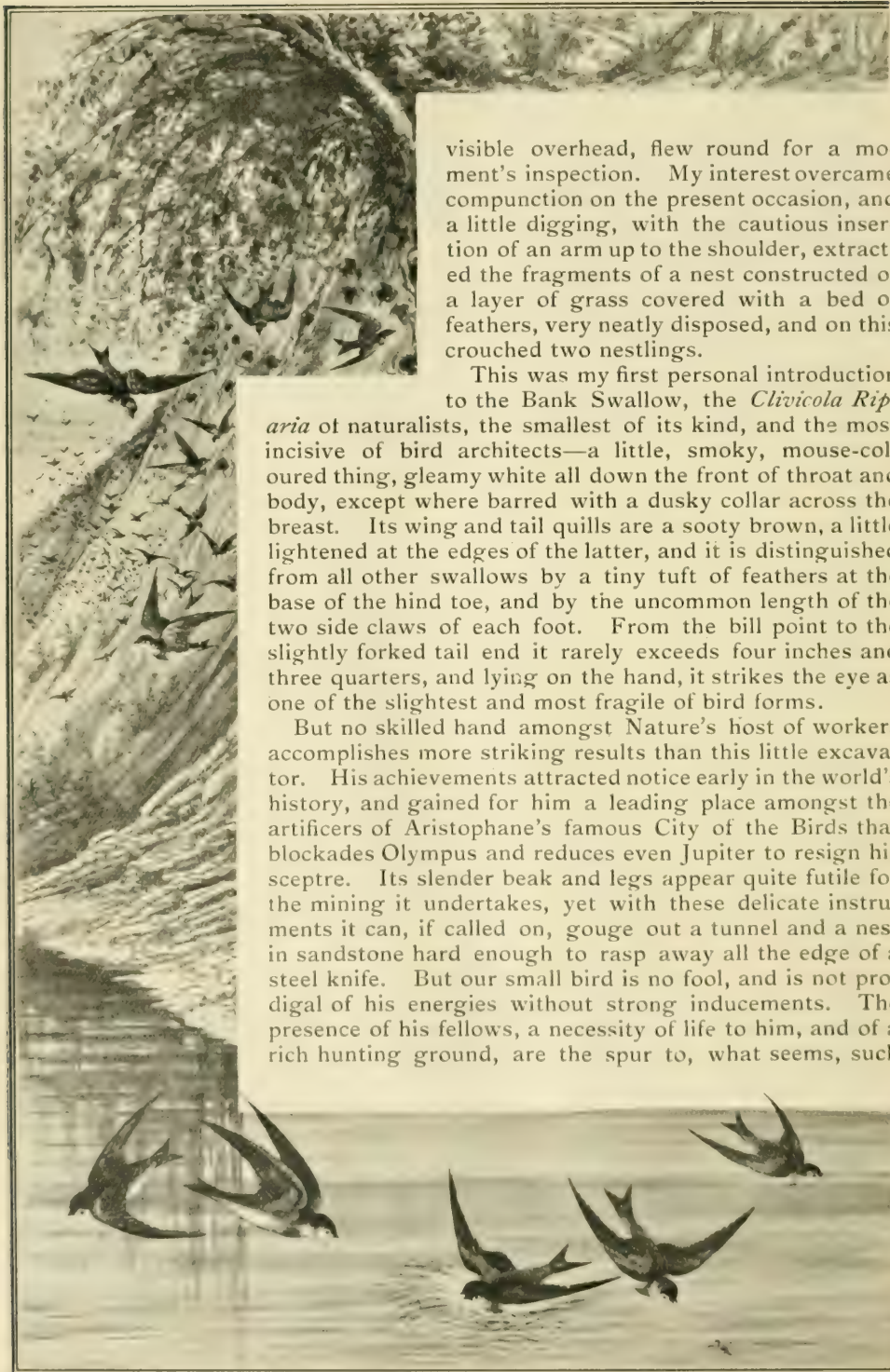
It was an easy climb up the loamy cliff-side to the cave dwellings. On

searching the nearest hole, a bird shot out brushing hand and face, a rush of wings was heard from tunnels around, and an immense commotion took place amongst the swirling birds; they jerked to and fro in an agitated confusion that resembled a tornado-cloud being torn into flying fragments. It was the period of nidification, and as long as I remained at my post the outraged multitude flitted round, soared and sank, uttering cries inexpressible by any combination of letters. On a later visit, when the nests were empty, a very different reception was given. In a few minutes every swallow around vanished and for half an hour afterwards only one or two solitary scouts, scarcely



LORNE PARK BANKS, LAKE ONTARIO





visible overhead, flew round for a moment's inspection. My interest overcame compunction on the present occasion, and a little digging, with the cautious insertion of an arm up to the shoulder, extracted the fragments of a nest constructed of a layer of grass covered with a bed of feathers, very neatly disposed, and on this crouched two nestlings.

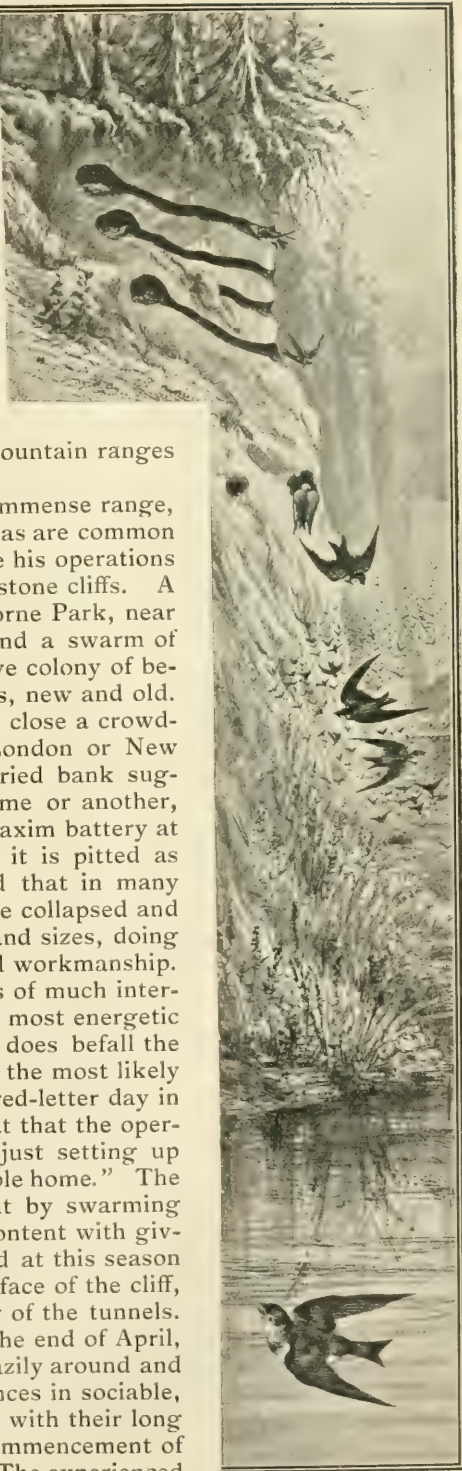
This was my first personal introduction to the Bank Swallow, the *Clivicola riparia* of naturalists, the smallest of its kind, and the most incisive of bird architects—a little, smoky, mouse-coloured thing, gleamy white all down the front of throat and body, except where barred with a dusky collar across the breast. Its wing and tail quills are a sooty brown, a little lightened at the edges of the latter, and it is distinguished from all other swallows by a tiny tuft of feathers at the base of the hind toe, and by the uncommon length of the two side claws of each foot. From the bill point to the slightly forked tail end it rarely exceeds four inches and three quarters, and lying on the hand, it strikes the eye as one of the slightest and most fragile of bird forms.

But no skilled hand amongst Nature's host of workers accomplishes more striking results than this little excavator. His achievements attracted notice early in the world's history, and gained for him a leading place amongst the artificers of Aristophane's famous City of the Birds that blockades Olympus and reduces even Jupiter to resign his sceptre. Its slender beak and legs appear quite futile for the mining it undertakes, yet with these delicate instruments it can, if called on, gouge out a tunnel and a nest in sandstone hard enough to rasp away all the edge of a steel knife. But our small bird is no fool, and is not prodigal of his energies without strong inducements. The presence of his fellows, a necessity of life to him, and of a rich hunting ground, are the spur to, what seems, such

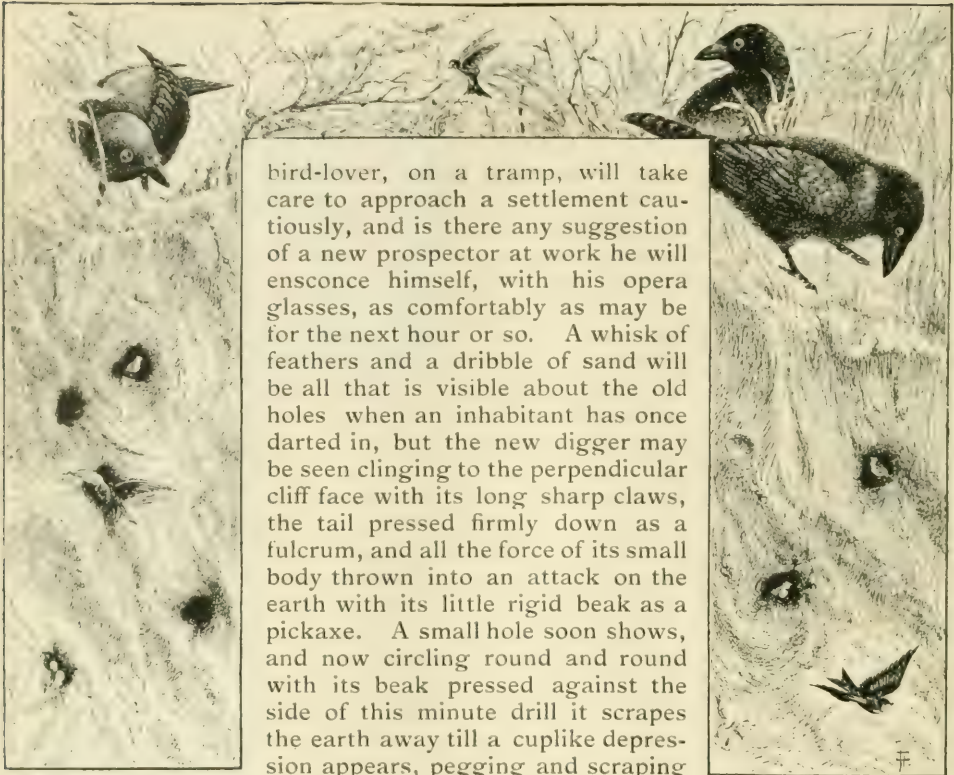
preposterous toil. It is, moreover, never entered on till all more easily worked claims in the settlement have been snapped up. The first burrowers in sandstone districts seize upon and utilize with keen judgment any softer intervals between hard strata, and many galleries are left unfinished when veins of extra hardness are run against. Sandstone drilling is indeed the Bank Swallow's *tour de force*, comparatively as rare as the human bipeds' piercing of mountain ranges and of river beds.

The bird scatters its locations over an immense range, seeking as a rule friable clay banks, such as are common on the Ontario Lake shores, but even here his operations are scarcely less remarkable than in sandstone cliffs. A noticeable example may be found at Lorne Park, near Toronto. There, in front of an hotel and a swarm of summer cottages, is installed an extensive colony of between two and three thousand nest holes, new and old. Our photograph of a portion indicates as close a crowding of habitations as in any slum of London or New York. The first view of this bird-quarried bank suggests the notion that it has, at some time or another, been made the practising ground of a maxim battery at short range; for several hundred yards it is pitted as closely as honeycomb, so closely indeed that in many places the partitions at the entrances have collapsed and the holes appear of very varied shapes and sizes, doing little credit to the neatness of the original workmanship.

The process of forming the burrows is of much interest, but seldom falling to the hap of the most energetic observer to watch. If such good luck does befall the wanderer, early on some spring morning, the most likely time for the sight, he will note it as a red-letter day in his bird calendar. The chances are great that the operators will be a young couple who are just setting up house, and who "dream not of a perishable home." The old birds, though sometimes driven out by swarming vermin resembling fleas, are generally content with giving their old residence a scrape-out, and at this season fresh, bright sand may be seen on the face of the cliff, running down from the mouths of many of the tunnels. Up to this time, which will be towards the end of April, our birds may have been noticed flying lazily around and settling on the cliff at the burrow entrances in sociable, shifting little parties, evidently fatigued with their long flight from the tropics. But with the commencement of business a fever of activity takes place. The experienced







bird-lover, on a tramp, will take care to approach a settlement cautiously, and is there any suggestion of a new prospector at work he will ensconce himself, with his opera glasses, as comfortably as may be for the next hour or so. A whisk of feathers and a dribble of sand will be all that is visible about the old holes when an inhabitant has once darted in, but the new digger may be seen clinging to the perpendicular cliff face with its long sharp claws, the tail pressed firmly down as a fulcrum, and all the force of its small body thrown into an attack on the earth with its little rigid beak as a pickaxe. A small hole soon shows, and now circling round and round with its beak pressed against the side of this minute drill it scrapes the earth away till a cuplike depression appears, pegging and scraping proceeds strenuously till the work-

er's mate flutters to the spot. There is a pause, observations are interchanged, and the digger sweeps off into space to recruit while his partner promptly attacks the cavity. Turn and turn about, the workers plod on till some time before noon when it is generally quit for the day. Their little concentrations of energy will have by that time, apparently, spent their operating force, and lying on the cliff-side will be a measure of their daily capacity, in sixteen or twenty ounces of excavated soil.

On the second day the small miners will be comfortably standing in a circular hole, pegging with the beak, scraping with feet, and fluttering out dust with wings, and will soon be invisibly deep in the earth, appearing but now and then



BANK SWALLOW'S NEST





to eject minute clawfuls of soil. The idea is, seemingly, to cut the gallery straight inwards, and in every case sloping up to guard against the risk of flooding. However, an easy winding of the tunnel is common, to avoid roots or stones too large to handle, pebbles up to two ounces being dug and pushed out. The work is finished, under ordinary circumstances, in four or five days, and a tunnel and a cave-home three or four feet deep in the solid earth is the result. These homes are as skilfully and securely sapped as any earth dwelling of the ancient Picts, or the more modern refuges of Lady-smith and Mafeking.

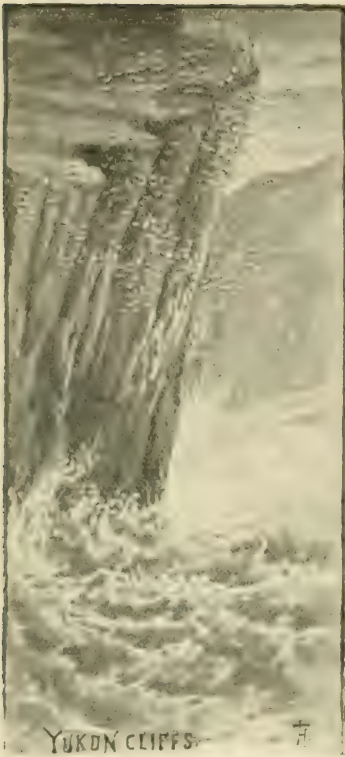
Our birds' domestic arrangements are carried on so completely in the dark that little can be said about them, but by the middle of May four or five extremely fragile eggs may be found, with fine white shells,



having a delicate roseate hue when full. They are slightly enlarged and flattened at one end, perhaps as a provision against the chance of a push and roll out down the tunnel. Towards the end of the month the young begin to appear at the gallery mouths, to look out on the world. One untoward result that awaits them was indicated at the beginning of this article. Another of their dangers to life comes from piratical crows, which at this season may be seen in parties watching on the cliff-tops to snap up any unwary innocent, but once fairly launched on the air their risks are small. A close observer may catch the parent bird feeding the young upon the wing, as they flash by, and their nurture is so soon completed that it is common for the old birds to raise two broods in a season.

Our delicate little friend so well guarded by its habits from "ravaging" tooth and claw, and with a nest construction so well fitted to meet extremes of temperature, fares bravely in the struggle for existence, and finds safe breeding grounds in all parts of the northern half of the world. None of the numerous and very varied order of Passerines to which it belongs, can compare with it in the enormous range of its settlements, though that order includes more than half of all living birds. It is found on Melville Island far into the Arctic Ocean. It swarms in the





mouths of the Mackenzie River on the extreme northern verge of our continent. It populates the cliffs of Alaska, where insect life may be considered, in some of its forms, to culminate; in that region stray bears being known to fall victims to the hosts of mosquitoes. Throughout the great fur country, wherever banks exist suitable for burrowing, Bank Swallow colonies abound. In the immediate neighbourhood of Hudson Bay, indeed, the bitter winds, chilled by the perpetual ice, render insect life too scarce, but in the interior the case is very different; there the short, hot summer, as in Alaska, fosters a limitless supply. Coming nearer home, it is plentiful on the shores of our Lake Ontario and in railway banks like those about Hamilton.

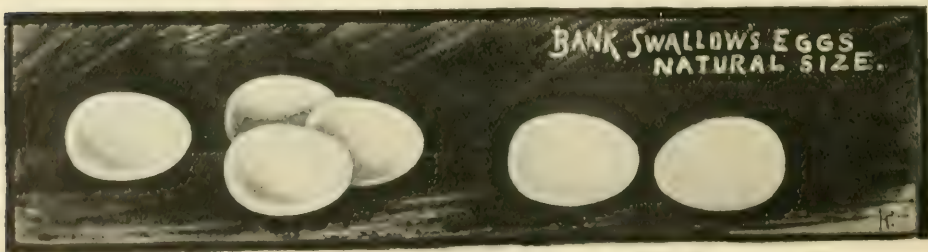
In the Old World, from the North Cape to the Sea of Okhotsk, its locations are numerous, and the bird may be depended upon to utilize the cuttings of the great transcontinental Siberian railway long before it will have begun to efficiently tap the commercial eldorado through which it passes, and shall have sealed the destiny of Manchuria. China and Japan know it familiarly. It has been traced through northern India, Afghanistan, Persia and Arabia. Few birds are better known throughout Europe, and in Spain the Mountain Butterfly, as it is there called, is sold in long strings as food in the

market places. At one time Zanzibar and Morocco were imagined to be its limit in Africa, but it has been traced far to the southward of these points, specimens having been sent from the seat of war in the Transvaal and from Teneriffe.

In the New World, about October, the northern hosts may be seen surging southward in vast clouds of loose flocks, many miles in extent, carrying the mind from the dark scrub pine forests, bare bluffs, gloomy skies, and oppressive desolation of immeasurable wild tracts from which they have gathered, and leading it onward to the lands of the cocoa palms, the tamarind pod and the lotus flower, to which they are bound and where

" . . . . . tossed wide around  
O'er the calm sky in revolution swift  
The feathered eddy floats, rejoicing,"

as they gather once again about the sun-kissed cliffs of the West Indies and Brazil, till the unconquerable impulse that comes with the revolving summer shall urge them back to the old hunting fields and the toils of breeding.









## EASTERTIDE

PEAL out, ye Easter bells, with gladness ring;  
Tell all the world how He who came to save,  
Hath burst the bonds of death and left the grave  
To sit at God's right hand triumphant King.

Where is thy triumph, Grave? O Death, thy sting?  
When Godhead and the Manhood thus combined  
Can thwart thy power and for the ransomed find  
An offering single and complete—our King.

Hail, Paschal Lamb! Who our redemption  
wrought,  
Thou Who on Calvary's cross our pardon won,  
Let earth's wide bounds whilst endless ages run  
Extol Thy praises, Lord, in word, in deed, in thought.

*T. Francis Watson*





# THE PROTECTIVE VALUE OF VACCINATION

*By John Ferguson, M.A., M.D.*

SINCE the time Jenner introduced vaccination much has been written for and against the value of the practice of vaccination. It takes a long time to gather the requisite data to prove the usefulness of some procedures, and vaccination is one of these. A vast amount of patient labour has been spent upon the collection of statistics to prove the great preventive value of vaccination against small-pox. It also took a long time to make the evidences that prove this value. Many had to be vaccinated, and the difference in the liability of these to small-pox compared with the non-vaccinated had to be observed. Sufficient time has now gone by, and sufficient statistics have been placed on record to prove beyond a shadow of doubt that vaccination, properly performed, is a powerful preventive against small-pox, and also an effective means of lessening the virulence of the disease in those attacked by it.

It has long been known that the cow-pox was capable of transmission to man. Humboldt learned in his travels in Mexico and South America that the natives were quite familiar with the fact that those who had suffered with the sores contracted from the cow-pox were no longer liable to small-pox. Brun found in his journeys through Asia that some tribes were acquainted with the value of the cow-pox in preventing small-pox. In many parts of Europe it was common knowledge that those who had been accidentally ill with the cow-pox did not contract small-pox. Indeed, this belief had gone so far as to lead to experiments which showed that small-pox could not be communicated to such persons. From 1768 to 1798 Edward Jenner was making his observations in England, and these led to the establishment of the practice of vaccination.

The cow-pox infection can be given to man. From this person it can be given to another, and so on through

an indefinite series. From the last of this series it can be conveyed back to the cow again, and from this cow to a human being, and the process gone over again and again, without the slightest change in the character of the sores as they appear in the cow or the human subject. It is thus quite clear that the act of passing the cow-pox to and fro, between the cow and the human being, does not, in the least, change its characteristics.

Now comes the vital question. If vaccination in man and the cow-pox in the cow be one and the same disease, and that vaccination in man does not lose its character, no matter how long a series of human beings it may be transmitted through, how does the cow-pox given to man prevent small-pox in the latter? The answer is to be found in the fact that the disease known as the cow-pox is a modified form of small-pox. In other words, it is, in some way or other, the small-pox of man as it appears in the cow. But once the small-pox has been conveyed to the cow, the latter animal gives it a stamp which it ever afterwards retains, and when it again affects the human being it is softened down into the cow-pox or vaccination. It has taken a long time, much observation and many experiments to prove this, but it is now proven beyond the remotest chance of doubt. To be vaccinated successfully is, therefore, to have an easy attack of small-pox, and one that may not give permanent, nor complete protection, though it often does so, yet, if repeated occasionally, is certain to prove not only completely, but permanently effective.

Many argue that vaccination does not protect, and quote cases of persons who have been vaccinated, and nevertheless fell victims to small-pox. This argument is easily met in several ways. In the first place, many claim to have been vaccinated who have not been vaccinated at all. The attempt may

have been made, but the vaccine did not take. This meets with their wish as they did not desire it to take, and they were glad it did not. Some are vaccinated, and, if it does not take, they are careless and do not have the attempt repeated. In some cases the vaccination is a very poor one. There may have been a slight result, but not such as to yield much protection. In other cases, so many years may have elapsed that the protection has become dissipated.

In order to obtain the best results, and yield the fullest degree of protection, the person should be re-vaccinated some years after the first vaccination. The Prussian law is that all are to be vaccinated in their first year, and again in their fourteenth year. On all occasions when there is risk of exposure to small-pox the person should at once be vaccinated. When vaccination is carried out on this plan, the evidence is overwhelming that the protection is almost perfect.

The opposition to vaccination has been long and bitter in many quarters. The religious argument has been urged, that it is wrong to do anything to protect against a disease sent by God. We hear but little of this argument now, though in the past it was boldly advanced, and is still held by some.

A much stronger argument has been advanced along the political and legal lines. It is contended that it is an interference with the individual's rights and liberties to insist on compulsory vaccination and re-vaccination. It is a remarkable fact that this argument has always come from the side of the anti-vaccinationists. They are the persons who seem to possess a monopoly of this tender regard for the individual's rights. This position is taken by them to gain the sympathy of those who are indifferent about vaccination, and who are likely to yield to an appeal of the sort whose basis is the interference with the liberties of the subject. It must be urged in opposition to this argument that it rests on a wholly wrong conception of individual liberty. Liberty

and freedom have their proper limits, and in no case should they be allowed to come into collision with the public weal. It is a just restriction on the liberty of the individual to isolate a person who is ill with small-pox, or who, because of mental derangement, is no longer safe at large. Similarly, vaccination is just, because it not only gives protection to the individual vaccinated, but, indirectly, to the whole community. Those who of their own volition remain unvaccinated greatly endanger the whole populace by the readiness with which they contract the disease, and become centres of infection. The State has the right to insist on compulsory vaccination of the children, as the latter should not be allowed to suffer because of the carelessness or omissions of their parents. Small-pox is a fatal disease with children. In pre-vaccination days small-pox was a children's disease, sweeping through the countries every few years, slaying, maiming and scarring its countless thousands.

It has been contended by some, and with some force, that vaccination may give rise to some serious complication, or introduce some other disease into the system. Compared with the large number of vaccinations that are performed these unpleasant occurrences are met with in an insignificant minority. Improved methods of obtaining the vaccine has still further lessened these risks. Thorough cleanliness in the performance of the vaccination operation reduces to a minimum the risk of erysipelas or severe inflammations in the part vaccinated. In many cases where there is severe inflammation in the part, it is due to some accident to the part, or some dirt or infection getting into the sore from some source other than the vaccine. The risk of introducing disease is almost nil with vaccine obtained from the calf, instead of the former custom of arm-to-arm vaccination.

Much has been made of the cry that we have no right to lay hands upon a person and compulsorily introduce a disease into his system. This is at once



met with the statement that the state has the right to regulate matters pertaining to the prevention of disease and the protection and saving of life just as it has the right to protect property. In this case there is a minimum of pain and risk and a maximum of protection against pain, deformity and death. The whole populace must be considered as well as the individual. It has been argued that the general introduction of vaccination has weakened the human race where the practice is general. In reply to this it need only be said that the death rate has steadily decreased as vaccination becomes more and more universal in a country. In Sweden, from a time when there was no vaccination to a time when it became general the death rate fell from 30 per 1,000 to 20. Likewise in London it fell from 42 per 1,000 to 20. In Europe there is abundant proof of a similar nature that the race has not deteriorated, the sanitary conditions have improved, and the expectation of life has been lengthened since the general employment of vaccination.

In Sweden, just prior to the introduction of vaccination, the small-pox death rate was 2,050 per 1,000,000; during the transition period it fell to 686; and since vaccination became general it has fallen to 169. In Bohemia for seven years before vaccination the population averaged 3,039,722 annually; the yearly deaths were 94,955; and from small-pox, 7,663. During twenty-four years after the introduction of vaccination the population averaged 4,248,155 yearly; the deaths were 113,412; and the deaths from small-pox 287. In the first period 1 in every 12 deaths, in the second period 1 in every 458 deaths was due to small-pox. In Brandenburg prior to the employment of vaccination 9 per cent. of all the deaths was due to small-pox; since the introduction of vaccination only 0.8 per cent. is due to this disease. In Berlin, prior to vaccination, the percentage of all the deaths due to small-pox was 8; since the introduction of vaccination it has been 0.8. In Stuttgart in the pre-vaccination period the deaths per 1,000 of the

population were 69; during the transition period they were 43; and during the period of general vaccination they were 0.8. From a careful selection of statistics it appears that the predisposition to small-pox is three times greater among the non-vaccinated than among the vaccinated; that the predisposition to the severe form is more than four times as great among the non-vaccinated as among the vaccinated, and that the death rate is quite twelve times as great among the non-vaccinated as the vaccinated. In Prague it has been shown that among the vaccinated 1 in 368 suffered from small-pox, while among the non-vaccinated 1 in 12 had small-pox. During the Franco-Prussian war Germany had an army of a million in the field. There were 297 deaths from small-pox. France had a similar army, and lost 23,469 men by the same disease. In the German army vaccination was strictly enforced; whereas in the French army it was not. In Germany vaccination and re-vaccination is enforced, and in every 100,000 of the population in the following cities the death rate from small-pox has been: Berlin 1.16, Hamburg, 0.74, Breslau, 1.11, Munich 1.45, Dresden, 1.03 yearly. On a similar basis in Paris it is 26.24, in St. Petersburg 35.82, in Vienna 64.90, in Prague 147.90.

Turning to Britain for a few minutes we note that on every 1,000,000 of the population the annual deaths from small-pox have been as follows: in London, 1660-79, 4,170; 1728-57, 4,260; 1771-80, 5,020; 1801-10, 2,040; 1831-35, 830; 1838-53, 513; 1854-71, 388; 1872-83, 262; 1883-92, 73. In Sheffield in 1887-88 under common conditions, among children the attack among the unvaccinated was 100 per 1,000; among the vaccinated it was only 5. The death rate among the vaccinated was 0.09; among the non-vaccinated it was 44. Dewsbury is an anti-vaccination centre. In the epidemic of 1891-2 among children under ten years, there were 45 cases with 1 death among the vaccinated; and 174 cases and with 56 deaths among the unvaccinated. It is not necessary to go further, nor to tell



wonderful stories of the value of vaccination as revealed by the statistics of the Italian army for the past 25 years.

One word more. Doctors and nurses require no other protection than vaccination and re-vaccination. In 1871, 110 nurses were sent on duty to small-pox patients in London. Of these re-vaccination was omitted by only two, and these were the only ones who contracted the disease. In 1876-77, in the same city, there were many cases of small-pox; all the nurses escaped with the exception of one, who, by accident, had not been re-vaccinated. In the epidemic of 1881, in the same city, of 90 nurses and attendants, the only one who fell

ill was a housemaid who was not re-vaccinated. In another group of nurses and attendants, numbering 1,500, only 43 took the disease, and of these 43 not one had been re-vaccinated. Of 1,201 persons engaged on small-pox hospital ships, only 6 contracted the disease, and all recovered. Were it not for vaccination, epidemics could not be brought under control until they had run their course, and a certain number of persons became immune by having had the disease. These could then wait upon new cases. It is in this way that small-pox epidemics formerly wrought such havoc, because there were no protected persons to take care of those who had the disease.

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### THE SETTLER

HE strikes into the wilderness,  
 Remote from man, alone with God,  
 To hew or delve, and force success  
 From forest land or prairie clod.  
 Alone he went and wrought, but see;  
 The hermit multiplied by three!

The thicket from his sturdy strokes  
 Recedes or shrinks to slender clumps;  
 The clearing where his hearth-fire smokes  
 Is green with grain midst blackened stumps.  
 Ere thrice the summer shall be gone,  
 A hamlet round him will be drawn.

Or virgin plains, that ne'er before  
 Were wrinkled by the plough-share's trail,  
 Grow brown beyond his cabin door  
 With furrows sown with wheat for sale.  
 Alas! no buyer comes; but wait;  
 The road of trade shall pass his gate!

By force centripetal, ere long,  
 Now one, now many, seek his side;  
 And Commerce brings unto the throng  
 What was to him at first denied.  
 Thus fast and faster hamlets grow,  
 Then centrifugally o'erflow.

By such who wield the axe and spade,  
 More than by rifle and the sword,  
 Are earth's most gainful conquests made,  
 Are nature's wealthy wilds explored.  
 Go, write above his lowly grave:  
 "Here lies the bravest of the brave!"

*William T. James*

# THE GREAT SEAMAN OF THE NORTH

*By George Johnson, Dominion Statistician*

**H**ENRY HUDSON is a place-name father whose progeny are found in many parts of this continent.

Who Hudson was; where he was born; how he came to enter the employ of the Muscovy Company; how he died—of these matters absolutely nothing is known. He comes before us in the pages of history in 1607. He disappears in 1611 and we know no more of him after the 21st June, 1611, than we do of him before the 23rd April, 1607. His place among great navigators was gained in these four years.

From Lossing's description of a dingy painting hanging in the Governor's room in the New York City Hall, which, however, considerable research leads me to believe is not a genuine portrait, one gleans some idea of Hudson's sonal appearance: "A broad-headed, short-haired, sparsely-bearded man with an enormous ruffle about his neck and bearing the impress of an intellectual, courtly gentleman of the days of King James the First of England."

His first voyage was undertaken in the belief that an English writer, Robert Thorne, as early as 1527 had propounded the true plan of making the Arctic Ocean yield up its secrets, viz: by sailing right across the North Pole, just as the Duke of Abruzzi in the year of grace 1900 has declared can be done, nothing but sea being around the Pole.

After bargaining with "certaine worshippeful merchants" in the parlour of a son of Thomas Gresham, concerning a voyage in search of a Northeast passage to India, he knelt in St. Ethelburge Church in Bishopsgate Street on the last Sunday of April and, as the pious custom was, partook of the Sacrament in company with his mate and crew—a dozen in all.

On the first day of May, 1607, with branches of the hawthorn in bloom fastened to the masthead of the *Hopewell*, 60 tons burden, the vessel in which Frobisher had sailed on his

last voyage to the North 29 years before, Hudson left Gravesend amidst all the signs of jollity with which the 1st of May was ushered in by our merry forefathers and mothers.

The year is ear-marked in English and Canadian history by two or three noteworthy events. A dip into Goldwin Smith's marvellous specimen of "picked and packed words," his history entitled, "The United Kingdom: a Political History," will supply some of these events.

Of Bacon he says, "If he did not advance science by discoveries, he opened the gates of the morning and never had science so magnificent a preacher." Bacon had published his "Advancement of Learning," a couple of years before Hudson's sailing, and King James, who, with all his failings, possessed shrewdness and a keen appreciation of learning, in the month following the *Hopewell's* departure made Bacon his Solicitor-General, the future Lord Chancellor thus gaining a step on the ladder of promotion after long years of patient waiting.

The same writer says: "In Shakespeare with his little Globe theatre, his want of scenic apparatus, of general culture and of models, for he evidently knew nothing of the classical drama, we are struck, as in the case of the maritime adventurers, by the achievements of sheer power." The great dramatist in the year of Hudson's sailing put on the boards "King Lear" "in which," as Sidney Lee remarks, "Shakespeare's tragic genius moves without any faltering on Titanic heights."

In the same year Dr. Cowell gave to the public his law dictionary in which he affirmed the absolute power of the King above law, admitting Parliament to a share in legislation by his mere benignity, but not bound or hampered in any way by the law—a dictum to which the House of Commons took umbrage and, as its best answer, sup-

pressed the Doctor's dictionary by public proclamation, thus again supplying the English people with a precedent for future guidance in their relations with the monarch.

In the same year and in the very month of Hudson's sailing, Captain John Smith with Bartholomew Gosnold (who on a previous voyage named Cape Cod) and others were landing at Jamestown to commence the settlement of Virginia, amidst such severe privations that out of 105 colonists living on the 22nd June, 68 were dead by the time the year ran its course. Captain John Smith was a man of many adventures in many lands and was destined to have many more besides the one he had in Virginia when Pocahontas, the Indian Chief's daughter, saved him from the Indians' wrath by hugging him so closely that the arrows intended for him could only find a way to him through her shielding body. He was also the friend of Hudson, to whom he sent letters and maps, informing him that there was a sea leading into the western ocean by the north of Virginia.

In the spring of the same year a little colony of Frenchmen in Port Royal, Acadie, after a winter marked by the gastronomic pleasantries and rivalries of Champlain's Order of "Le Bon Temps," was busy building two little craft—the pioneers of Nova Scotia shipbuilding—on the shores of the basin whose beauties had won Poutrincourt's love, varying their toil by watching the Indian Chief Membertou and his fighting men gathering in their war canoes for an invasion of the country of the Almouchiquois Indians of Cape Cod. In that same year, Champlain, having, as geographer to the King of France, explored during three years over a thousand miles of the Atlantic coast line, arrived in France to be rewarded by the King with the title of Lieutenant-Governor of New France, with authority to establish a citadel of French power on the heights of the promontory of Quebec.

Sailing, as we have seen, on May-day, Hudson arrived on the 13th June, 1607, off Greenland, in lat.  $67^{\circ} 30'$ . He turned his vessel's bows northward and, because of the easterly trend of the coast, came again in sight of Greenland in lat.  $73^{\circ}$ , and named the headland he saw "Hold with Hope." The stormy passage and the ice and fog had not daunted him. He purposed to hold on his way with hope strong in his manly heart, and to-day on the map may be seen Cape Hold-with-Hope to remind us of Hudson's sight of the land which to him suggested hope of success in his perilous undertaking.

Still sailing northerly he skirted the ice barrier till he arrived at Spitzbergen, having vainly sought for a passage through it to the North Pole. After fifty days of "fogge, thick fogge and slabbie weather," with a few days of clear sunshine and with others of gales, gentle and furious, during which he explored the coast line of Spitzbergen and "sought passage by the north of Groneland (Greenland) to Davis Strait, and so for England," he lost hope and sailed for home, reaching Cherie Island on the 1st of August, and on the 15th September he was in the Thames once more. He was the first man to sail along that ice barrier between Spitzbergen and Greenland which, three centuries after, Abruzzi almost overcame, having penetrated six degrees farther north than Hudson was able to accomplish, and reaching as near the pole as the distance of Morrisburg from Toronto, on the Grand Trunk.

The objective point of his second voyage, in 1608, was Nova Zembla, from which group of islands he hoped to make a dash for the North Pole, or, failing in that, to reach China by sailing along the north shore of Russia till he found a passage leading to the North Pacific. But the ice barrier successfully resisted his efforts, and a second time he had to return to England without accomplishing anything of importance for his main purpose,



beyond adding to his already large store of experience.

His third voyage was made under directions from the Dutch East India Company, a corporation of great importance in the commercial history of Holland, then striving to wrest from Spain her dominant position as a maritime State. He sailed from Amsterdam on the 25th March, 1609, and by the 5th of May he was off the Finmarke Cape.\* When he arrived near Nova Zembla his crew refused to continue the voyage. They mutinied. Whether he was more pleased than displeased does not appear. What he did, however, was to propose to them to sail across the Atlantic and either go north and make trial for the Northwest passage or go south and, following up Capt. John Smith's idea, explore the North American coast in the neighbourhood of the 40th degree. They agreed to the latter proposition, and on the 14th May they sailed westward.

After a voyage of 56 days the vessel arrived off the coast of Nova Scotia, where they saw several French fishing vessels and "spake with a Frenchman fishing on the Banks of Sablon" (west of Halifax.) A month was spent in getting a new Nova Scotian mast, theirs having been lost in a storm, and in coasting along the wild New England shores, to which eleven years later the Plymouth colonists were to come and begin their home-making in the New World. There he found traces of Champlain; for the Indians drew for him the outline of Massachusetts Bay with a crayon given to them by the great French navigator, who had been

there in 1606. In a few days (18th August), Hudson reached the Virginian coast, partially explored it, missed seeing the nine ships and 500 colonists (sent to reinforce his friend Smith's colony) that arrived in Jamestown on the 11th August, to bring disaster upon the colony by their vicious acts; and finding that he was too far south, turned his vessel to the north-east, and arrived off Sandy Hook on the 2nd of September.

He went 150 miles up the river that bears his name, his primary object being to ascertain if Smith's conjecture that beyond the barrier of the Alleghanies there existed a great sea, on whose bosom borne he might go to China, was well founded.

Finding that the river was not deep enough to float his vessel beyond the spot where Waterford now stands, he returned to the mouth of the river. He was delighted with the climate, the great oaks that covered the land, the abundance of blue plums, the fertility of the soil, and the size and quality of the oysters. He had agreeable experience of the natives, and they of him.

One of these mutually agreeable experiences is related by the Rev. J. Heckewelder. It seems that when the Indians first saw Hudson's vessel in the distance they were puzzled. They saw a great way off something remarkably large floating or swimming on the water. Some concluded that it was either an uncommonly large fish or other animal, while others were of opinion that it must be a very large house. Runners were sent in all directions to summon the chiefs and the medicine men of the tribes. While these were preparing to receive the vessel as the home of their Manitou coming to visit them, the watchers came running to the Council with the information that the approaching thing was a house of various colours, crowded with living creatures of a different colour to themselves.

The red-clothed man they saw must be the Manitou. He hails them in an unknown language. They crowd

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\* Just says "Thursday, 19th May, 1609:— 'Then we observed the sun having a slaeke.' G. M. Ashe, in 'Henry Hudson the Navigator,' one of the Hakluyt Society's valuable publications, says the word *slake*, as a substantive, seems to be a north country word, meaning, according to Brockett, an accumulation of mud and slime, from *Slijck*. If Hudson observed a spot on the sun on the 19th of May, 1609, he was undoubtedly the earliest discoverer of this most interesting phenomenon; the observation of Thomas Hariot, which is considered as the first on record, being more than a year and a half later—December 8th, 1610."

around him as he steps ashore. He pours something into a small cup and drinks it off; fills the cup and passes it. The chiefs smell it, but do not imitate his example and drink the contents. One of the chiefs makes an oration, the burden of which is that the Manitou will be offended if the cup is returned to him unemptied. The orator declares his willingness to sacrifice himself since it was better for one man to die than a whole nation to perish. He bids farewell to his friends, and drinks off the liquid. It courses through his blood. He dances. He falls down. He seems about to expire. But he gets up and declares he never was so happy before in all his life. The others press forward for a drink. They drink and are all in a state of intoxication, and to this day the Indians call the place Mannahattanink—the place of general intoxication—where they got gloriously drunk. The name the white men call the place is Manhattan Island, and from all accounts it retains its reputation and lives up to its name in spite of Raine's law.

It seems a pity to spoil this story by throwing doubt upon its accuracy. But the fact is that Juet, who was with Hudson and who wrote the account of the voyage, says "the place is called Mannahata," indicating that this was the name the Indians gave it before Hudson arrived.

In the pleasing pages of Parkman's "Pioneers of France in the New World," one may read of Champlain's expedition up the lake that bears his great name; how at twilight of each day embarking in their canoes his Indians paddled their cautious way till the eastern sky began to redden; how in the morning of the 30th July, after paddling all night, they hid in the forest on the western shore between Crown Point and Ticonderoga; how on the night of the same day, at ten o'clock, when near a projecting point of land, which was probably Ticonderoga, they descried dark objects in motion on the lake before them and found that they were Iroquois canoes; how the

Canadian Algonquins and the Iroquois passed the night in flinging abuse, sarcasm and menace at each other, following up these linguistic preliminaries, when day dawned, with a fierce battle, in which Champlain's arquebus and those of his two French companions gave victory to the Algonquins and defeat to the Iroquois.

Fifty days later (22nd Sept.) Hudson's boats were at Waterford, less than 60 miles from the scene of Champlain's Indian battle. Thus near were these two white men to a hand-shaking, or perhaps to a shooting match with each other.

Hudson arrived at Dartmouth, Devonshire, on 7th November (*stilo novo*), 1609, having skirted a portion of our Canadian coast and given the Dutch a claim to the possession of a tract of land on which they erected habitations four years later, calling the little hamlet New Amsterdam, which as New York has grown to be the first commercial city of this continent, and the second in point of population in the world. It is noteworthy that two descendants of the Dutch of New Amsterdam, Messrs. Van Wyck and Roosevelt, were the Democratic and Republican candidates for Governor of the State of New York in 1898; and also that we have a lake in our Northwest named Roosevelt Lake, after the present President of the United States, a name given by Munro Ferguson, one of Lord Aberdeen's Canadian household.



Hudson's fourth voyage (1610) was undertaken under the auspices of several noblemen and merchants of London, among them being the Earl of Salisbury, Sir Dudley Digges and Master John Wolstenholme. His ship was the *Discoverie*, and it had been employed by the East India Company, in 1602, to convey George Weymouth to the Northwest on a voyage of discovery in the course of which he sailed nearly 100 leagues into the Strait now called Hudson.

On the 17th April, 1610, Hudson brake ground from St. Catharine's



Pool, near the Tower of London, and, being beset by contrary winds, reached Resolution Island on the 24th June after 68 days' buffetings of wave and storm. Thence he crossed the mouth of the Strait, seeing on the 5th of July land which he named Desire Provoketh, now Akpatok Island, the original Eskimo place-name having held its own against all rivals, in accordance with that singular persistency some place-names possess. He named several other places; some islands, for instance, among which he sought shelter in a storm he called the Isles of God's Mercie, and another island to which he gave the name of Hold with Hope, the same name he had bestowed on a point on the northeast coast of Greenland on his first voyage. Most of these names have failed to hold their place on the charts. Some have been modified. Queen Anne's Foreland is known as Queen's Cape and Hold with Hope Island holds Cape Hope, having dropped the other part of the original name. Mount Charles is now Charles Island, and so on.

On the 2nd of August "we had sight of a faire headland which I called (he says) Salisburie's Foreland" (now Salisburie Island). The island is an outpost of Hudson Strait, at the western end. So that by the place-names we are able to ascertain that after leaving Resolution Island Hudson had gone into Ungava Bay, had explored it, had then turned westward and passing through the Strait had reached the great Bay itself. The next day he crossed the Strait going south and named Cape Wolstenholme, distant as the crow flies about 1,000 miles from Cape Farewell, a distance which he had very considerably increased by the zigzag course he took.

He had now to consider what course he should take; for he remembered he was seeking a northwest passage through our continent to the Pacific Ocean. His passage up the Hudson River in search of the great inland sea by which he hoped to find outlet to the Pacific, convinced him of the futility of exploration in that direction.

As he looked upon the terraced heights of Cape Wolstenholme (named after one of the men at whose expense his expedition had been fitted out); as his men going up the cliffs saw a broad expanse of water stretched far to the south of the jagged, perpendicular heights\* over which they pushed their toilsome way; as he himself watched the swift current flowing to the north between the creviced cape and Digges Island, he must have concluded that he had happened upon the mouth of the great inland sea he had vainly sought by the Hudson River route, and must have decided that his true course was to the south and not to the west. If the great inland sea he had heard about (probably Lake Superior) could not be reached by the southern river, possibly he might have better luck by following the southern course on the great inland sea, at the foot of one of whose lofty headlands his vessel was anchored. Some such motive must have determined him on calling in his men and refusing to delay, even though they told him of the quantity of wild fowl to be had on the cape and the outlying island. He was eager to press on and find the passage to the central sea.†

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\* Cape Wolstenholme terminates in a small point 200 feet high, immediately backed by jagged, perpendicular cliffs—about 1,000 feet high—full of crevices, where the guillemot breed in tens of thousands. The noise of the birds' wings when a gun was fired was like heavy thunder, and the first time I fired I dodged behind a mass of rock thinking that the report had dislodged a large piece of the cliff above. A. P. Low, *Report of Geological Survey for 1898*.

† Abacuk Prickett says: "Our master sent the boat ashore with myself (who had the charge) and the carpenter and divers others, to discover to the west and north-west and south-west; but we had further to it than we thought, for the land is very high, and we were overtaken with a storm of rain, thunder and lightning. But to it we came on the north-east side, and up we got from one rock to another till we came to the highest of that part. Here we found some plain ground and saw some deer. Thus going from one place to another we saw to the west of us an high hill above all the rest, but it proved further off than we made account, for when we came to it the land was so steep on the east and north-



Along the shore he sailed his vessel through the fringe of islands till he came to the point now called Portland Promontory. Then they lost sight of the land, as it curves to the eastward. Still on the intrepid seaman pushed, heaving his lead and groping his way through shoaling water, over broken ground and among protruding rocks, till they came to a passage into which they guided their vessel with land in sight on both sides. There they came to an anchor, and Hudson sent the boat ashore to see what that land was and whether there was any way through. They soon returned and showed that beyond the point of land to the south there was a large sea. The passage was, then, not the one he sought. The land on his right was an island, probably Charlton Island. On again pressed the ardent explorer between the two lands till they reached the bottom of the bay. This he desired to explore. What he did is described by Prickett: "Then up to the north we stood until we raised land, then down again to the south, and on Michaelmas Day came in and went out of certain lands which our master sets down by the name of Michaelmas Bay, because we came in and went out on that day."

If we assume this bay to be the one now called Hannah Bay, we find that Hudson, on sailing out went north, and came into "shoal water, and the weather being thick and foul, we came to an anchor (says Prickett), and there lay for eight days." From there they "stood to the south and southwest, and came to a sea of two colours, one black and the other white. Night coming on, we stood to the east into deep water, then to the south and southwest, and so came to our westernmost bay of all and came to an anchor on the north shore." This bay is likely to be the one into which Moose River pours its waters. On going out

east parts that we could not get into it . . . . In this place great store of fowl breed . . . . We came aboard and told him what we had seen, and persuaded him to stay a day or two in this place, telling him what refreshing might there be had; but by no means would he stay who was not pleased with the notion."

they went on the same course they had gone in, but struck on a rock and there remained for twelve hours. After getting off they stood to the east and raised three hills lying north and south. "And so into a bay, where we came to an anchor."

Hudson sent out a boat with Prickett and the carpenter to seek a place to winter in. The two went down to the east to the bottom of the bay, but returned to report no success. The next day they went to the south and southwest and found a suitable place, where the vessel was taken and hauled aground; and this was the 1st of November.

It is very difficult to follow with any degree of certainty Prickett's statement of the three months' movements in a labyrinth of islands, with its "up to the north and down to the south, and over to the east and back to the west." But, with a good map before me, I conclude that the devious wanderings of the last fortnight of that memorable October included the bay into which Moose River empties, the bay now called Hannah Bay, and the three-hilled tongue of land or peninsula, the extreme point of which is called Point Comfort,\* and finally the bay, now called Rupert's Bay, in which, after searching along the east side in vain, they found the wintering place they wanted, where the Nottaway River with its abundant stream would supply the fresh water required for the long winter before them. No doubt, Hudson, with his methodical ways, entered in his log-book all his movements and the names he gave to the islands, bays, capes and rivers he saw.

\*Curiously enough, the dividing line between the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec runs through the peninsula, the extreme point of which is named Point Comfort. Thus Ontario has Hudson's Michaelmas Bay, and Quebec possesses the bay in which Hudson's ship wintered. Ontario might with propriety restore the old name Michaelmas Bay, and Quebec adopt an appropriate name for the other bay, while on Point Comfort the dividing line might be marked by a suitable memorial, partly on Ontario and partly on Quebec land, to the great navigator whose name our Canadian Mediterranean bears.

But the portion of his journal covering the two months of September and October has disappeared; either the mutineers destroyed it or (probably) Prickett kept it, used it in preparing his "larger discourse," and then destroyed it to prevent its statements being used against himself and his shipmates.

It seems clear, however, that all the movements which so perplexed Prickett were made by Hudson for the purpose of ascertaining whether there was a water communication between the south and the west shores of Hudson Bay, including James Bay and the great inland sea, of whose existence he was positive. He did here as he had done on his first voyage, when for fifty days he was dodging about now in this and now in that direction, seeking at various points to penetrate the ice barrier and sail over the North Pole.

By the 10th of November, old style, or 20th, new style, Hudson's vessel was frozen in. The ship had supplies for six months. But it was uncertain how long they would have to remain in what I may call Frozen-in-Bay. Hudson, therefore, ordered short commons, and offered a reward to those of his crew who killed either beast, fish or fowl. "In the space of three months," says Prickett, "we had such a store of one kind (which were partridges as white as milk) that we killed about an hundred dozen, besides others of sundry kinds." In the spring these fowl left them, and in their place came divers sort of other fowl, as "swanne, gease, duck and teale." In time these flew to the north. "Then went the men," says Prickett, "into the woods, hills and valleys for all things that had any show of substance in them, how vile soever—the moss of the ground (than which I take the powder of a post to be much better) and the frog were not spared." In their long season of idleness scurvy seems to have visited them, but fortunately one of the crew brought home buds of a tree full of a turpentine substance, and of this the surgeon made a decoction to drink, and applied the buds hot to them that were troubled with ache in any part of

the body, all receiving great and present ease of pain," as Prickett states. Probably it was from the same species of tree that Cartier obtained a remedy for the scurvy, which carried off so many of his men in the winter of 1535-36, as they wintered near Quebec.

When the ice began to break a savage came to the ship. Hudson treated him well, hoping to receive valuable information from him. The savage described the country as well peopled, and after bartering beaver skins for knives and beads and a hatchet, departed, promising to return after so many "sleeps," but that was the last they saw of him.

The ice having gone out of the sounds, some of the men went fishing to fill up the larder. Others took in wood, water and ballast. Hudson himself fitted out the shallop with provisions, and with others of the crew started off along the coast, hoping to meet some of the natives and obtain from them flesh and other provisions, but they would not let him come near, setting fire to the woods on his approach and decamping. He was compelled to return empty-handed.

Soon after his return, the wind serving, they weighed anchor and stood out of the bay in which they had spent 227 days, and on the 18th of June they encountered ice.



Some of the crew had been hatching a conspiracy during the long winter. They objected to spending another summer in exploring. They wanted to get home as soon as possible; as one of them expressed it, "he would rather be hanged at home than starved abroad." Robert Juet, who for insubordination had been deposed from his position as mate, and Henry Greene, who had a personal grievance against Hudson, were the ringleaders and they had poisoned the minds of several of the crew. The first plan they concocted was to seize the shallop and the net and leave the ship. But this was unintentionally frustrated by Hudson, who, as we have seen, took the shallop for his expedition. Their second plan



was to put Hudson, his son and all the sick men into the shallop, turn them adrift, and take the ship to England. When it was dark on the night of the 21st they were in readiness to put their deed of darkness into execution. Two of the rascals engaged Hudson in conversation and a third came behind him and tied his arms fast. The shallop was hauled to the vessel's side. They forced the poor sick and lame men into the shallop and put Hudson in it. The carpenter refused to remain in the ship with such a band of murderers and managed to obtain from them a fowling piece and powder and shot, some pikes, an iron pot, some meal and other things, and with these he went into the shallop. The mutineers hoisted sail and stood out from the ice, the shallop being fast to the stern of the vessel. When they were nigh out they cut the rope and sailed off. The shallop followed and came in sight while the vessel was lying to and the men were ransacking the vessel. They at once put on sail and "fled as from an enemy." What became of Hudson and the shallop no one knows.



In the summer of 1613 Champlain left Montreal to explore the Ottawa River (the Grand River he called it). He took with him a young man, Du Vignau, who declared that he had seen a great sea in the north; that the English had landed there; that one of the vessels had been wrecked there and that the sailors who were not drowned had been killed by the Indians. Champlain found out that Du Vignau had lied to him about himself having been in the great North Sea (Hudson Bay) and therefore disbelieved all his story. A lively time followed when Champlain confronted Du Vignau with the Indians and forced him to admit his falsehoods.

But, as we have seen, Hudson had been in the North Sea. He had been cast adrift. Is it not likely that Du Vignau had conversed with some Indians who described to him the fate of Hudson?

It might possibly be that the story Du Vignau had heard, and which he falsely told as an eye-witness, referred to the mutineers; for when these left Hudson to his fate they made for the Cape on which they had seen the vast assemblage of water-fowl which Hudson would not stay to take. There they hoped to supply themselves with the food they needed. But on going ashore they were attacked by the natives, and before they could escape to their boat, Henry Greene, one of the leaders, was slain outright. William Wilson died of his wounds, "swearing and cursing in most fearful manner;" others also died within a few days. This encounter may have been the one that Du Vignau heard of from his Indian friends. But—there was no wrecked vessel and no sailors were drowned.



It seems to me that the reports Du Vignau had heard and told to Champlain were connected with the fate of Hudson and give us an inkling of the manner of his death.

This is, of course, a mere guess. Hudson faded away in the bay on that fateful 21st June as completely as an ice-floe vanishes under the summer's sun, and during nearly 300 years no trace has been found of him, his shallop or his friends.

The mutinous crew of eight survivors suffered severely from hunger and hardships as they slowly made their way out of the Strait and across the North Atlantic, their sufferings intensified because of the loss of the five men in the conflict with the natives. But Bylott had been made captain and succeeded in carrying the vessel to the shores of Ireland, not arriving there till the despicable Juet had miserably perished.

Bylott appears to have proved himself innocent of guilty participation in the crime, for a few years later he was sent in command of an Arctic expedition with Baffin for his pilot.



Great interest was naturally aroused by the statements of Prickett and By-



lott respecting the discovery of the great bay which goes by Hudson's name. Still greater interest was aroused in Hudson's fate. An expedition was despatched in the following year, by Henry, Prince of Wales, and the Muscovy Co. The ships sent out were commanded by Sir Thos. Button, a gentleman of Prince Henry's household. He sought in different directions for Hudson and spent the winter in the bay. His efforts to unveil the mystery were unsuccessful. To him we owe the place-name of Resolution Island, named after his vessel. His winter quarters were on the west coast of the Bay, and there one of his officers, named Nelson, died and was buried. To this circumstance we owe the place-name Fort Nelson, afterwards used to designate the River Nelson and the Lake which is its source.

G. M. Asher says: "Many great men attempted, before and after Hudson's time, to solve the problem of a short northern route to China. But he surpasses all his predecessors and all his followers in the variety of means he employed to obtain that great end . . . Within the last few years of his life he tried first the way across the North Pole; then the way by the north of Spitzbergen, eastward; he attempted to penetrate through the Nova Zembla group. He afterwards tried to cross what seemed a narrow isthmus between the Atlantic and the Pacific in lat. 40. He at last sailed far west-

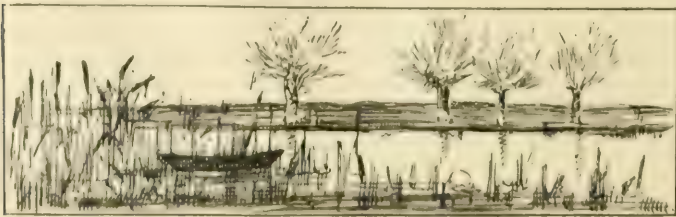
ward through his Strait and Bay, ending his life in the effort."

It is probable that when he left his wintering place at the southeastern extreme of James Bay he intended to spend the summer of 1611 trying to pass to the west by Davis Strait and Baffin Bay.

He had mapped out in his mind and had actually attempted to solve the problem by all the ways that ocean navigators have since tried to reach the North Pole and to discover a short northern cut from Europe to the land of the yellow race.

He failed. Yet his name is not forgotten. "It is borne by his Strait and by the Bay in which he wintered and died. It is inscribed on the vast territory between the Bay and the ocean. It is affectionately remembered by the millions of human beings now living on those banks which he found scantily inhabited by savage races. He gave to his country the fisheries of Spitzbergen and the fur-trade of the Hudson Bay territories. The Dutch owed to him their North American Colony which, falling into English hands, is now peopled and ruled over by the united descendants of both nations. He has erected for himself a far prouder monument than ever entered his thoughts."

Isaac Taylor says: "Hudson Bay, the American Mediterranean, is both the tomb and the monument of the daring seaman who discovered it."





## THE IDEAL



### A Legend of the Northern Lights

WEET Evening passed—a maiden fair—  
Adown the Western hills she came,  
Behind her died the sunset flame—  
A single star was in her hair.

Beside the sleeping Night she stood,  
Strange wonder in her dreaming eyes,  
The tremor of a sweet surprise  
That moved her gracious maidenhood.

She stooped and kissed him where he lay,  
The rose-cloud from her shoulders fell,  
Calm silence breathed a magic spell—  
He dreamed the splendid dreams of Day.

Soft whispers moved the shadowy trees,  
The crimson faded in the West ;  
Her scarf was tangled in his crest ;  
She sighed—there rose the evening breeze.

Sweet Evening on the lips of Night  
Pressed one last kiss of soft farewell,  
The rose-scarf quivered where it fell  
With visions of departing light.

. . . . .  
The last faint, melancholy ray  
Had faded from the darkened skies,  
When Night awoke, his sombre eyes  
With starry dreams alight for aye.

He sprang his armoured watch to keep,  
When, like an Angel's pinion gleamed  
The scarf that from his helmet streamed  
In light along the heavenly deep.

He gazed upon its rose and gold  
With reverence and tender awe,  
In evanescent flame he saw  
Divinely perfect thoughts unfold.

With steadfast strength that craved no rest  
He dared anew each high emprise ;  
Her dreams were ever in his eyes,  
Her token on his splendid crest.

. . . . .  
And still afar its wonders gleam,  
A symbol set that all may see  
The half-lights of Eternity—  
The Selfless Quest—the Perfect Dream.

*Minnie Bowen*

## REMINISCENCES OF LORD DUFFERIN

*By Arthur H. U. Colquhoun*

ELOQUENCE, humour, courage, intellectual acuteness, were pre-eminently the qualities of the first Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. So many men are said to have had brilliant careers that the term has lost much of its force. Lord Dufferin's brilliancy was almost unexampled in a prosaic age. He won success in half-a-dozen different ways. He was a powerful orator, charming you with his wit, impressing you with his vigorous sagacity. He wrote with distinction. He was an excellent, though not a profound scholar. He was agreeable and lively in social life, drawing men to him by genial courtesy and commanding them by sheer force of character. In public affairs he exhibited firmness, tact, and almost a genius for rule. It is a marvel that he declined politics for diplomacy since his qualities would inevitably have carried him to the first place.

True, in the diplomatic service he achieved continuous and conspicuous triumphs. He was a failure nowhere. That a man of so many parts may have had defects, and serious ones, is quite possible. He selected a career where they never obtruded themselves. It may be that he lacked the patience to be a good politician, that he would have proved impatient of restraint, and reckless of consequences. But this is pure speculation, since in diplomacy he was always accounted safe and solid.

Ten years before he came to Canada his abilities were recognized, but it was here that he first revealed his talents in all their fulness. As every one knows, he served as Governor-General during the most trying period of our political history. He was first accused of partiality toward the Conservative Ministers whom he found in office, and afterwards of turning them over without mercy to a relentless public opinion. Both the Prime Ministers who served him are dead, and it is improbable that either of them found him

an easy man to deal with. Indeed, I have heard it said that he sometimes made his power unpleasantly felt. The chances are that he was stronger in the country at that period than they. Sir John Macdonald's popularity was under a cloud. Mr. Mackenzie never did much homage to the favour of the crowd. Lord Dufferin was the central figure of the time, the ornament of every banquet, public gathering, or official ceremony where politics were barred and he might with propriety grace the occasion.

His achievements are so familiar to all but the younger generation of Canadians that it seems superfluous to recount them. He modified the asperities of party conflict, then raging with a bitterness which almost entitles them to the passing admiration of the United States Senate. He spurred the flagging patriotism of Canadians to take a pride in their young Dominion. He showed how important the office of Governor-General could be in itself, and how it might be used, with adroitness and address, to augment the popularity and authority of the Crown. His speeches breathed the warmest friendship toward the neighbouring Republic, and he was almost as popular within its borders as he was in Canada. He overlooked nobody, neglected nothing. In all the ordinary functions that fall to the lot of the Sovereign's representative he exhibited the requisite dignity and industry.

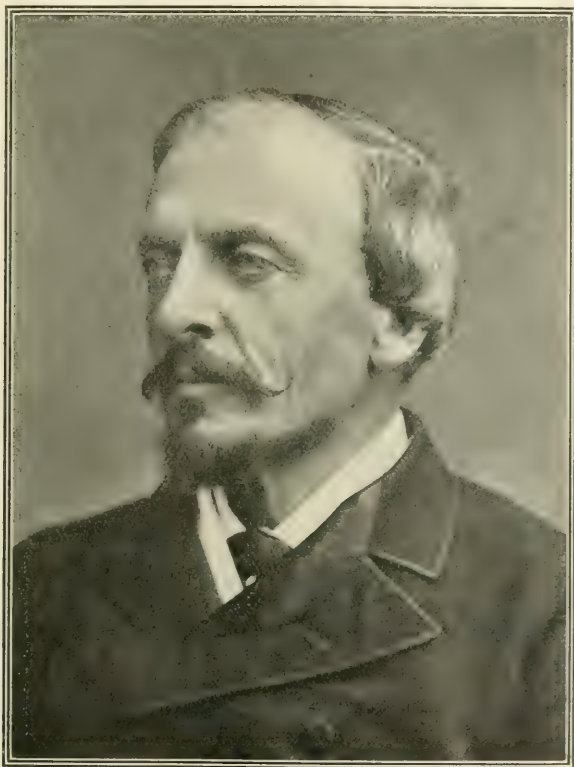
He had a fund of humour which never deserted him. Some of his best stories were told about himself. He had been asked to address a public meeting once while passing through Chicago, but declined. The request was again pressed upon him, but with civil firmness he persisted in refusing. Finally he consented to be present at a private reception of the local commercial dignitaries. This informal ceremony over, he was shown out through a corridor, a door was opened leading to a large hall, and



the presiding officer called out to a waiting audience of several thousand persons: "Ladies and gentlemen, the Governor-General of Canada will now address you." Finding himself trapped, Lord Dufferin was equal to the occasion, as indeed to what emergency did he not prove himself equal? This instance of Yankee sharpness he used to relate with keen enjoyment. Another of his pleasant jests at his own

bodies." This daring sally was characteristic of Lord Dufferin. As the Liberals, commonly called Grits, were then in office, his assurance that no political significance attached to his words served to heighten the jest.

Another of his humorous allusions was keenly appreciated in the United States. The Republic seemed to be on the verge of a revolution caused by the corrupt exclusion of Tilden from the



THE LATE LORD DUFFERIN—HIS LAST PHOTOGRAPH

expense, with reference to his early official life, consisted in describing himself as "maid-of-all-work to the British Government." In one of the most famous of his Canadian speeches he likened a Governor-General to the humble functionary who went about a mass of complicated machinery with a little tin can of oil in his hand pouring in a drop here or there to make it run smoothly and to "prevent the intrusion of dust, 'grits' and other foreign

Presidency. Lord Dufferin pointed out how valuable a British Governor-General would be under the circumstances—an arbiter between factions and an impartial authority possessing the confidence of both. He professed to feel intense anxiety when venturing near the frontier in case they would come over and kidnap him. But he promised his hearers with mock solemnity, so attached to Canada was he, that, even under threats of violence,

"I will not sit one moment longer than I can help in the Presidential chair of the United States."

But the most noteworthy of his telling witticisms was his famous allusion to the Halifax Fisheries Award which effectively pulled the teeth of the agitation in the United States against paying the award. Lord Dufferin had just returned from Washington. At a great banquet in his honour in Montreal several distinguished Americans were present, including a son of the President, Mr. Hayes. Lord Dufferin, with characteristic audacity, referred to the Halifax Award which then threatened to become an international dispute. He declared that he had not brought the money back in his pocket, but was sure it would be paid, as General Ben Butler (one of the protesters against payment) had been overheard to propose the sale of the Treasury buildings at Washington rather than that the great Republic should remain an instant longer in Canada's debt. When dining with the Secretary of State, he had refrained from taking fish, and the Secretary had said nothing. This, in the subtle language of diplomacy, involved a reference to the Greek apothegm, "Speech is silver, but silence is gold," the natural inference being that the Americans would not only pay up like men, but pay up in gold like gentlemen, and the President had sent his son to Canada as a hostage. "But," concluded Lord Dufferin, "we have had a narrow escape; if by a stroke of Machiavelian policy he had only substituted his daughter we are so gallant I believe we would have kept the young lady and let the money go." This speech excited much amusement when it was flashed by the telegraph all over the United States. It imparted an air of comic opera to the threats of the "tail-twisters," and almost before the general laughter had quite

died away the five and a half millions of money were paid over to Canada.

The language of eulogy soon grows wearisome, but what else is there to say, except that Lord Dufferin's subsequent career fully justified the estimate of his powers formed by Canadians? At St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Cairo, Calcutta, Rome and Paris, he did brilliant service for the Crown and Empire, and when he retired not long ago it was felt that one of the most eminent of Queen Victoria's servants had left the scene.

The end of all this is sad enough. His gallant heir, the Earl of Ava, was mortally wounded during the siege of Ladysmith. Soon after, the discreditable failure of a financial company to which Lord Dufferin had lent the influence of his name and reputation, involved him in heavy pecuniary losses. He, who had tasted so deeply of the sweet draught of worldly success, power and honour, found himself in his old age the victim of a vulgar swindle, his name bandied about as the companion of unscrupulous persons, and his fortune, never large, much impaired by the disaster. That this cruel misfortune embittered his closing days admits of no doubt. One thinks of the melancholy reflection of Thackeray who so often saw the hollowness of human triumphs, and the evanescent nature of human happiness: "What boots it whether it be Westminster or a little country spire which covers your ashes, or if, a few days sooner or later, the world forgets you?" But Lord Dufferin will not be wholly forgotten. His achievements are hidden away in the secret records of British diplomacy. Some day the world will know them in detail. His name, meanwhile, will be handed on by many warm admirers, for his was a life rich in personal friendships.



# CURLING <sup>in</sup> CANADA.

by John K. Munro.



thousands of curlers watch for symptoms of the coming of Jack Frost with "Night or Blucher" eagerness, and as soon as the ice will bear, hurry to the pond, carting their stones with them, to indulge in a wild revelry of sport in which clergy and lay, laird and labourer are indistinguishably mingled, to shout and "soop" and "draw" and "gaird" till the inevitable thaw chases them back to earth again—in Canada the ice is, comparatively speaking, always with us, and the sport is taken not in spasms, but as a regular exercise and recreation. Thus it is that the curling club is as much an institution of many Canadian villages as the village church or the village council. It has its annual meeting, its annual contests, its annual births and its annual deaths. For, as one old curler draws to the tee for the last time, some growing boy, with less Scotch in his accent and more steadiness in his hand and eye, steps into his place, leaving never a gap in the curling community.

That a game, which has thrived in the fickle Scottish climate through all the early wars with England, through those perilously religious times when Covenanter and Churchman in turn held sway, through the troubles of the "fifteen" and the "forty-five" to flourish and bloom in the peace and prosperity of the Victorian era, took kindly to Canadian frosts is not to be wondered at. Taking root in Quebec in the early days of the last century, it has spread eastward to the Atlantic coast and westward to where the peaks of the Cascade Mountains mark the boundaries of the frost king's realm.

"It boots not whence the curler hails  
If curler keen and staunch be he,  
Frae Scotland, England, Ireland, Wales  
Or Colonies ayont the sea.  
[A]social britherhood are we,  
[A]n' after we are deid an' gane  
We'll live in literature an' lair  
In annals o' the channel stane."

*J. Usher*

SCOTLAND must always have first claim on the roarin' game, not only because she gave it birth, but by reason of her 595 clubs, her twenty thousand and more Brithers of the Broom, and of the song and story with which she has enriched the literature of the sport. Still it is admitted, even by some of the cannie Scots themselves, that the game has become more nearly an exact science in the Dominion of Canada than even on the lochs and burns of its native land. The steady winters, which give to the sons of "Our Lady of the Snows" their strong vitality, impart to curling the same healthful quality and give continuity to the game that cannot be hoped for in a land where ice is only a casual visitor. While in the old land





E. B. EDWARDS, K.C., PETERBORO'  
President Ontario Curling Association—  
81 Clubs

And away up in the Arctic circle, men exiled to Dawson through love of gold or Government office, chase the long, long winter night with the same old game that has come down to them through the centuries of Scotland's woes and joys.

Some idea of the hold the game has on the Canadian people may be had by a glance at the standing of the following curling associations :

NAME.	PRESIDENT.	NO. OF CLUBS.
Quebec .....	David Guthrie....	26
Ontario .....	E. B. Edwards....	81
Manitoba .....	W. L. Parrish....	90
Maritime Provinces	A. O. Skinner....	21*
Total .....		218

In addition, there is a sprouting association in the eastern part of British Columbia, with flourishing clubs in Rossland, Nelson and half a

\*The Maritime Provinces are usually credited with a greater number of clubs, but my authority for the number given above is Mr. W. P. Robinson, of St. John. He estimates the total membership at 1,000.

dozen other towns, and the before-mentioned club in Dawson, Yukon Territory. All told, Canada has a curling population of nearly 10,000 souls, every one of whom is practically wedded to the sport, for "once a curler always a curler."

It was in Montreal in the year 1807 that the first curling club was formed on this side of the Atlantic. It suffered from the scarcity of stones, and finally adopted irons of a rude description. And to this day, not only in Montreal, but all through the Province of Quebec, the game is played with irons, a fact that practically prohibits interprovincial matches, and is a formidable obstacle to that dream of the old promoters of the game, to form the whole Dominion into one grand association, and to have meetings at stated intervals to foster, by curling together, that



DAVID GUTHRIE, ESQ., (MONTREAL)  
President Canadian Branch, Royal Caledonian Curling Club. The Headquarters of the R.C.C.C. are in Edinburgh, and it is made up of 595 clubs in Scotland, 41 in England, 30 in Canada, and several in Ireland, Newfoundland, New Zealand, Switzerland and the United States.



W. L. PARRISH (WINNIPEG)

President Manitoba Branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club. This Association consists of 90 clubs and over 3,000 members

spirit of brotherhood and good fellowship that is one of the grandest features of the game. However, the Montreal Club struggled along under its disadvantages, and in 1821 another club was started in Quebec. But it was not till 1835 that the two clubs met at Three Rivers. The match was played under disadvantages, too, for Colonel Dyde, a famous curler of those early days, states that "there was no good, not even tolerable, whiskey to be had in Three Rivers."

When the Grand Caledonian Club was formed in Scotland as a governing organization, the Canadians threw in their lot with it; and the Quebec Association is still known as the Canadian Branch of the Royal Caledonian Club. The Montreal Thistle Club was organized in 1842, and a third club, the Caledonia, in 1850. These three are all flourishing to-day, while among other clubs well known in Quebec curling history are Ottawa, Rideau, Ormstown and Montreal Heather.

In Ontario, the first club was formed

at Fergus, in 1834, by some sons of Bonnie Scotland who had learned the game ere they crossed the ocean to hew out homes for themselves on the banks of the Grand River. They had neither stones nor irons—nothing but ice—but they were not daunted. From the hearts of the beach and maple trees with which their farms abounded, they cut solid blocks of wood, fashioned them like the stones they had used in other days, and made the woods ring with the noise and laughter of many a game as full, perhaps fuller, of enjoyment as any of those now played with polished stones on sheets of pebbled ice. Ontario was full of Scotchmen, and clubs sprang up on all sides. Flamborough, Toronto, Milton, Galt, Guelph, Scarborough, Paris and Elora all had clubs before 1850 was reached. And all these clubs are flourishing yet, as are scores of others originated ere the century's closing years were reached. The old pioneers who started



ROBERT RENNIE

A Toronto Skip who played through all the Ontario Tankard Matches in 1901-2 without losing a game. His club, the Caledonian, was beaten in the finals by Lindsay. This skip has also won the Walker Vase for single rinks three times in seven years



A SAMPLE OF THE BANNER WHICH GOES TO THE ANNUAL WINNERS OF THE ONTARIO TANKARD

the game have been laid away, but their sons and their grandsons have taken their places. They too will curl till the shaking hand and the dim eyesight warn them that their day is past. Then will they, in turn, pass the game on to their sons and stand by the rink-side to watch them curl till their last winter has given place to spring.

In 1874 the clubs in Ontario were formed into a branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, and in 1882, the Ontario branch obtained a degree of independence. It is still a corresponding association of the parent Scottish club, and has the most friendly relations with it, but the Ontario Association has since that time made its own by-laws.

The game has not flourished in the Maritime Provinces to the extent it has on the banks of the St. Lawrence, on the shores of the Great Lakes, or on the Prairies of the West. Still it got a start early in the century and stuck. And though even at the present time the governing organization has been allowed to droop and almost die, there have been and are yet many clubs of keen curlers both in Nova Scotia and

New Brunswick. Among these might be mentioned Halifax of Halifax, Truro of Truro, New Caledonia of Pictou, Antigonish of Antigonish and Bluenose of New Glasgow, in Nova Scotia, all pioneer clubs; while St. Andrews of St. John, founded in 1865, and Fredericton of Fredericton, founded 1847, figure prominently in the curling history of New Brunswick. Among the other older New Brunswick clubs are Chatham, Bathurst, Campbellton, St. Stephen, and Thistle of St. John. From 1886 to 1891, there was a Maritime Provinces Branch of the Royal Caledonian Club, with the McLellan Cup as the trophy. The cup has not been competed for since 1895.

Manitoba, with its association of ninety clubs, is the youngest and most enthusiastic member of Canada's curling family. With almost six months of ice in the year the facilities for curling stand unequalled, while the good-fellowship and joviality that are part of the game are a sure guarantee of its popularity with the warm-hearted Westerners. The game was carried out to the prairies by curlers from Ontario who went west to grow up with the country. In 1882 a branch of the Royal Caledonian Club was formed with 14 clubs and 737 players. That is only fourteen years ago, but to-day that branch has ninety clubs and over three thousand players. With the filling up of the Province and Territories—for the Manitoba Association includes clubs in both—it is hard to say how long Scotland will retain her supremacy of numbers.

Of annual competitions and bonspiels there are so many in Canada that it would take a volume instead of a chapter to tell of them. As early as 1859 a "Big Canadian Bonspiel" was played on Toronto Bay with 21 rinks a side, the East being pitted against the West. Fergus, Guelph, Scarborough and Toronto clubs contributed five rinks each, Bowmanville and Hamilton Thistle four each, Ancaster and Flamborough



three each, and London and Montreal one each. Again, in 1865, a big bonspiel took place at Black Rock, Buffalo, between Ontario and the United States, 23 rinks a side. In these early days too, there were frequent meetings between Montreal and Toronto clubs, but as one used stones and the other irons the results were not very satisfactory. The general custom was to play two rinks a side, irons being used on the one rink and stones on the other. But the curlers accustomed to the stones invariably won on the "stone" rink, while the iron players ran up the score on the other. It was no true test of skill and was finally discontinued, leaving unsettled a controversy as to which were best, stones or irons. It is said for the latter that they run "truer," in keen frosts, but in soft weather have a tendency to sink into the ice. But the fact that the stones are used in Manitoba and the Territories where the frosts are more severe than in Quebec would appear to throw the weight of evidence on the side of the old Ailsa Craigs.

But in these later days the big bonspiel has given place to numerous smaller ones, while the Ontario and Quebec Associations have their annual Championship competitions, and Manitoba has the greatest of all present-day Canadian curling gatherings—the Winnipeg Bonspiel. In Ontario the "Tankard" is the acme of the curler's ambition. It is a two-rink competition, and during the past season sixty-six of the strongest clubs in the Province took part in it. They were divided into eight groups, the winners of which met in Toronto early in February and played off. Lindsay secured the coveted prize, defeating Toronto Caledon-

ians after a hard fight in the final game. At the same time as the Tankard finals the Governor-General's prize is played for. It is open to runners-up in Tankard groups, losers in Tankard finals and winners and runners-up of District Cup competitions. Sixteen clubs took part in this competition, Southampton winning out. The Southampton Club also won the Western Tankard, a trophy played for by the Western Ontario Clubs. The Walker Vase, limited to Toronto city clubs, is another notable competition. Sixty rinks played in it this winter, and the gold trophy went to a rink from the Granites.

In Quebec, the Governor-General's prize is the most valued of curlers'

M. A. Rice (2)      W. R. Hill (1)



J. C. Scott (Skip)

G. S. Lyon (2)

THE QUEEN CITY RINK, WHICH WON (1901) THE WALKER GOLD VASE, PRESENTED TO THE CURLERS OF TORONTO, FOR ANNUAL COMPETITION, BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS, WALKERVILLE. THE GRANITES (McMURTRY, SKIP) WON THE VASE THIS SEASON.

trophies, and this year it falls to the Rideau Club, who defeated the Heatherers of Montreal in the final match before the Earl and Countess of Minto. The Jubilee Trophy, the second in importance, goes to the old Ormstown Club for a second year, their final opponents being the Thistles of Montreal. Both of these are also two-rink competitions.

There have been no large bonspiels in the Maritime Provinces in recent years, but their players are still good stone handlers. In 1894, the Thistles of St. John won a place at the Montreal Carnival, and other honours have fallen to Maritime Province players when they came east. This season two rinks from St. John successfully visited Quebec and Montreal, and such excursions may be made annual and extended to Toronto.

In Manitoba the curling event of the season is, of course, the Winnipeg

bonspiel. It offers numerous trophies, nearly all of which are for single rink competitions. The Grand Challenge Trophy is probably the proudest curling prize on the continent, and the rink that wins it must be made up of brilliant, strong and steady curlers. The bonspiel was inaugurated in 1889 and has steadily grown in importance and popularity. The last one was the greatest of all, no less than 123 rinks taking part, while Ontario, Manitoba, British Columbia, the Territories and United States were represented on the ice. The Grand Challenge Trophy went to D. M. Braden, of the Winnipeg Thistles, who defeated E. J. Rochon of Fort William in the finals. Doig of Glenboro and Flower of Birtle reached the semi-finals. The Walkerville Tankard was won by C. Town of Wawanesa against F. L. Patton of Assiniboine. The Royal Caledonian fell to H. J. McLean of Holland, his

Lt.-Col. Sherwood (Skip)

E. Waldo (Skip)



MEMBERS OF THE RIDEAU CURLING CLUB OF OTTAWA

Winners of the Governor-General's Prize for 1902. The Heather Club, of Montreal, were in the final match, which was played at Government House Rink on February 20th





MEMBERS OF THE ORMSTOWN CURLING CLUB, OF ORMSTOWN, QUE.

Winners of the Royal Jubilee Trophy for 1902. The Thistles, of Montreal, were in the final match. This same club won this trophy (lower large trophy in picture) last year, and have been holders of the Quebec Challenge Cup (upper large trophy) since 1899. The smaller cups shown have been won in other contests

last opponent being S. G. Harstone of the Winnipeg Granites. The International was won by J. D. Flavelle of Lindsay, Ont., and the Whyte Cup for Veterans fell to Pace of the Winnipeg Thistles. Mr. Flavelle also won the Galt Tankard. W. Ferguson of Hamiota took the McMillan Cup.

So much can be written of curling that it is almost impossible to discriminate between what should be told and what should be left untold. There is the stone—its gradual development from the rough-hewn block with a hole in each side to seize it by, to the polished, silver-handled beauties of to-day, nearly 1,000 pairs of which come each year from Ailsa Craig, Scotland. for the use of the curlers in Canada; there's the rink with its "tees" 38 yards apart, and its smooth surface of ice between, over which the granites

or irons must be "thrown" to the spot indicated by the skip; there's the peculiar fascination the game has for all who ever played it—English, Scotch, Irish, Canadian or American—that can never be described on paper—to know the delights of curling you must throw the first stone. There's the men who play the game, "good fellows all" and the majority of them taken from among the successful business classes of the country; there's the freedom of the sport from any taint of gambling; there's the even temper, the clear, cool head and the ability to grasp and grapple with emergencies that are essentials of the successful skip, and there's many another thing besides.

Still even in this limited space a word must be said of the "Canadianizing" of the game. Those were good old days when our grandsires shovel-



ed the snow off the rivers and ponds to make rinks on which to follow their sport with irons or wooden blocks or home-made stones. Those were happy days when they wielded the broom with tremendous energy to clear the falling "feathers" from the track of the "stone." There was something of romance in those winter nights when, with torches stuck in the snow banks

Scottish accents are fading out of the game and in clear-cut Canadian the skip's orders ring out; in stately rinks and on sheets of pebbled ice as level as a billiard board the games are played while the electric lights have turned the outside darkness into a second edition of the day. Yes, all is changed save the game itself. "Elbow oot" and "Elbow in" may now be



THE ONTARIO TANKARD AND THE PARIS CLUB, WHICH WON IT IN 1901

It was won by Lindsay (Flavelle and McLennan) in 1902

at the rink-side, their Scottish accents floated out through the shadows of the trees towering up through the surrounding darkness—"Play the broom, Geordie," "Anither o' the same, Psalms o' David," "Yer fer a curler; come up an' look at it yersel', mon." Now all this is changed. The romance of the pioneer has given place to the comforts of civilization. Even the

"Out turn" and "In turn"; "A wheen more borra" may now be "A little more ice," and the Scotch-bonnetted red-sashed shouter may have given place to a quieter and more carefully groomed player, but the old game with its same old fascination is there still. And while it lasts and the frost holds Canada will never lack for curlers.

# MONTREAL STREET NAMES

*By Martha E. Richardson*

CANADIANS are beginning to realize the richness and vastness of the natural resources of their great domain, but few of the citizens of its metropolis appreciate the wealth of history, poetry, religion and romance hidden in the familiar names of the city. Like fossils of a forgotten age, they lie unheeded by the creatures of the present, yet, like those lovely stone imprints of the past, they are well worth a fleeting glance for their beauty and a closer inspection for their story.

"That is best which lieth nearest" was one of those unlooked-for thought-guests that so often, unbidden, claim the hospitality of the mind. This one entered while the writer was aimlessly treading a familiar street that follows the trend of the swift-flowing river, and allows through its unbuilt spaces glimpses of the old mountain, looking in the distance like

Some Titanic grave-mound  
Tufted with giant moss.

Slowly the old names seemed to become illumined, and from every battered or brilliant sign board shone forth its story. Here were history, religion, poetry and romance, naturalism and supernaturalism, the tragedy of defeat and the triumph of victory, the struggle of the pioneer and the achievement of the later settler, the exalted enthusiasm of the saint and the wild license of the soldier, the chivalry of France and the statesmanship of England.

No utilitarian spirit has, as yet, robbed the city of its storied birthright; no prosy fifty-firsts and fifty-seconds and fifty-thirds designate the veins of even the newly laid-out suburbs, while the long thoroughfares that follow the graceful trend of the river or the curve of Mount Royal, are not dignified with the name of avenue and have no flavour of Arabic numerals.

A comprehensive list of city names would form an almost complete nomen-

clature of Canadian history; old régime and new régime are here crystallized, the French saint-worship and the British hero-worship. Notre Dame, St. Catherine, Dorchester and Sherbrooke, the four great arteries of traffic—side by side for miles they run like the two great peoples who throng them, side by side, but never mingling.

Most noticeable even to the casual observer is the large proportion of streets that bear the name of some saint. Surely no saint in the calendar, however insignificant, has been slighted; male saints, female saints, ancient saints, mediæval saints, modern saints, saints of France and saints of Italy, saints of Spain and saints of England, saints well known and saints obscure. In the older portions of the city these names of saints bear silent yet eloquent witness to the piety and religious enthusiasm of the founders and early inhabitants, but a trip through the newer sections must bring the conviction that their descendants have not wandered far from the old paths. The old city has stretched out into St. Cunegonde, St. Henry, St. Jean Batiste, St. Luc, St. Louis, St. Gabriel, Notre Dame de Grace, even yet the saints hold sway.

In a quaint old square and a still more quaint old street is commemorated the name of the brave old seaman of St. Malo, who was the first European to enter the great Canadian waterway. Devotion to their religion and loyalty to their king were the motive forces in these chivalrous Old France men, and Jacques Cartier was a fine specimen of his race. On the day of Saint Lawrence he entered the great mouth of the river and named it in honour of the saint, while to the wooded majesty of the Hochelaga hill he gave the name Mount Royal in honour of his kingly master. One of the old suburbs and its main street still bears the saint's name, while the modern trolley car carries the tourist along Mount Royal

Avenue to the still more modern elevator that has cut a swath through the old-time verdure of the Royal Mount. North-east at some distance from the square runs Champlain Street, calling to mind perhaps the noblest of the heroes of New France, while St. Helen breathes memories of his beautiful and saintly wife. Nothing more warlike than banking and insurance buildings is to be seen in the Place d'Armes to-day save the bronze figure of the soldier founder of the city, Paul Chomedey de Maisonneuve. The eastern suburb of the city bears his last name, while a little street, Chomedey, in the extreme west, makes one fancy that his spirit loves to hover over limits broader than ever his wildest earthly dreams could shape. Laval is not forgotten, the Jesuit priest and bishop who, more than any other one man, stamped his personality on Canadian Catholicism. La Salle, the seigneur of La Chine and discoverer of the Mississippi, has not been overlooked, but D'Aulac or Dollard, the heroic young saviour of Ville Marie and by the same deed of the whole of New France, has as his sole verbal monument a short, dirty, insignificant lane. Hochelaga is about the only reminder of the dusky aboriginal inhabitants.

Between Notre Dame Street and the river, east of McGill St., lies the district of the wholesale trade, colossal stone warehouses, filled with the products of an Empire's mills and equipped with all modern appliances; streets whose foot pavements echo the tread of merchant princes and their myriad clerks, and where the rattle of drays and the shouting of drivers give daily evidence of a busy thriving trade. But turn a moment from the high grey walls of these cañons of commerce to the blue-lettered signboards at their entrances, and you will be transported as swiftly as by the aid of the magic carpet into other times and among other peoples: Hospital, St. Paul, St. Peter, St. Jean, St. Alexis, St. Francois Xavier, St. Sulpice, Bonsecours, De Bresoles, Recollet, LeMoine. Here the founders and early settlers fought and

conquered foes of earth and foes of air, enemies of flesh and blood, and the still more subtle enemies of soul and spirit. When human weapons were powerless Our Lady of Heaven or the Infant Jesus saved by miracle. Here was the Hospital, the Hotel Dieu, where Jeanne Mance and her devoted band of nuns nursed the sick and the wounded in those awful early days, when every labourer was a mark for some skulking Iroquois, when strength failed for lack of food, when the sisters swept the snow out of their cells and shook it off their coverlets in the piercing cold of those merciless winters. Do not imagine when you see De Bresoles St. almost impassable with loads of merchandise that the name suggests some old-time merchant or peltry trader; Judith de Bresoles was one of three nuns whom Mademoiselle Mance brought out to the colony when its need was sorest. Parents, friends and comforts she had left behind, and it is recorded of her in the bareness and poverty of her new surroundings that "with a piece of lean salt pork and a few herbs she could make a soup of a marvellous relish." St. Sulpice, Recollets—rivals for spiritual supremacy—whose wordy weapons were as skilfully used as the swords and muskets of their soldier comrades. Sulpitians hated and strove against Recollets, both united in the same feeling against the Jesuits, who were struggling hard for the sole control of both Church and State. These Sulpitians were once feudal owners of the settlement. As one watches from the corner of St. Sulpice the steady stream of well-dressed women passing in and out between the stately towers of Notre Dame, it is hard to realize that these old shepherds dealt more rigorously with the vanities of their flock than the stern New England Puritans. They launched their thunderbolts against frills and furbelows, crinolines and hair bows, balls, parties, dancing or promenading. Somewhere around these very streets there marched nightly these old curés with a band of soldiers compelling women and girls to



shut themselves up in their houses by nine o'clock every evening—rather a rigorous curfew.

Notre Dame is now to many only a name, but when the little settlement was living in hourly dread of extinction by the savage Iroquois, Our Lady of Heaven was to many a very real presence and a very present help. In LeMoine is preserved the name of one of the truest and most capable of those early settlers. There is a long, narrow lane running parallel between Craig and St. James Streets. The back entrances of a long line of warehouses, banks, hotels, and newspaper building is suggestive of anything but its name, Fortification; yet it honestly earned its title, for this marked one of the fortified bounds of the old city. Frontenac mirrors the stately, fiery, stubborn, high-spirited, energetic old governor under the old régime.

In times a little less troublous than those of Jeanne Mance, Madame d'Youville founded the Grey Nunnery. There is little at the busy corner of Youville and McGill to remind one of the grey-robed sisters, save the rough-hewn stone wall of the old convent grounds, now begrimed with coal-dust and tottering with age. Grey Nun Street, in the heart of the shipping and manufacturing district, suggests little of the stillness and purity that must have brooded over the neighbourhood of the sisters' domain. College Street at the north of the Haymarket has nothing but its name to hint to the passer-by that it was once the site of a school of learning. Almost equally incongruous seem the names of a series of streets in the same section: King, Queen, Prince and Duke have no savour of royalty, yet old residents will tell you of the time when these streets so begrimed with smoke and dirt were the abode of "very nice people."

Many streets bear the names of landed proprietors or property-holders. Redpath, Simpson, Coursol, Quesnel, Donegani, Guy, Mackay, Torrance, McTavish. Others suggest their own

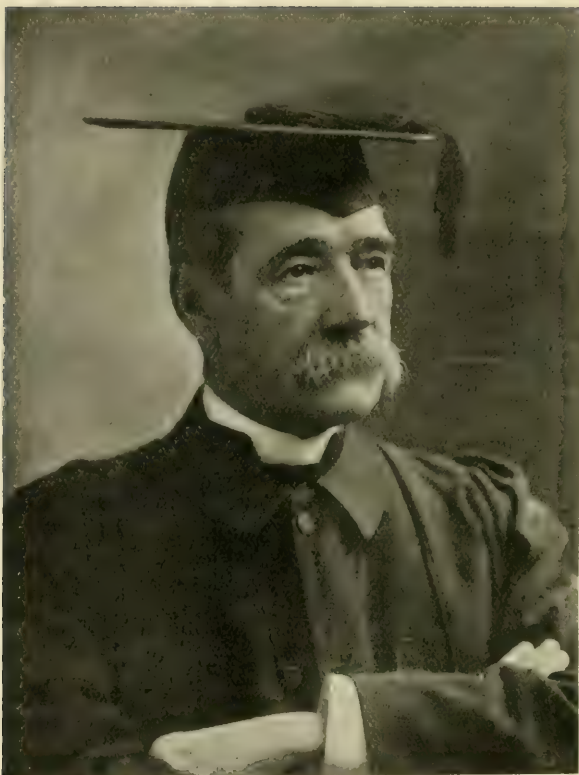
*raison d'être*: University, the eastern boundary of the College grounds, Mountain, Aqueduct, Cathedral, Palace.

The most rapid growth of the city has taken place since it passed under British rule. In Wolfe and Montcalm, Amherst and Murray we are carried back a century and a-half into the climax of the strife. French names henceforward do not indicate the ruling power, but almost every British Governor has been honoured with a street namesake. Dorchester, Sherbrooke, Metcalfe, Elgin, Dufferin, Lorne, Colborne, Richmond.

De Salaberry brings us down to the War of 1812, when that gallant officer fought as bravely and successfully in defence of British rule in Canada as in the century before the heroic defenders of New France had fought against it.

Papineau and Viger keep green the memory of the rebels of '37.

Many changes of name have taken place within the memory of those who could not yet be classed among the oldest inhabitants. Montreal is practically two cities. East of Bleury is a French town, west of Bleury, an English, while the line of demarcation is almost as clear as that curious line of separation above the city between the blue-green waters of the St. Lawrence and the brown-tinted flood of the Ottawa. A change in the West End usually means that the French cognomen gives place to an English, in the eastern section French supplants English. In the west Cote St. Antoine has become Westmount, in the east, Logan Park is now Parc Prefontaine; St. Francis de Salle has become Windsor; in the east, old Brock, whom Queenston could kill but not conquer, has fallen before a Frenchman. Once the two nations strove like gladiators, and their arena was a continent; at times the strife seems not yet ended, but the amphitheatre is a smaller one, and the weapons are the bloodless ones of pen and tongue, and industry and enterprise.



PROFESSOR CLARK

## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. XXXIII—PROFESSOR WILLIAM CLARK, D.C.L.

AMONG the well-known public men of Canada few occupy a position so all but unique as does the Rev. William Clark, M. A. (Aberdeen and Oxon.), LL. D. (Hobart College, N. Y.), and D.C.L. 1891, of Trinity University, Toronto. Dr. Clark, though not a Canadian either by birth or extraction, is by adoption; and few of Canada's adopted sons have done more to reflect credit upon the Dominion or on the place of their abode, within its confines, than he.

The parish of Inverurie in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, is the place where Dr. Clark was born on March 26, 1829, his father being the Rev. James Clark, M.A., a Presbyterian minister. His early education was received *privately* in the parish and grammar schools,

but in 1845 he entered Aberdeen University where he took his degree as M.A. in 1848. His university course was one of distinction, and in the final examinations he was high in the honour list. Subsequently he studied and graduated at the University of Oxford.

Proceeding on the completion of his academic course to England, Dr. Clark becoming through study, thought and possibly also predisposition, convinced of the truth of the doctrines of the Anglican Church as set forth in her Articles and formularies, he formally joined that communion, then studied for its ministry, being ordained deacon in 1857, and priest in the following year by the Bishop of Worcester. His first charge was as curate in the parish of St. Matthias, Birmingham, the "toy

shop of Europe," and it was in Birmingham where he first attracted attention as a forcible and eloquent preacher.

The parish of St. Matthias was not one (in those days at any rate) to cause any one to have very great love for ministerial work in a large, densely populated town. It was in the north-east of the city, and was the abode of a large working-class population, most of them living from hand to mouth, great numbers of whom never entered a place of worship from one year's end to the other. There were some few large factories, the owners of which did not live at their places of business, and there were only two other churches, a Methodist and a Congregational, in the parish, which numbered some eight thousand souls. However, the young clergyman entered with zest upon his duties, going in and out among the people, urging them to send their children to the Sunday schools, and to take themselves a higher interest in life and its duties. For a year Dr. Clark remained in Birmingham; now, though it is forty-four years since he left it, he looks back upon the time spent in that city parish as one of the pleasantest portions of his life.

Whilst in Birmingham, Dr. Clark made the acquaintance of some notable English public men. One of these was the Rev. John Cale Miller, D.D., rector of St. Martin's, the mother church of Birmingham, who was afterwards Vicar of Greenwich and Canon of Rochester. Another of his acquaintances was the famous Congregational minister, the Rev. John Angell James, minister of Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham, whose name fifty years ago was a household word in England. Another popular preacher, lecturer and educationalist, who for many years was noted throughout Great Britain, and with whom Dr. Clark came in contact, was George Dawson, the minister of a Birmingham place of worship, the pastor and congregation of which were unpledged to any form of religious belief. Among the many "men he has known" either slightly or intimately,

perhaps no one filled a larger place in the literary and reading world than did George Dawson. He accompanied Carlyle when he made his first visit to Germany, and later, in 1848, he was with Emerson when the latter visited the barricades of Paris. Dawson was the friend of Mazzini, of Kossuth, and of many of the Polish exiles whose cause he heartily espoused and pleaded for with eloquence and fervour. Leaving Birmingham in 1858, Dr. Clark proceeded to Taunton, in Somersetshire, where for more than twenty years he was successively curate and vicar. It was whilst Dr. Clark was in his Somersetshire parish that his fame as a preacher became so extended. He was in request from all parts of England as a preacher on special, or even on ordinary occasions. He has preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, in Westminster Abbey, in many of the cathedrals, and in many more of the most important pulpits in towns and villages throughout England; everywhere was he welcome and everywhere did he attract attention.

In 1882 Dr. Clark decided to come to Canada, did so, and in the following year was appointed Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Trinity University. This position the learned Doctor still holds, and it is the earnest wish of his thousands of friends and admirers that he may yet be spared for many years to discharge its duties. joining the Royal Society of Canada soon after he came to Canada in 1891 Dr. Clark was made a Fellow thereof and in 1901 was honoured with the Presidency.

Dr. Clark is seen at his best in his charming study in Trinity University. A cheery welcome is given you as you enter, and you are at once with high-bred courtesy on your host's part made to feel at home. If it is winter a bright fire burns in the open fireplace, and near it a most luxurious chair and comfortable position is at once bestowed upon you. All around the walls of the room are books, books, books. Here and there, wherever they can be placed on the walls or over the fireplace



(where is the most room not occupied by book shelves) are paintings, engravings and photographs. As is only to be expected, there are many portraits, most of them, as is also but natural, those of noted ecclesiastics. There are also various statuettes, among them those of Tennyson, Scott and Shakespeare.

There is no lack of variety in the contents of the volumes on Dr. Clark's book shelves. History both sacred and profane is well represented, so is theology, so also is poetry from Chaucer to Tennyson, so are architecture, music and the drama, art in its many forms, philosophy, and almost every conceivable subject upon which pamphlets have been written or books published.

But though a book-lover and collector, Dr. Clark is no pedant, immersed in his tomes and their study, unable to take interest in anything outside the range of his clerical and academic life. He is indeed the very reverse, for he not only takes the keenest interest in all political and social questions, but delights in discussing them and in hearing them discussed. In political opinion the learned and versatile Doctor may be classed as a moderate Tory with Whig proclivities, and in his church views he is a high churchman of the type of Bishop Ken. Though Dr. Clark holds firmly and tenaciously to his own convictions respecting the Anglican Church, her apostolic origin and divine mission, he is tolerant of the opinions of others who differ from him either to a greater or less extent, while he is always ready to admit the many sidedness of Truth.

As a raconteur Dr. Clark has few if any equals, while his stock of good stories is almost unlimited, extending over the clerical, political and literary life of Great Britain during the past half century.

Before concluding this brief and imperfect sketch of one of the most interesting of "Canadian celebrities," a few words must be devoted to speak of Dr. Clark more particularly as a preacher and a lecturer.

In the pulpit he is clear, forcible and direct in his style. He eschews sensation, yet is always impressive, is often poetical, yet is never prosy. He is interesting at all times; occasionally his remarks may appear to a thoughtless hearer to savour of want of seriousness, but this is not so; interesting as he tries to make his sermons, he never lets his hearers forget the momentous character of the message he is delivering.

As to his lectures, to hear him deliver a course, say of half-a-dozen, on "Tennyson," or on "Dante," or on varied subjects, such as "Charles Lamb," Kingsley's "Water Babies," the "Passion Play," and many others, is an education in itself. He deals with the subject he is handling so delicately, unfolds its beauties to his hearers so carefully, teaches them so pleasantly, and is withal himself so free from being the "very superior person" that those who have heard him once wish to hear him twice, and having heard him twice, are always ready to hear him again.

In addition to his oratorical and literary gifts Dr. Clark is a devotee of music, a competent critic, and has had on his list of friends not a few of the many eminent musicians of the Victorian era. In 1887, the University of Michigan chose Dr. Clark to deliver the "Baldwin Lectures"; these were subsequently published under the title of "Witnesses to Christ." In 1891 he was chosen by the same University as Slocum lecturer; these lectures are all embodied in the volume published by Dr. Clark in 1899, entitled "The Paraclete." Of his other writings his work on the Anglican Reformation has gained him far more than a local reputation, while his "Life and Times of Savonarola" has had a wide circulation.

It is as the earnest preacher, as the eloquent lecturer, as the warmest of friends, as the most generous of opponents, as the kindest of hosts, and as the most sympathetic of men, that Dr. Clark is best known, and as he would wish to be remembered.

*Thos. E. Champion*

# THE FOUR FEATHERS

By A.E.W. MASON

Author of "The Courtship of Morrice Butler."  
"Parson Kelly," Etc.

## CHAPTER VIII.—LIEU- TENANT SUTCH'S TEMPTATION



RESUME OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Harry Feversham, son of General Feversham, of Surrey, is a lieutenant in an English regiment. On becoming engaged to Ethne Eustace, daughter of Dermod Eustace, of Ramelton, Donegal, Ireland, he resigns his commission. He announces this at a little dinner at which Captain Trench, Lieut. Willoughby and Lieut. Durrance, who himself cared something for Ethne, were present. Just after his resignation, his regiment is ordered to Egypt where Durrance also goes on General Graham's staff. These two friends have a last ride together in Hyde Park—Durrance sails for Egypt and Feversham goes to Ireland, where there is to be a ball to celebrate the engagement. On the evening of this great event, Feversham receives by post a box containing three white feathers and three visiting cards bearing names of brother officers. They had deemed him a coward who would resign his commission on the eve of war. Feversham talks of the affair with Ethne, explaining that all his life he had been afraid that some day he should play the coward. For that reason, and because of his engagement, he had resigned. She returns the little box of feathers to him, and lo! he finds she has added a *fourth* from her fan. The engagement is ended and Harry Feversham disappears, but not before communicating to his mother's friend, Lieutenant Sutch, that some day he hopes to win back his honour.

DURRANCE reached London one morning in June and on that afternoon took the usual first walk of the returned exile, into Hyde Park, where he sat beneath the trees marvelling at the grace of his countrywomen and the delicacy of their apparel—a solitary figure, sunburnt and stamped already with that indefinable expression of the eyes and face which marks the men set apart in the distant corners of the world. However, amongst the people who strolled past him, one smiled, and as he rose from his chair Mrs. Adair came to his side. She looked him over from head to foot with a quick and almost furtive glance which might have told even Durrance something of which he was not aware. She was comparing him with the picture which she had of him now three years old. She was looking for the small marks of change which those three years might have brought about, and with signs of apprehension. But Durrance only noticed that she was dressed in black. She understood the question in his mind and answered it.

"My husband died eighteen months ago," she explained in a quiet voice. "He was thrown from his horse during a run with the Pytchley. He was killed at once."

"I had not heard," Durrance answered awkwardly. "I am very sorry."

Mrs. Adair took a chair beside him and did not reply. She was a woman of perplexing silences; and her pale and placid face with its cold correct outline gave no clew to the thoughts with which she occupied them. She sat without stirring. Durrance was embarrassed. He remembered Mr. Adair as a good-humoured man whose one chief quality was his evident affection for his wife, but with what eyes the wife had looked upon him, he had never up till now considered. Mr. Adair, indeed, had been at the best a shadowy figure in that small household, and Durrance found it difficult even to draw upon his recollections for any full expression of regret. He gave up the attempt and asked:

"Are Harry Feversham and his wife in town?"



Mrs. Adair was slow to reply.

"Not yet," she said after a pause, but immediately she corrected herself and said a little hurriedly. "I mean—the marriage never took place."

Durrance was not a man easily startled, and even when he was, his surprise was not expressed in exclamations.

"I don't think that I understand. Why did it never take place?" he asked. Mrs. Adair looked sharply at him as though inquiring for the reason of his deliberate tones.

"I don't know why," she said. "Ethne can keep a secret if she wishes." And Durrance nodded his assent. "The marriage was broken off on the night of a dance at Lennon House."

Durrance turned at once to her.

"Just before I left England three years ago?"

"Yes. Then you knew?"

"No. Only you have explained to me something which occurred on the very night that I left Dover. What has become of Harry?"

Mrs. Adair shrugged her shoulders.

"I do not know. I have met no one who does know. I do not think that I have met anyone who has seen him since that time. He must have left England."

Durrance pondered on this mysterious disappearance. It was Harry Feversham then whom he had seen upon the pier as the Channel boat cast off. The man with the troubled and despairing face was his friend after all.

"And Miss Eustace?" he asked after a pause with a queer timidity. "She has married since?"

Again Mrs. Adair took her time to reply.

"No," said she.

"Then she is still at Ramelton?"

Mrs. Adair shook her head.

"There was a fire at Lennon House a year ago. Did you ever hear of a constable called Bastable?"

"Indeed, I did. He was the means of introducing me to Miss Eustace and her father. I was travelling from Londonderry to Letterkenny. I re-

ceived a letter from Mr. Eustace whom I did not know, but who knew from my friends at Letterkenny that I was coming past his house. He asked me to stay the night with him. Naturally enough I refused, with the result that Bastable arrested me with a magistrate's warrant as soon as I landed from the ferry."

"That is the man," said Mrs. Adair, and she told Durrance the history of the fire. It appeared that Bastable's claim to Dermot's friendship rested upon his skill in preparing a particular brew of toddy which needed a single oyster simmering in the saucepan to give to it its perfection of flavour. About two o'clock of a June morning the spirit lamp on which the saucepan stewed had been overset; neither of the two confederates in drink had their wits about them at the moment, and the house was half burnt and the rest of it ruined by water before the fire could be got under.

"There were consequences still more distressing than the destruction of the house," she continued. "The fire was a beacon warning to Dermot's creditors for one thing, and Dermot, already overpowered with debts, fell in a day upon complete ruin. He was drenched by the water hoses besides and took a chill which nearly killed him, and from the effects of which he has never recovered. You will find him a broken man. The estates are let, and Ethne is now living with her father in a little mountain village in Donegal."

Mrs. Adair had not looked at Durrance while she spoke. She kept her eyes fixed steadily in front of her, and, indeed, she spoke without feeling on one side or the other, but rather like a person constraining herself to speech because speech was a necessity. Nor did she turn to look at Durrance when she had done.

"So she has lost everything," said Durrance.

"She still has a house in Donegal," returned Mrs. Adair.

"And that means a great deal to her?" said Durrance slowly. "Yes, I think you right."



"It means," said Mrs. Adair, "that Ethne with all her ill-luck has reason to be envied by many other women."

Durrance did not answer that suggestion directly. He watched the carriages drive past, he listened to the chatter and the laughter of the people about him, his eyes were refreshed by the women in their light-coloured frocks; and all the time his slow mind was working towards the lame expression of his philosophy. Mrs. Adair turned to him with a slight impatience in the end.

"Of what are you thinking?" she asked.

"That women suffer much more than men when the world goes wrong with them," he answered, and the answer was rather a question than a definite assertion. "I know very little of course. I can only guess. But I think women gather up into themselves what they have been through, much more than we do. To them what is past becomes a real part of them, as it were, as much a part of them as a limb; to us it's always something external, at the best the rung of a ladder, at the worst a weight on the heel. Don't you think so too? I phrase the thought badly. But put it this way. Women look backwards, we look ahead, so misfortune hits them harder, eh?"

Mrs. Adair answered in her own way. She did not expressly agree. But a certain humility became audible in her voice.

"The mountain village at which Ethne is living," she said in a low voice, "is called Glenalla. A track strikes up towards it from the road halfway between Rathmullen and Ramelton." She rose as she finished the sentence and held out her hand. "Shall I see you?"

"You are still in Hill Street?" said Durrance. "I shall be for a time in London."

Mrs. Adair raised her eyebrows. She looked always by nature for the intricate and concealed motive, so that conduct which sprang from a reason obvious and simple was likely to baffle

her. She was baffled now by Durrance's resolve to remain in town. She heard of his continual presence at his Service Club and could not understand. She did not even have a suspicion of his motive when he himself informed her that he had travelled into Surrey and had spent a day with General Feversham.

It had been an ineffectual day for Durrance. The General kept him steadily to the history of the campaign from which he had just returned. Only once was he able to approach the topic of Harry Feversham's disappearance, and at the mere mention of his son's name, the old General's face set like plaster. It became void of expression and inattentive as a mask.

"We will talk of something else, if you please," said he, and Durrance returned to London, not an inch nearer to Donegal.

Thereafter he sat under the great tree in the inner courtyard of his club, talking to this man and to that and still unsatisfied with the conversation. All through that June the afternoons and the evenings found him at his post. Never a friend of Feversham's passed by the tree but Durrance had a word for him and the word led always to a question. But the question elicited no answer except a shrug of the shoulders and a "Hanged if I know!" Harry Feversham's place knew him no more; he had even dropped out of the speculations of his friends.

Towards the end of June, however, an old retired naval officer limped into the courtyard, saw Durrance, hesitated, and began with a remarkable alacrity to move away.

Durrance sprang up from his seat.

"Lieutenant Sutch," said he. "You have forgotten me?"

"Colonel Durrance to be sure," said the embarrassed Lieutenant. "It is some while since we met but I remember you very well now. I think we met—let me see—when was it? An old man's memory, Colonel Durrance, is like a leaky ship. It comes to harbour with its cargo of recollections swamped."

Neither the Lieutenant's present embarrassment nor his previous hesitation escaped Durrance's notice.

"We met at Broad Place," he said. "I wish you to give me news of my friend Feversham. Why was his engagement with Miss Eustace broken off? Where is he now?"

The Lieutenant's eyes gleamed for a moment with satisfaction. It had always been doubtful whether Durrance were aware of Harry's fall into disgrace. He plainly did not know.

"There is only one person in the world, I believe," said Sutch, "who can answer both your questions."

Durrance was in no way disconcerted.

"Yes. I have waited here a month for you," he replied.

Lieutenant Sutch pushed his fingers through his beard and stared down at his companion.

"Well, it is true," he admitted. "I can answer your questions, but I will not."

"Harry Feversham is my friend."

"General Feversham is his father, yet he knows only half the truth. Miss Eustace was betrothed to him, and she knows no more. I pledged my word to Harry that I would keep silence."

"It is not curiosity which makes me ask."

"I am sure that on the contrary it is friendship," said the Lieutenant cordially.

"Nor that entirely. There is another aspect of the matter. I will not ask you to answer my questions, but I will put a third one to you. It is one harder for me to ask than for you to answer. Would a friend of Harry Feversham be at all disloyal to that friendship, if"—and Durrance flushed beneath his sunburn—"if he tried his luck with Miss Eustace?"

The question startled Lieutenant Sutch.

"You?" he exclaimed, and he stood

considering Durrance, counting up his rapidity of promotion, speculating upon his likelihood to take a woman's fancy. Here was an aspect of the case, indeed, to which he had not given a thought, and he was no less troubled than startled. For there had grown up within him a jealousy on behalf of Harry Feversham as strong as a mother's for a favourite second son. He had nursed with a most pleasurable anticipation a hope that in the end Harry would come back to all that he once had owned, like a rethroned king. He looked at Durrance and saw the hope stricken. Durrance appeared the man of courage which his record proved him to be, and Lieutenant Sutch had his theory of women. "Brute courage! They make a god of it!"

"Well?" asked Durrance.

Lieutenant Sutch was aware that he must answer. He was sorely tempted to lie. For he knew enough of the man who questioned him to be certain that the lie would have its effect. Durrance would go back to the Soudan, and leave his suit unpressed.

"Well?"

Sutch looked up at the sky and down upon the flags. Harry had foreseen that this complication was likely to occur, he had not wished that Ethne should wait. Sutch imagined him at this very moment, lost somewhere under the burning sun, and compared that picture with the one before his eyes—the successful soldier taking his ease at his club. He felt inclined to break his promise, to tell the whole truth, to answer both the questions which Durrance had first asked. And again the pitiless monosyllable demanded his reply.

"Well?"

"No," said Sutch regretfully. "There would be no disloyalty."

And on that evening Durrance took the train for Holyhead.



#### CHAPTER IX—AT GLENALLA

THE farm-house stood a mile above the village in a wild moorland country. The heather encroached upon

its garden and the bridle-path ended at its door. On three sides an amphitheatre of hills, which changed so

instantly to the season that it seemed one could distinguish from day to day a new gradation in their colours, harboured it like a ship. No trees grew upon those hills, the granite cropped out amidst the moss and heather, but they had a friendly sheltering look, and Durrance came almost to believe that they put on their different draperies of emerald green, and purple and russet brown consciously to delight the eyes of the girl they sheltered. The house faced the long slope of country to the inlet of the Lough. From the windows the eye reached down over the sparse thickets, the few tilled fields, the white-washed cottages to the tall woods upon the bank, and caught a glimpse of the bright water and the gulls poising and dipping above it. Durrance rode up the track upon an afternoon and knew the house at once. For, as he approached, the music of a violin floated towards him from the windows like a welcome. His hand was checked upon the reins and a particular strong hope, about which he had allowed his fancies to play, rose up within him and suspended his breath.

He tied up his horse and entered in at the gate. A formless barrack without, the house within was a place of comfort. The room into which he was shown with its brasses and its gleaming oak and its wide prospect was bright as that afternoon itself. Durrance imagined it too with the blinds drawn upon a winter's night and the fire red on the hearth and the wind skirling about the hills and rapping on the panes.

Ethne greeted him without the least mark of surprise.

"I had a thought that you would come," she said, and a smile came upon her face.

Durrance laughed suddenly with a great contentment as they shook hands, and Ethne wondered why. She followed the direction of his eyes towards the violin which lay upon a table at her side. It was pale in colour; there was a mark close to the bridge where a morsel of worm-eaten wood had been replaced.

"It is yours," she said. "You were in Egypt. I could not well send it back to you there."

"I have hoped lately, since I knew," returned Durrance, "that nevertheless you would accept it."

"You see I have," said Ethne, and looking straight into his eyes she added: "I accepted it some while ago. There was a time when I needed to be assured that I had sure friends. And a thing tangible helped. I was very glad to have it."

Durrance took the instrument from the table, handling it delicately like a sacred vessel.

"You have played upon it? The *Musoline* overture perhaps," said he.

"Do you remember that?" she returned with a laugh. "Yes, I have played upon it, but only recently. For a long time I put my violin away. It talked to me too intimately of many things which I wished to forget," and these words, like the rest, she spoke without hesitation or any down-dropping of the eyes.

Durrance fetched up his luggage from Rathmullen the next day and stayed at the farm for a week. But up to the last hour of his visit no further reference was made to Harry Feversham by either Ethne or Durrance, although they were thrown much into each other's company. For Dermot was even more broken than Mrs. Adair's description had led Durrance to expect; his speech was all dwindled to monosyllables; his frame was shrunken and his clothes bagged upon his limbs; his very stature seemed lessened; even the anger was clouded from his eye; he was become a stay-at-home dozing for the most part of the day by a fire even in that July weather; his longest walk was to the little grey church which stood naked upon a mound some quarter of a mile away and within view of the windows, and even that walk taxed his strength. He was an old man fallen upon decrepitude, and almost out of recognition, so that his gestures and the rare tones of his voice struck upon Durrance as something painful like the



mimicry of a dead man. His old collie dog aged in company, and to see them together, one might have said that they aged in sympathy.

Durrance and Ethne were thus thrown much together. By day in the wet weather or the fine, they tramped the hills while she, with the colour glowing in her face and her eyes most jealous and eager, showed him her country and exacted his admiration. In the evenings she would take her violin, and sitting as of old with an averted face, she would bid the strings speak of the heights and depths. Durrance sat watching the sweep of her arm, the absorption of her face. He was counting up his chances. He had not brought with him to Glenalla Lieutenant Sutch's anticipations that he would succeed. The shadow of Harry Feversham might well separate them. For another thing he knew very well that poverty would fall more lightly upon her than upon most women. He had indeed had proofs of that. Though the Lennon House was occupied by a stranger, and its lands gone from her, Ethne was still amongst her own people. They still looked eagerly for her visits; she was still the princess of that country side. On the other hand she took a frank pleasure in his company and she led him to speak of his three years' service in the East. No detail was too insignificant for her enquiries, and while he spoke her eyes continually sounded him and the smile upon her lips continually approved. Durrance did not understand what she was after. Possibly no one could have understood unless he was aware of what had passed between Harry Feversham and Ethne. Durrance wore the likeness of a man, and she was well-nigh sick with anxiety to know whether the spirit of man informed it. He was a dark lantern to her. There might be a flame burning within or there might be mere vacancy and darkness. She was pushing back the slide so that she might be sure.

He was speaking in this strain upon the last day of his visit. They were seated upon the hillside, on the edge

of a stream which leaped from ledge to ledge down a miniature gorge of rock, and flowed over deep pools between the ledges, a torrent of clear black water.

"I travelled once for four days amongst the mirages," he said. "Lagoons, still as a mirror and fringed with misty trees. You could almost walk your camel up to the knees in them, before the lagoon receded and the sand glared at you. And one cannot imagine that glare. Every stone within view dances and shakes like a heliograph; you can see—yes, actually see—the heat flow breast-high across the desert swift as this stream here, only pellucid. So till the sun sets ahead of you level with your eyes! Imagine the nights which follow—nights of infinite silence with a cool friendly wind blowing from horizon to horizon—and your bed spread for you under the great dome of stars. Oh!" he cried, drawing a deep breath. "But that country grows on you. It's like the Southern Cross—four over-rated stars when first you see them, but in a week you begin to look for them, and you miss them when you travel North again." He raised himself upon his elbow and turned suddenly towards her. "Do you know—I can only speak for myself—but I never feel alone in those empty spaces. On the contrary, I always feel very close to the things and to the few people I care about."

Her eyes shone very brightly upon him, her lips parted in a smile. He moved nearer to her upon the grass and sat with his feet gathered under him upon one side and leaning upon his arm.

"I used to imagine you out there," he said. "You would have loved it—from the start before daybreak in the dark, to the camp-fire at night. You would have been at home. I used to think so as I lay awake wondering how the world went with my friends."

Her bosom rose as she drew in a breath.

"And you go back there?" she said.

Durrance did not immediately answer. The roar of the torrent throbbed about them. When he did speak, all the enthusiasm had gone from his voice. He spoke gazing into the stream.

"To Wadi Halfa. For two years. I suppose so."

Ethne kneeled up on the grass at his side.

"I shall miss you," she said.

She was kneeling just behind him as he sat on the ground, and again there fell a silence between them.

"Of what are you thinking?" she asked, and she bent forward as she asked, so that all unawares her breast lightly touched his shoulder. He was thinking, indeed, of the words which she had spoken at their first meeting. There had been a time when she had sorely needed her friends. Now she told him that she would miss him. He put those sayings together.

"That you need not miss me," he said, and he was aware that she drew back and sank down upon her heels. "My appointment at Halfa—I might shorten its term. I might perhaps avoid it altogether. I have still half my furlough."

She did not answer nor did she change her attitude. She remained very still and Durrance was alarmed, and all his hopes sank. For a stillness of attitude he knew to be with her as definite an expression of distress as a cry of pain with another woman. He turned about towards her. Her head was bent, but she raised it as he turned, and though her lips smiled, there was a look of great trouble in her eyes.

Durrance was a man like another. His first thought was whether there was not some obstacle which would hinder her from compliance, even though she herself were willing.

"There is your father," he said.

"Yes," she answered, "there is my father too. I could not leave him."

"Nor need you," said he quickly. "That difficulty can be surmounted. To tell the truth I was not thinking of your father at the moment."

"Nor was I," said she.

Durrance turned away and sat for a little while staring down the rocks into a wrinkled pool of water just beneath. It was, after all, the shadow of Fever-sham which stretched between himself and her.

"I know, of course," he said, "that you would never feel trouble, as so many do, with half your heart. You would neither easily care nor lightly forget."

"I remember enough," she returned in a low voice, "to make your words rather a pain to me. Some day perhaps I may bring myself to tell everything which happened at that ball three years ago, and then you will be better able to understand why I am a little distressed. All that I can tell you now is this: I have a great fear that I was in some way the cause of another man's ruin. I do not mean that I was to blame for it. But if I had not been known to him, his career might perhaps never have come to so abrupt an end. I am not sure, but I am afraid. I asked whether it was so and I was told 'no,' but I think very likely that generosity dictated that answer. And the fear stays. I am much distressed by it. I lie awake with it at night. And then you come whom I greatly value and you say quietly, 'Will you please spoil my career, too?'" and she struck one hand sharply into the other and cried, "But that I will not do."

And again he answered:

"There is no need that you should. Wadi Halfa is not the only place where a soldier can find work to his hand."

His voice had taken a new hopefulness. For he had listened intently to the words which she had spoken, and he had construed them by the dictionary of his desires. She had not said that friendship bounded all her thoughts of him. Therefore he need not believe it. Women were given to a hinting modesty of speech, at all events the best of them. A man might read a little more emphasis into their tones, and underline their words and still be short of their meaning, as he argued. A subtle delicacy graced them in nature. Durrance was near to



Benedick's mood. "One whom I value"; "I shall miss you"; there might be a double meaning in the phrases. When she said that she had needed to be assured that she had sure friends, did she not mean that she needed their companionship? But the argument, had he been acute enough to see it, proved how deep he was sunk in error. For what this girl spoke, she habitually meant, and she habitually meant no more. Moreover upon this occasion she had particularly weighed her words.

"No doubt," she said, "a soldier can. But can this soldier find work so suitable? Listen please till I have done! I was so very glad to hear all that you have told me about your work and your journeyings. I was still more glad because of the satisfaction with which you told it. For it seemed to me as I listened and as I watched, that you had found the one true straight channel along which your life could run swift and smoothly and unharassed. And so few do that—so very few!" And she wrung her hands and cried, "And now you spoil it all."

Durrance suddenly faced her. He ceased from argument; he cried in a voice of passion:

"I am for you, Ethne! There's the true straight channel, and upon my word, I believe, you are for me. I thought—I admit it—at one time I would spend my life out there in the East, and the thought contented me. But I had schooled myself into contentment for I believed you married." Ethne ever so slightly flinched, and he himself recognized that he had spoken in a voice overloud so that it had something almost of brutality.

"Do I hurt you?" he continued. "I am sorry. But let me speak the whole truth out, I cannot afford reticence, I want you to know the first and last of it. I say now that I love you. Yes, but I could have said it with equal truth five years ago. It is five years since your father arrested me at the ferry down there on Lough Swilly because I wished to press on to

Letterkenny and not make delay of a night by stopping with a stranger. Five years since I first saw you, first heard the language of your violin. I remember how you sat with your back towards me. The light shone on your hair, I could just see your eyelashes and the colour of your cheeks. I remember the sweep of your arm . . . My dear, you are for me, I am for you."

But she drew back from his outstretched hands.

"No," she said very gently but with a decision he could not mistake. She saw more clearly into his mind than he did himself. The restlessness of the born traveller, the craving for the large and lonely spaces in the outlandish corners of the world, the incurable intermittent fever to be moving, ever moving amongst strange peoples, and under strange skies—these were deep-rooted qualities of the man. Passion might obscure them for awhile, but they would make their appeal in the end, and the appeal would torture. The home would become a prison. Desires would so clash within him, there could be no happiness. That was the man. For herself—she looked down the slope of the hill across the brown country. Away on the right waved the woods about Ramelton, at her feet flashed a strip of the Lough; and this was her country; she was its child and the sister of its people.

"No," she repeated as she rose to her feet. Durrance rose with her. He was still not so much disheartened as conscious of a blunder. He had put his case badly, he should never have given her the opportunity to think that marriage would be an interruption of his career.

"We will say good-bye here," she said, "in the open. We shall be none the less good friends because three thousand miles hinder us from shaking hands."

They shook hands as she spoke.

"I shall be in England again in a year's time," said Durrance. "May I come back?"



Ethne's eyes and her smile consented.

"I should be sorry to lose you altogether," she said, "although even if I did not see you I should know that I had not lost your friendship." She added, "I should also be glad to hear news of you and what you are doing if ever you have the time to spare."

"I may write?" he exclaimed eagerly.

"Yes," she answered, and his eagerness made her linger a little doubtfully upon the word. "That is if you think it fair. I mean, it might be best for you, perhaps, to get rid of me entirely from your thoughts," and Durrance laughed and without any bitterness, so that in a moment Ethne found herself laughing too, though at what she laughed, she would have discovered it difficult to explain. "Very well, write to me then." And she added dryly, "But it will be about—other things."

And again Durrance read into her words the interpretation he desired; and again she meant just what she said, and not a word more.

She stood where he left her, a tall, strong-limbed figure of womanhood, until he was gone out of sight. Then she climbed down to the house and going into her room took one of her violins from its case. But it was the violin which Durrance had given to her, and before she had touched the strings with her bow, she recognized it and put it suddenly away from her into its case. She snapped the case to. For a few moments she sat motionless in her chair, then she quickly crossed the room, and taking her keys, unlocked a drawer. At the bottom of the drawer there lay hidden a photograph, and at this she looked for a long while and very wistfully.

Durrance meanwhile walked down to the trap which was waiting for him at the gates of the house, and saw that Dermot Eustace stood in the road with his hat upon his head.

"I will walk a few yards with you, Colonel Durrance," said Dermot; "I have a word for your ear."

Durrance suited his stride to the old

man's faltering step and they walked behind the dogcart, and in silence. It was not the mere personal disappointment which weighed upon Durrance's spirit. But he could not see with Ethne's eyes, and as his gaze took in that quiet corner of Donegal, he was filled with a great sadness lest all her life should be passed in this seclusion, her grave dug in the end under the wall of the tiny church, and her memory linger only in a few white cottages scattered over the moorland, and for a very little while. He was recalled by the pressure of Dermot's hand upon his elbow. There was a gleam of enquiry in the old man's faded eyes, but it seemed that speech itself was a difficulty.

"You have news for me?" he asked after some hesitation. "News of Harry Feversham? I thought that I would ask you before you went away."

"None," said Durrance.

"I am sorry" replied Dermot wistfully, "though I have no reason for sorrow. He struck us a cruel blow, Colonel Durrance. I should have nothing but curses for him in my mouth and my heart, a black-throated coward my reason calls him, and yet I would be very glad to hear how the world goes with him. You were his friend. But you do not know?"

It was actually of Harry Feversham that Dermot Eustace was speaking, and Durrance, as he remarked the old man's wistfulness of voice and face, was seized with a certain remorse that he had allowed Ethne so to thrust his friend out of his thoughts. He speculated upon the mystery at times as he sat in the evening upon his verandah above the Nile at Wadi Halfa, piecing together the few hints which he had gathered. "A black-throated coward" Dermot had called Harry Feversham, and Ethne had said enough to assure him that something graver than any dispute, something which had destroyed all her faith in Feversham had put an end to her betrothal. But he could not conjecture at the particular cause, and the only consequence of his

perplexed imaginings was the growth of a very real anger within him against the man who had once been his friend.

So the winter passed and summer came to the Soudan and the month of May.



#### CHAPTER X—THE WELLS OF OBAK

IN that month of May, Durrance lifted his eyes from Wadi Halfa and began eagerly to look homewards. But in the contrary direction, five hundred miles southwards of his frontier town, on the other side of the great Nubian desert and the Belly of Stones, the events of real importance to him were occurring without his knowledge. On the deserted track between Berber and Suakin the wells of Obak are sunk deep amongst mounds of shifting sand. Eastwards a belt of trees divides the dunes from a hard stony plain built upon with granite hills; westwards the desert stretches for fifty-eight waterless miles to Mahobey and Berber on the Nile, a desert so flat that the merest tuft of grass knee-high seems at the distance of a mile a tree, promising shade for a noon-day halt, and a pile of stones no bigger than one may see by the side of any roadway in repair, achieves the stature of a considerable hill. In this particular May there could be no spot more desolate than the wells of Obak. The sun blazed upon it from six in the morning with an intolerable heat, and all night the wind blew across it piercingly cold, and played with the sand as it would, building pyramids house-high and levelling them, tunnelling valleys, silting up long slopes, so that the face of the country was continually changed. The vultures and the sand-grouse held it undisturbed in a perpetual tenancy. And to make the spot yet more desolate there remained scattered here and there the bleached bones and skeletons of camels to bear evidence that about these wells once the caravans had crossed and halted. The remnants of a house built of branches bent in hoops showed that once Arabs had herded their goats and made their habitation there. Now the sun rose

and set and the hot sky pressed upon an empty round of honey-coloured earth. Silence brooded there like night upon the waters, and the absolute stillness made it a place of mystery and expectation.

Yet in this month of May one man sojourned by the wells and sojourned secretly. Every morning at sunrise he drove two camels, swift riding mares of the pure Bisharin breed from the belt of trees, watered them and sat by the well-mouth for the space of three hours. Then he drove them back again into the shelter of the trees, and fed them delicately with dhoura upon a cloth, and for the rest of the day he appeared no more. For five mornings he thus came from his hiding place and sat looking towards the sand-dunes and Berber, and no one approached him. But on the sixth, and as he was on the point of returning to his shelter, he saw the figures of a man and a donkey suddenly outlined against the sky upon a crest of the sand. The Arab, seated by the well, looked first at the donkey, and remarking its grey colour half rose to his feet. But as he rose he looked at the man who drove it, and saw that while his jellab was drawn forward over his face to protect it from the sun, his bare legs showed of an ebony blackness against the sand. The donkey driver was a negro. The Arab sat down again and waited with an air of the most complete indifference for the stranger to descend to him. He did not even move or turn when he heard the negro's feet treading the sand close behind him.

"Salem aleikum," said the negro as he stopped. He carried a long spear and a short one and a shield of hide. These he laid upon the ground and sat by the Arab's side. The latter bowed his head and returned the salutation.

"Aleikum es salam," said he, and he waited.

"It is Abou Fatma?" asked the negro.

The Arab nodded an assent.

"Two days ago," the other continued, "a man of the Bisharin, Moussa Fedil, stopped me in the market-place of Berber, and seeing that I was hungry, gave me food. And when I had eaten he charged me to drive this donkey to Abou Fatma at the wells of Obak."

Abou Fatma looked carelessly at the donkey as though now for the first time he had remarked it.

"Tayeeb," he said no less carelessly. "The donkey is mine," and he sat inattentive and motionless as though the negro's business were done and he might go.

The negro, however, held his ground.

"I am to meet Moussa Fedil again on the third morning from now, in the market-place of Berber. Give me a token which I may carry back so that he may know I have fulfilled the charge and reward me."

Abou Fatma took his knife from the small of his back and, picking up a stick from the ground, notched it thrice at each end.

"This shall be a sign to Moussa Fedil," and he handed the stick to his companion. The negro tied it securely into a corner of his wrap, loosed his water-skin from the donkey's back, filled it at the well and slung it about his shoulders. Then he picked up his spears and his shield. Abou Fatma watched him labour up the slope of loose sand and disappear again on the further incline of the crest. Then in his turn he rose and hastily. When Harry Feversham had set out from Obak six days before to traverse the fifty-eight miles of barren desert to the Nile, this grey donkey had carried his water-skins and food.

Abou Fatma drove the donkey down amongst the trees and, fastening it to a stem, examined its shoulders. In the left shoulder he found an incision and the skin neatly stitched up again with fine thread. He cut the stitches and,

pressing open the two edges of the wound, forced a tiny package little bigger than a postage stamp. The package was a goat's bladder, and enclosed within the bladder a note written in Arabic and folded very small. Abou Fatma had not been Gordon's body servant for nothing; he had been taught during his service to read. He unfolded the note, and this is what was written:

"The houses which were once Berbera are destroyed, and a new town of wide streets is building. There is no longer any sign by which I may know the ruins of Yusef's house from the ruins of a hundred houses; nor does Yusef any longer sell rock-salt in the bazaar. Yet wait for me another week."

The Arab of the Bisharin who wrote the letter was Harry Feversham. Wearing the patched jubbeh of the dervishes over his stained skin, his hair frizzed on the crown of his head and falling upon the nape of his neck in locks matted and gummed into the semblance of seaweed, he went about his search for Yusef through the wide streets of New Berber with its gaping pits. To the South and separated by a mile or so of desert lay the old town where Abou Fatma had slept one night and hidden the letters, a warren of ruined houses facing upon narrow alleys and winding streets. The front walls had all been pulled down, the roofs carried away, only the bare inner walls were left standing, so that Feversham when he wandered amongst them vainly at night, seemed to have come into long lanes of fives' courts, crumbling to decay. And each court was only distinguishable from its neighbour by a degree of ruin. Already the foxes made their burrows beneath the walls.

He had calculated that one night would have been the term of his stay in Berber. He was to have crept through the gate in the dusk of the evening, and before the grey light had quenched the stars his face should be set towards Obak. Now he must go steadily forward amongst the crowds like a man that has business of mo-



ment, dreading conversation lest his tongue should betray him, listening ever for the name of Yusef to strike upon his ears. Despair kept him company at times, and fear always. But from the sharp pangs of these emotions, a sort of madness was begotten in him, a frenzy of obstinacy, a belief fanatical as the dark religion of those amongst whom he moved, that he could not now fail and the world go on, that there could be no injustice in the whole scheme of the universe great enough to lay this heavy burden upon the one man least fitted to bear it and then callously to destroy him because he tried.

Fear had him in its grip on that morning three days after he had left Abou Fatma at the wells, when coming over a slope he first saw the sand stretched like a lagoon up to the dark brown walls of the town, and the overshadowing foliage of the big date palms rising on the Nile bank beyond. Within those walls were the crowded dervishes. It was surely the merest madness for a man to imagine that he could escape detection there, even for an hour. Was it right, he began to ask, that a man should even try? The longer he stood, the more insistent did this question grow. The low mud walls grew strangely sinister; the welcoming green of the waving palms after so many arid days of sun and sand and stones, became an ironical invitation to death. He began to wonder whether he had not already done enough for honour in venturing so near . . .

The sun beat upon him; his strength ebbed from him as though his veins were opened. If he were caught, he thought, as surely he would be—oh very surely! He saw the fanatical faces crowding fiercely about him . . . were not mutilations practised? . . . He looked about him, shivering even

in that great heat, and the great loneliness of the place smote upon him, so that his knees shook. He faced about and commenced to run, leaping in a panic alone and unpursued across the naked desert under the sun, while from his throat feeble cries broke inarticulately.

He ran, however, only for a few yards, and it was the very violence of his flight which stopped him. These four years of anticipation were as nothing then? He had schooled himself in the tongue, he had lived in the bazaars to no end? He was still the craven who had sent in his papers. The quiet confidence with which he had revealed his plan to Lieutenant Sutch over the table in the Criterion Grill Room was the mere vainglory of a man who continually deceived himself. And Ethne? . . .

He dropped upon the ground and drawing his coat over his head, lay a brown spot indistinguishable from the sand about him, an irregularity in the great waste surface of earth. He shut the prospect from his eyes and over the thousands of miles of continent and sea he drew Ethne's face towards him. A little while and he was back again in Donegal. The summer night whispered through the open doorway in the hall; in a room nearby people danced to music. He saw the three feathers fluttering to the floor; he read the growing trouble in Ethne's face. If he could do this thing, and the still harder thing which now he knew to lie beyond, he might, perhaps, some day see that face cleared of its trouble. There were words too in his ears: "I should have no doubt that you and I would see much of one another afterwards." Towards the setting of the sun he rose from the ground and walking down towards Berber, passed between the gates.

# IN THE SECRET SERVICE

A Series of Thirteen Distinct Episodes

By ROBERT BUCKLEY

## EPISODE X.—TRIFLING WITH RUSSIAN SECRET POLICE

"SPEAKING of tea," said my friend Anthony a few evenings after his return from the French capital, "speaking of tea, the thought occurs that the English, as a nation, know nothing of tea."

This was a staggerer. I had entertained the idea that England was a country of tea drinkers. I humbly ventured to submit that Britons had disposed of a few million tons of the fragrant leaf and that the consumption of tea was increasing on every hand.

"True, O free-born Briton—in a sense. The consumption of what people call 'tea,' is certainly increasing. But I contend that the average Briton has not the faintest notion of what tea really is. He drinks the miserable slops prepared by persons as ignorant as himself and he thinks he is drinking tea. I declare that the credulity of the human male, was never more strongly exemplified than in this matter of tea. 'Will you take a cup of tea?' asks the charming lady at the head of the table. The poor deluded fellow at the bottom says 'Yes,' and the lady then pours out a most abominable and deleterious concoction which both believe to be tea!"

"And you contend that it isn't anything of the kind!"

"Not in the true sense. The English are built for beer, not for tea, which is too gently stimulating, too Arcadian, too ideal for the beef-fed Anglo-Saxon—as he facetiously calls himself. English 'tea' is generally one of two things; either soup with enough tannin to madden a horse, or—warm water made sickly by the addition of sugar, with a spot of milk to

mask any flavour the sugar might have left. There are people still extant who stew their tea with the object of 'getting all the good out of it.' Horrible, most horrible!" And Anthony Hallam's expressive countenance exhibited symptoms of a keen internal agony.

"I hope you find the 'nectar' to your liking," I ventured to say.

"Excellent—since the gentle Phyllis consented to be reasonable. But I never succeeded in obtaining the delicate effect of St. Petersburg. Ah! the Russians understand tea; moreover, they pay the best prices, and have the pick of the market. Then it all enters the country overland, which makes a great difference. The best artists never allow the tea to lie in the water. They simply pour boiling water *through* it—a sort of touch and go. To allow tea-leaves to stand in water for one moment would be considered a sort of sacrilege, to be expected only from barbarians."

"Then they flavour it with lemon?"

"In slices. But I prefer cream—not milk, mind you; but cream. The best tea procurable; the water run through it; the aroma only caught, and all the bitter and poisonous elements left in the leaf. Ah! that is an ideal drink! But perfection is only attainable in Russia. Levinsky taught me to make tea. Levinsky, I drink to you!"

And Anthony, who is a great drinker of healths, once more drank of the fluid he loved.

"Levinsky," he said, "was an excellent young man; industrious, talented, steady, and most loyal. Like



Shylock, he was an unbelieving Jew, but there are just as many good Jews as good Christians—perhaps more.

"The powers that be had hinted in their usual manner that Russia was a remarkably interesting country, and that, as we were likely at some future day to have trouble with the Czar on the Indian frontier, or in the Far East, any information that could be picked up beforehand concerning armaments, fortifications, fleets, guns, and popular feeling, would be acceptable. For if we quarrelled with Russia, even in the Far East, of course we should 'go for' her in Europe wherever she might be vulnerable.

"Russia is a difficult country to know; a particularly difficult country to work in the style suggested. You can't travel a mile without a passport; you can't send a letter home without the risk of its being read; you can't receive one without the same risk; you can't receive a newspaper that is not permitted by the authorities. However they contrive to exercise the censorship in the thorough manner they do is a mystery to me. For if a *Punch* cartoon is thought in the smallest way disrespectful to the Czar, or to Russia, or to the Russian Government, your private copy sent by post from London is painted out with tar varnish, so that you cannot read it or enjoy the picture of the offending page.

"Then you are not permitted to photograph any part of any fortifications that may exist. And the eternal officialdom that crushes out of the people all individuality, and makes them mere atoms of a mass, is to an Englishman not only disagreeable and intolerable, but almost appalling.

"Nevertheless I made the best preparations I could and determined to leave no stone unturned in the effort to deserve well of my country. You will understand that in a time of continued peace, information is at a discount—to bring in useful facts concerning the military power of a country with which we are on the best of terms, is like trying to sell coal in the dog-days. But when rumours of wars

arise, then the smallest reliable information is as precious as much fine gold. So the proper authorities, knowing this, are wise beforehand, and collect all the information they can while yet there is time. Everything is carefully entered and tabulated, and from time to time corrected up to date. This preliminary canter is just to give you an idea of the kind of work I was expected to do. It was a sort of roving commission without any especial object. I was to go where I liked and pick up what I could. Further, I was to go alone.

"I had been in Russia before—but that is another story. Moreover, I did not learn the true method of making tea on my first journey, which was not altogether unconnected with Nihilism and the Nihilists. So that the thing was not so very strange. Nor was it in the smallest degree alarming; though I confess that I expected to reap but a small harvest of useful information.

"Being an enthusiastic student of military affairs, especially the famous campaigns of my own countrymen, you will at once perceive why my first thought turned to the Crimea. I determined to be an English tourist bent on visiting the scenes of British valour and British calamity on the slopes of the Chersonese. And in order that that there might be no difficulty in the matter, I arranged with a wealthy cousin of mine, who was about to start on a two years' expedition after big game in the Rocky Mountains, to take out a passport for Russia, in his own name, my object being to disarm suspicion, should inquiries be made. The thing was practicable enough. The passport described me as Harry Gibson Campbell, tall, spare, age 35 (for this was a long time ago), blue eyes, brown hair, and so on. I answered to these particulars well enough, and if information concerning the real bearer of the name had been required during my absence, my cousin's character was good; he was a sportsman, not a politician; he was absent abroad—in short, the whole thing was fixed up so



as to guard against possible as well as probable eventualities.

"Harry brought me the passport, I took it, and he went away to New York *en route* for the Rockies. I went quietly to Dover, thence to Calais, and travelling gently and luxuriously, landed in due course at Constantinople (I had a very alarming adventure at Constantinople the year after; you shall hear that some day, if you're good), and having seen the sights and smelt the smells of the Golden Horn, I went, by an abominable Russian boat to Balaklava—of which you may have heard?"

I admitted having heard of the Charge of the Light Brigade.

"One of the severest defeats ever sustained by the British, yet lauded to the skies; while the magnificent victory of the Heavy Brigade, one of the finest achievements of the British army, at any period, and which took place on the same day, is quite unknown to ordinary Englishmen. Sweet are the uses of advertisement! Well, I landed at Balaklava, and thence marched off to Alma, where you will remember the Russians had planted fourteen guns in a battery, and the commanding officer walked the British right up the hill to the muzzles of the guns, just as they were marched up at the Tugela and elsewhere. By these trips I became well known to the military authorities of the district, and Russian officers are about the politest men in the world. France is not in the running for downright refined urbanity. Though they soon discovered I was only a civilian they treated me as one of themselves. This was convenient, for Crimean hostilities are far below the English ideal, and, in fact, the country is so thinly populated that if the military men had not assisted me, I should have had but a rough time of it.

"My object in lingering on the scenes sacred to the memory of the grandfathers of the gallant men who went out to settle the Boer business was twofold; first, business; second, pleasure. It was needful to lay a good foundation. Russia abounds with

spies. In no country is the spy system carried out so thoroughly; in no country are spies so universal, or so little suspected. And I may add, that in no country do they better know their business. Europe is saturated with Russian spies, many of them ladies of high rank. I knew that when I left the Crimea my movements would be watched, and that reports detailing everything I had done would follow me everywhere. So I did nothing to arouse suspicion, while I did everything I could to allay any doubts that might arise. I aimed at being thought a dunder-head Englishman, who, having been educated in Germany, had learned the language. For nearly all educated Russians speak German, and it was needful to converse with somebody. But I took care never to drop a word of Russian, except a few I had picked up day by day, as it were. And the way I pronounced these words always put my Russian friends in good humour with themselves. I was so comically stupid! But as I really understood Russian very well, I had the advantage of learning much that I should have missed had I admitted my knowledge of the language.

"Arrived at last at Sebastopol, I began to think of real work. So far, I had only been paving the way. I had photographed the English burial-ground at Cathcart's hill, with other objects of interest, nobody objecting in the slightest degree. But the fortifications of Sebastopol were quite another affair. Fortunately, I had made very complete arrangements—relying principally on telephotography which people would have you believe was invented yesterday, but which has been constantly practised *sub rosa* for nearly thirty years. It was too good to give away, but its time has come. Somebody has sold it for the price of a magazine article, and at the same time has earned undying fame as its inventor. Oh this dreadful old planet! When will it have a modicum of reality to modify its everlasting and universal falsity!

"I suppose you know how the coun-

try about Sebastopol is all heights and hollows? Well, I exploited that feature to the full—biding my time, and bit by bit getting fine views of the fortifications from lonely hills miles away. It seemed as though the regulations in force at St. Petersburg were relaxed at the southern port. Nobody seemed to watch me; nobody dogged my photographic steps, and when I showed my new friends in the city developed prints of *some* things I had taken they were delighted, and begged copies—to be sent from England. You will understand that I took two sets of photographs, one for business purposes, and—one to act as a blind. I showed them my photos of churches, taken in the streets under their noses, and, of course, at spots whence no angle of a fortification was visible. No doubt the police would have stopped me had I ventured too much. So I went in for ships in harbour, and churches, and typical groups of peasants, till one day the buxom lady who ran the hotel in which I was staying intimated, in excellent German, that she wished to have a few words with me concerning a matter in which she was interested.

"I bowed assent, and she went on to say that I might have noticed that she and her husband were of the Hebrew persuasion. I admitted that the thought had occurred, and congratulated Madame Goldenberg on belonging to a race so ancient and so talented. She bowed, and said that the English had the reputation of treating the Jewish people with much kindness and liberality. I bowed and said that the human race were the debtors of the Hebrews. She smiled as though the double meaning struck her. I smiled in return; she smiled still more and said that my kindness emboldened her to proceed with her request; she wished to ask a favour. I said that anything within my poor abilities, *et cetera*.

"She sailed in at once. A sort of poor relation, one Samuel Levinsky, a Jew like herself, but unfortunate. I knew the severity of the Russians in

all matters relating to the Jews? Very good. Samuel's father had been so ill treated that he had left Sebastopol some years, for London, and ill-fortune having still pursued him had lost his wife by death immediately on his arrival in England. I knew the intense family affection of the Jews? Very good again. Old Levinsky was so miserable that he had felt, come weal come woe, he needed the consolations of his relatives. Besides, his spirit was broken. He returned after a sojourn of one year in England, bringing with him his only child, Samuel. The old man never looked up again, and died in a few months, leaving the lad an orphan, but not a helpless one. On the contrary, Samuel Levinsky had done fairly well, bearing an excellent character, and being respected everywhere. But his ambition was to return to England and to settle there. He detested Russia, and, more especially, the Russian Government. Samuel was almost a Nihilist, she feared.

"Could I do anything for Samuel? Could I give any advice? Could I, would I, see him? Samuel was a clever photographer: could he assist me? At the present moment any employment would be welcome, his late master in Odessa having failed in business. Samuel would give the world to be able to practise speaking English. He was a good lad, very willing, as well as very clever. He was nearly nineteen. She hoped I had no prejudice against Jews?

"The first thought that occurred was this: He might assist me in perfecting my Russian, and, being a Jew, and therefore subtle and highly intelligent, as well as a hater of Russia, he would have no hesitation in giving me all the information he possessed about Odessa and Sebastopol, besides being useful in developing the photos I showed to my friends. I flattered myself I should still be able to keep my own counsel; and, in short, I consented to see Samuel Levinsky. He came, he saw, he conquered.

"He was one of the most smiling,



sunny young fellows I ever met. He was quite a boy in simplicity, and instead of nineteen, looked sixteen at the outside. There was a gentle sweetness about him such as you may see in some Italians and Hindoos, but never in the English breed. He wished to develop my prints; he wished to carry my camera; for besides the cunning little hand-camera which by an ingenious arrangement I worked with the telescopic lens, I had a heavy concern of the tripod sort—and such things *are* heavy, I can tell you. Samuel spoke English wonderfully well, considering the shortness of his stay in London, but a clever Jew will pick up a language in a week or two. Continental Jews will speak almost any language you wish; their faculty in this respect is astonishing to Englishmen who are the worst linguists in the world.

"I was immensely taken up with Samuel, and well did he repay my interest. After a week's trial, I engaged him as a sort of assistant, as a courier, as a companion. He advanced in English; I progressed in Russian; he developed my photos in the dark room, while I in the early mornings took a few I did not show him. Madame Goldenberg thanked me profusely; even wept to see my kindness to the lad, but he deserved it all. As I have said, he taught me the true way to make tea, fixing up a little spirit-lamp arrangement in my bedroom, so that I might imbibe first thing in the morning. He was 'a handy man.' He shaved me—in bed; he sprayed me with bayrum, which is delightful when you awake, and then he handed me the most delicious tea, with biscuits and caviare. It was a pleasure to wake in those days.

"Another charming trait in Levin-sky's character was his invariable good humour. He was always cheerful, not with a perpetual grin, but with a staid brightness always ready to brim over into laughter, and to make the best of everything. One subject only ruffled him—the Russian Government. Any sort of officialdom irritated him. He hated Russia and the Father Em-

peror with a terrible hatred. I urged him to bear a Christian spirit. He laughed and said he was a Jew, and the Scriptures distinctly permitted revenge. I urged him to beware, and to remember the consequences of any indiscretion. He said the consequences were the only arguments that appealed to him, and that he was discreet elsewhere, but ventured to unburden his mind with an Englishman, knowing he could do so with safety. Mme. Goldenberg, he said, was just as bitter, though she had not lost both father and mother as he had through the direct action of iniquitous laws and racial oppression.

"After a month I determined to take him with me to England, if he continued to suit me, and developed no unfavourable characteristics before the end of my expedition drew near, Mme. Goldenberg promising assistance in the matter of outfit. We left Sebastopol together, and for some months toured in all directions, touching Kherson, Odessa, and most of the fortified places in the south, and then making north for St. Petersburg and Kronstadt, the fortifications of the latter being my especial study. There was no concealment from Samuel now. At Odessa, he had said, calmly, but with some appearance of being hurt, "I could help you with the fortifications; I lived here two years. But I have not yet deserved the full confidence of your Excellency." The tears sprang to his eyes. I saw that he was at any rate partly aware of my purposes. Should I tell him all? He read my thought, and continued with a request that I would defer any confidence until he had deserved it more fully. I nodded, and the subject dropped.

"It was, however, patent to me that Samuel had an inkling of how the matter stood. But at the same time it was quite clear that he had not slyly concealed his knowledge. He had shown his hand. His character for frankness and perfect ingenuousness was confirmed. I allowed him to be useful, and he brought in some splen-



did' information, as well as some photographs of extraordinary value. Samuel was a gem, and I decided to introduce him into the service the moment I reached England ; hinting only that I should be able to find him employment at once honourable, well-paid, and permanent. The gratitude of that poor Hebrew Jew was something touching. And of all the crushed creatures on this nether sphere, the poor Jew in Russia is perhaps the most ground down. Peter the Great said that his reason for excluding Jews from Russia was to prevent them being robbed by his subjects. This was a joke with a strong flavour of truth.

"Well, we worked together in perfect harmony for nearly eight months, when my objects having been attained in a larger degree than I had hoped, I decided to return to London from St. Petersburg. Here came the last, but the stiffest fence. How was I to get the photos over the frontier? The Russian douane regulations are severe in the extreme, and they are constantly changing. I knew what the regulations had been a year or two before. But were they still the same? Of course Levinsky knew nothing, and to have made inquiries would have evoked suspicion. For you must remember that this was Russia, and that Russia is utterly different from England, where you might sail round the fortifications of any given port snapshotting them to your heart's content, afterwards carrying your prizes from one end of the country to the other, gummed on the outside of your trunk, if you wished to be eccentric. Levinsky made some good suggestions, two of which I accepted. How he glowed with delight at the thought of beating the Russian douaniers ! For, like the proverbial Irishman, the Russian Jew is always 'agin the Government.'

"He proposed that we should develop all our negatives ; that he should go first with a sort of pilot portman-teau with churches, ruins, and the queer little shrines that abound in Russia, together with other subjects likely to appeal to an Englishman ;

that he was to be my courier, proceeding in advance to make things comfortable, and, having once passed the frontier, and arrived at the first break on the journey to Berlin he was to wire the name of his hotel, which would mean that I might follow with the more delicate subjects carefully concealed in my Russia leather trunk, after a fashion suggested by Samuel, namely, between the leather lining of the lid and the thick leather top, the photos to be evenly spread over the whole surface. And not only did Samuel suggest the idea, but he carried it out with his own hands, closing the edges of the inner lining in a most workmanlike manner. Of course the prints so concealed were the dangerous ones. The others were neatly packed in the body of the trunk, where they would be found and examined.

"When all was ready Samuel left. He was to have three days' start, for the journey to the German frontier is no joke, and Samuel had to get beyond it. During these three days I was busy, very busy indeed. I suppose you can guess what occupied me ?"

And my friend Anthony looked at me with an expression which plainly asked me to be less of a thickhead than usual.

I declined to commit myself. "I'll be hanged if I can," I said.

"Well, I *was* busy. At last Samuel's telegram came and I started. All went well to the frontier. There my passport was examined, also my luggage. I afterwards saw it placed in the Prussian luggage van, but I might have spared myself the trouble. When I reached Berlin, my first care was to open my big leather trunk. The lining of the lid hung loose ; the photos were gone ; a large envelope with an official stamp lay on the top of my clothes. I opened it, and read something like the following :—

ST. PETERSBURG.

DEAR MR. HALLAM,

I regret that during your extended visit to Russia, your engagements did not permit you to call upon your ad-

miring confreres, the Russian secret police.

Recognizing your eminence in the profession, and also remembering how harmoniously you worked with them a year or two ago, they have deputed me to convey to you the assurance of their profound esteem and consideration.

And in order that some token of the sentiments which animate them may exist in a substantial form, it has been decided to present you with enlarged and framed copies of the photos of fortifications, etc., for which you have shown a preference (as soon as the consent of the Minister of War is received). For the purpose we have ventured to borrow the originals. Receive, dear Mr. Hallam, the assurance of our admiration and esteem. May you often revisit Russia.

Faithfully yours,

NELIDOFF,

Chief of Secret Police.

"This was a blow," I said. "Nine months of labour lost. You lost Levinsky, too."

"I lost Levinsky, certainly ; but not the labour. I told you that he had three days' start and that during that time I was very busy ?"

"Busy at what ?"

"In copying the photos."

"But you believed in Levinsky ?"

Anthony made a really first-class smoke-ring, and blew it gently to the ceiling. Then he said very slowly :—

"H—m, yes—I suppose I did—

in a way—but—I made the copies and, having secured them in a bag of oiled silk, I wore them under my shirt as a chest-protector while Nelidoff's men collared those in the trunk. The temptation to post a complete set of copies to him from London was great, but I swallowed my professional pride and wrote a pleasant letter admitting that I had been done. It was hard, but it was best for the Service. Nelidoff replied, enclosing a photo of my cousin in the Rockies for which he said he had no further use ! Very thorough, are not they ? The fun of the thing was that Levinsky the clever spy, helped me after all. For both he and Nelidoff were content with what was found in the box-lid without searching further.

"And Madame Goldenberg?" I asked.

"Just a clever comedy—played for a consideration and to curry favour with the tyrant police. Still, Levinsky was a real friend, for not only did he, to gain my confidence, and relying on collaring the lot, give me some photos of Odessa which I could not have obtained otherwise, but he shaved me, and carried my camera, and best of all taught me to make tea. How he seemed to hate the Russians ! He disliked Prussians, too. He used to say that Germans were a connecting link between Russians and human beings. An 'amusing' cuss,' Levinsky. Nelidoff said it was a case of 'diamond cut diamond,' and he was right, but not in the way he meant.

EPISODE XI. WILL APPEAR IN MAY

## THE FISHER-WIFE'S SONG—A LULLABY

**H**USH, baby hush, while the shadows are falling,

And winds blowing over the sea.

Hush, baby hush, for the Brownies are calling,

Are calling and waiting for thee :

In the land of sleep, where the pale moon shining

Lights valleys and meadows and streams,

In the Brownie land, in the downy land

In the soft, sweet land of dreams.

Sleep, baby sleep, while father is toiling

And thinking, my treasure, of thee ;

Sleep, baby sleep, while the dark waves are boiling

Far out on the breast of the sea ;

Far out on the sea, where father's wee vessel

Is braving and tossing the main,

And white-caps swirl, and torn clouds whirl,

And the north winds howl again.

*Crofton Uniacke McLeod*



# AN EASTER EVENT

BEING A ROMANCE OF COUNTRY LIFE

*By Jean Blewett*

HIRAM MATTHEWS had to pass the white house on the hill on the way to his own sugar bush, which was on his north "fifty." The north fifty was a fine piece of land lying a full mile and a half from the homestead. It was to have been Archie's, but—ah these family quarrels are the worst of quarrels.

Hiram Matthews passed the house on the hill with his grey head up in air. The reason was no secret, the whole neighbourhood knew it, even the white house with its gothics sticking impudently up in air, seemed to know it, and to frown down haughtily on the elderly man. Janie, who was trotting along behind her father, thought so anyway, and shook her head reprovingly at it. But as she looked it seemed to relax its sternness. The door seemed actually smiling, the windows blinking in friendly fashion. The little gate at the foot of the hill stood open coaxingly, and oh, how Janie wished she might speed up the path for a glimpse of Archie and Archie's pretty wife.

"Don't be poking along like a snail," her father grumbled, with a backward glance. He was always cross on his way to the north fifty, cross and out of sorts with himself, for conscience kept telling him that he had not dealt fairly with the lad in not building him a house on the land promised him long ago, and in withholding the deed of the same, and that if Archie was hot tempered and stubborn—being a chip of the old block—it was no excuse for all that had happened. Quarrelling with his only son, the boy whose mother had helped earn the land, and then slipped away to rest in the churchyard!

Then temper rose up and went over every angry word Archie had said that spring day of two years ago, called to mind how he had gone over to the enemy, married the daughter of the one man in the neighbourhood Hiram

Matthews despised, and settled down on one of that man's farms, just across the way from the fifty acres promised him. It was too much!

The frost was gone from the air, the sunbeams were beginning to be gloriously warm. The two crossed the road, climbed a rail fence, and entered their own property.

"This will be the last boiling down for the year, Janie," said the farmer, as he lifted her over a wet place." No more sugaring off and carrying on, eh?"

"Oh, I like it out here in the woods," cried the child, "isn't it lovely daddy?"

"A little later, when the trees are in leaf, it will be nice enough," he answered carelessly, "but now there's nothing to see."

Nothing to see! Why the pussy willows were making a great show of their smartness in thus coming out in spring dress before their neighbors, the creek beneath them was leaping over the stones with much splashing and foaming instead of slipping along slyly as was its wont, the stump of a beech tree pink with sap was here and there, and there was great stirring in the hearts of the trees, she knew it by the swinging and the singing of the branches overhead.

The first touch of the springtime was on the earth. Later the beauty would be fuller, the fragrance more satisfying, yet Janie found this first touch wondrous sweet.

The greyness of winter was gone. By the yellow green of the clinging moss, the deep green of the cress in the brook, the mottled green of daring adder-tongue, the bronze green of the slender parasol which Madam Mandrake was putting up in sunny places, she knew it was gone. Up through the dead leaves came the blades of grass, yonder in the shelter of a fallen tree was a knoll which, by-and-by,



would be blue as the sky above it with hardy wild violets, or "Johnnie-Jumps-ups."

Janie's heart was light. When a coxcomb of a robin stopped his primping to nod down knowingly at her, then began his song, she smiled. She knew he was telling her of his plans, of the nest he meant to build, and the wee wife that would keep his house—saw all that he sang about.

When a squirrel stopped his frisking to shake an angry tail and chatter away she waved her mittened hand to him. His pantry—his nearly depleted pantry—was somewhere close by, and he feared a raid on it. "Silly fellow," whispered Janie, "as if I would take one nut he had gathered!"

Everything was so full of life. The wood that had been so still all the long winter was alive with sounds. There was scrimmaging among the dead leaves, squeaking and rustling among the bushes, frightened scampering, fun and frolic. Janie knew that beady little eyes were peering at her on every side, and went on her way smiling softly to herself.

"It won't take us long to-day," said Hiram Matthews, as he swung the big kettle in place, and kindled the fire beneath it.

The smoke went curling up gleefully, and Janie, on her stool, sat and watched the sap in the kettle begin to steam. Her father was away a part of the afternoon gathering the spiles and buckets to store in the log shanty for another season, but she was neither lonely nor afraid. She had her work to attend to. When the bubbling in the kettle grew too furious she raked the fire away; when it threatened to do no more than simmer she put on a fresh stick of wood. Once or twice she stopped it from boiling over by throwing in a small bucket of cold sap. Also there was a piece of fat pork on the end of a willow wand which she knew the use of and dipped into the kettle, when its contents began to thicken and turn golden, in a masterly way. When she grew hungry, which was early in the day, for the breath of the woods in

spring is a wonderful tonic, she took down her tin pail and ate a ham sandwich and a pickle. Her father came back in time to finish the cleansing and the boiling, but it was not until sunset they were ready for home.

The sky was a pale primrose, and the trees stood out plainly against it. Janie was glad that they faced the west on their homeward way. God had made the world so beautiful. They came out on the highway and she drew her cloak closer, for there was a chill in the air. The gate at the foot of the hill was still open; from the lane beyond came the sound of a whistle she would have known anywhere. A white-haired woman met them, and stopped to speak.

"Brother Hiram," she said, "you have never been in Archie's house, come in with me now. No; don't refuse," as he shook his head stubbornly, "for I've something there to show you. Come!"

"Can't help it," snapped Hiram Matthews; "I'd do a lot for you, Lizzie, but I couldn't bring myself to go in there. Don't ask me."

"Do you know what I was thinking of as I came along? I was thinking of the day twenty-four years ago, when you came hurrying through the fields crying that Alice needed me;" her voice was very gentle. "It was a hard day, Hiram; you and I will always remember it; but at sunset you could kneel and thank God for a little child. You were very proud, Hiram."

He nodded. "Every man is a fool over his first-born—especially when it's a boy," he said.

"And Alice was glad it was a boy, because you wanted a boy. She always wanted what you wanted—dear Alice!" said his sister, and Janie clung to her skirts and cried softly for the mother she had never known. "He was the handsomest baby in the neighbourhood, and the sturdiest," she went on. "Before he was two years old he was your shadow."

"Yes," he answered, "yes, I never got far away from Archie." Then, with sudden bitterness, "I was a good

father to him and look how he treated me!"

"The day we buried Alice," her voice grew softer still, "I remember how he stood close to you and checked his own grief to comfort you. 'Mother left dad and the baby in my care, I'll look after them,' he said. We were all so proud of him, weren't we, Hiram?"

"Look here," he cried, "you needn't try to soften me. I won't make no overtures of peace toward Archie, but your talk makes me recollect that I owe you a heap, Lizzie, a heap, and so I'll go with you since you ask it. I've no right to refuse you anything, Lizzie. Lead on, show me what you want to show me—and let me get on home."

She led him up the path, and around to the side entrance. She led him in through the parlour to a bedroom, pausing at the door; Janie followed close behind. Hiram Matthews felt dazed. His sister was saying to someone:

"Archie's father has come to see Archie's boy," and he was forced into a rocking chair and a soft bundle put in his arms. "Isn't he," his sister said, "the image of what Archie was at his age?"

He looked down at the little pink face, the downy head, one tiny hand clenched under a dimpled chin; looked a long, long while. Sometimes when we grow hard and bitter God sends an

angel to lead us back into some day of sweetness and hope, some day of the happy past, and once there the hardness and the bitterness melt in the glow of it.

Hiram Matthews saw himself a young man again with his first-born on his knee, saw his wife beside him; they were poor in worldly goods, but rich in love and hope. And now, now he was old and prosperous, but Alice was no more, and his boy had not looked on his face for two long years. A tear crept down his furrowed cheeks and fell on the baby's brow. Somebody laid a hand on his shoulder and he looked up to see his son standing beside him.

"Dad!" cried the young man. "Archie!" and the two clasped hands over the little new comer.

"Here, give me the boy," said the white-haired woman, with a glad tremor in her voice; "Janie hasn't had a glimpse of him yet. You two go out and do up the chores."

"Anything you say, Aunt Lizzie," said Hiram relinquishing his precious bundle. "Give my love to his mother, and tell her I never saw but one finer boy, and that was the one she married." And arm-in-arm he and Archie went out in the soft spring evening, and took their way to the barnyard, where the white-wooled lambs were cuddling close to the full-uddered ewes, and the cattle were lowing for their supper.

## THE OLD LOVE

OH! you may praise the old love,  
But I will praise the new;  
The snow that hid the violet has purged  
it sweeter blue,  
And so it is with love revived, and the  
sorrows it came through.

Yet when you praise the new love  
Give faith unto the old;  
A tale complete in summer is a story  
lightly told,  
But love that ripened through the years,  
in the harvest is all gold.

And you shall love the two loves:  
The love without alloy,  
When you were just a dreaming maid  
and I an untried boy,  
But never was love victor till grief and  
doubt had fixed its joy.

So back unto our first love's  
Eternal Paradise!  
Where we shall watch the world fade  
out and heaven about us rise;  
E'en now, Love! you are wonderful,  
with God's glory in your eyes.

*John Stuart Thomson*





# JOHN BULL in POLITICS

By Albert R. Carman

WE are fond of saying that Britain is a crowned democracy; but the Canadian tourist who, being in Great Britain, thinks to inform himself a little respecting the methods of British politics, begins to doubt whether it is Demos who wears the crown. He

picks up the papers with their tabulated lists of future events to see when and where he will stand a chance of hearing the leading politicians, and he finds their names figuring pretty frequently in speech-making functions, when he promises himself more than a taste of the quality of British platform politics. But a study of details brings disappointment; this man is to speak at a dinner, that man at a "club," another at a civic affair, a fourth down in Cornwall—all equally out of reach—and few, indeed, intended for the winning of Demos. Demos must read it all in the papers.

But it was my good fortune to attend a great popular political demonstration—the famous Blenheim "garden party," at which Mr. Chamberlain gave indirect answer to Lord Rosebery's first hint that this would be a good time for the Liberal Unionists to come home and partake of fatted calf. I know it was a great popular demonstration; for I was informed, while making enquiries at Blenheim, that that was its purpose. Otherwise I never would have suspected it. My first knowledge of it came from a small item in a London paper, telling how many Unionist members of Par-

liament had promised to be present, and that Messrs. Balfour and Chamberlain would both speak, but not a word about the date. When I got to Oxford, which is within some six or eight miles of Blenheim, and where I expected to spend a week or so, I began to make enquiries. The people we were lodging with had not heard of it, and recommended asking at a newspaper office. The first time I saw a newspaper office I went in. They thought that the date was about two weeks ahead—beyond the limits of my stay—but that, in any case, I could not attend unless I received an invitation from a committee in London. They had not even got their invitation yet, but they probably would have some news for their next weekly issue. So I gave up the idea as hopeless, and we rode over to Blenheim next day to see the grounds and the Palace. As we came out, the gate-keeper said: "Did you see the marquee?" No, we had not. That seemed to him a great pity. For the moment the Palace appeared in his mind a poor thing compared with the marquee. "What is it for?" we asked. Why! the great demonstration—and he told us how long it had taken the men from London to put it up. Ah! the demonstration—a week from the following Saturday. No! he contradicted with great emphasis; *next* Saturday. Was he sure? Of course, and here was the Secretary of the local committee coming down the drive-way, who would tell us all about it—which he did. Then we learned that the speaking would take place in the afternoon in "the Oval" in front of the Palace, that the public would be freely admitted after the delegates had taken their seats, that no tickets were required, and that it was a popular demonstration.

As we wheeled home we felt like publishing the news. There was not



a "poster" on a dead wall, though the two leaders of the Government in the Commons were to speak at a public meeting within a few days at Blenheim. And there never was any announcement, except a very mild statement about the affair in the weekly Oxford papers. If we had not busied ourselves with enquiries, we could easily have been mooning about Oxford while Balfour and Chamberlain were making important speeches to a "popular gathering" a few miles away. On the Monday after, the London papers had a verbatim report of the entire meeting—it was one of the events of the political year—yet if Demos heard about it in time to go, he is a very wide-awake individual.

As a matter of fact, Demos did not seem to be there, though there was plenty of room for him. Delegates from all over England flooded the little town of Woodstock and overflowed into Oxford; they had their dinner at the Duke's expense in the "marquee," and then filled their seats in "the Oval." We—the populace—stood in a fringe around the outside, and some of us were very eager to do conspicuous cheering for "the Jook"—the Duke of Marlborough—who presided. Possibly we were tenants of "the Jook." We thought a good deal, too, of "Good old Joe" and "Dear old Joe," and we liked him to say biting things about the pro-Boers—and we liked it just about as well when he attacked the Liberal Imperialists, who put their "Imperialism" in brackets. When he would pause just before launching an epithet, some of us would say—"Now, they're goin' to get it!" "Give it to 'em, Joe!" I think, on the whole, we liked "Joe" the best of the four speakers—for "the Jook," who opened the meeting, was in a class by himself. We were very loyal to Mr. Balfour—especially the delegates; but I think he was a little too tolerant for most of us—a little too inclined to reason with the enemy. We wanted them smitten hip and thigh.

As a Canadian, I was surprised at the shortness of the speeches. We

had the chairman's address, four principal speeches and the formalities of a vote of thanks; and I think the whole proceedings lasted about an hour and a-half. Both of the leaders stopped while the audience was apparently willing that they should go on indefinitely; but the President of the Primrose League, who came next, received a very impatient hearing, though Mr. Winston Churchill, the closing speaker, was warmly received and listened to with evident enjoyment. After the speaking, we were all permitted to wander at will about the grounds, and finally to walk through the show rooms of the Palace, where the young curates of the neighbourhood were on duty in the different apartments, answering questions and pointing out the choicest things to the slowly passing crowds. There they stood in their clerical garb, rolling out guide-book information in ringing, orotund voices, a natural link between Her Grace and the pushing populace—a little better than we, but very proud to be servants in her retinue. This is not ill-nature, for I liked the frank-faced young fellows, but the mere writing down of what seemed to me to be so. They certainly patronized us, who were not so close as they to the skirts of the great; and they as surely spoke always with a kind of awe of anything connected with the House of Churchill. One of them, however, had not prepared himself for all possible questions. There was in his room a costly cradle, which had been given to the young heir of the house by his grandmother; and we heard him, as we approached, announcing the fact again and again. When we got there, we asked: "Which grandmother?" "Why—eh!" he said, "It's from Mrs. —" And he paused. He had forgotten the puissant name of Vanderbilt. We supplied it interrogatively, and he beamed an affirmative.

Afterward, delegates and populace alike lined the fence of the private garden in open confession of their social inferiority, and watched the "house-party" take afternoon tea, while uniformed policemen occasionally moved

them on. Then they got tea themselves at booths outside the private grounds—booths where they had to pay—and finally thronged off down the main street of Woodstock to the railway station. It was all very unlike any popular political picnic here—no preliminary “booming,” no effort to get the people out, no democratic mingling with those who did come out.

But it would be unfair to put it all down to a contempt for Demos. Not a little is due to the Englishman's way of looking upon politics as the transaction of the nation's business, and upon party leaders as public-spirited men who place their services at the disposal of the country. A bank manager who should come to a community at a time of financial confusion and peril, and say—“I will straighten it out for you, if you like,” would not be expected to go about begging the people to let him do it. He would be conferring the favour—not they. And that is largely the way that John Bull looks at his party leaders. That is what he means when he pities our American cousins for being in the grip of “mercenary politicians.” He thinks—rightly or wrongly—that his politicians have no axes to grind—that they desire only to serve him or the Empire. Consequently, party chiefs are not expected to “jolly” Demos.

The same spirit animates the private members who are heard in the Commons—they are business men doing the nation's business, and not voting machines. There may be men of the voting machine class there, too; but, if so, they seldom trouble to catch the Speaker's eye. The members the House hears from do not seem to be concerned about either the defence or the arraignment of the Government—they get up to tell what they think of the measure under discussion, and they usually say some things which could be used against their party friends by their opponents. I am afraid I have fallen into the Canadian point of view in writing that last sentence—they could be so used in Canada; but when in England I came to doubt whether a

criticism of a Government bill by a Government supporter damaged anything but the bill. John Bull does not expect six hundred men to gather at Westminster and always think exactly alike—I fancy he would be suspicious of them if they did.

Nor does the Government expect it. Mr. Winston Churchill distinguished himself last year, as far as the Speaker would let him, in harassing the Government; yet at the Blenheim demonstration there were only four speakers—Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, the President of the Primrose League and Mr. Winston Churchill. And the boyish “Hooligan,” with his outspoken independence, was most heartily received by that gathering of party workers from all over Great Britain. There apparently was no one there who thought of him as an enemy to the Government—and least of all did Mr. Balfour think so. The phrase thrown in above, “as far as the Speaker would let him,” has reference to a story prevalent in England last summer—whether or not it reached here, I do not know—that the Speaker of the Commons determined to restrain the young man's assertiveness, entirely for his own good. So when Mr. Churchill would come down to the House, primed with a speech, and with a flower in his button-hole, the Speaker forthwith had an attack of blindness with respect to that part of the chamber in which the young man sat. At the conclusion of every speech—and they come often in the English Parliament—the young hero of the escape from Pretoria would spring to his feet and cry, “Mr. Speaker!” but the paternal presiding officer always saw someone else first. This is the story as I heard it, and I vouch for nothing except that the average Englishman seemed to regard this as very wholesome treatment of a young member; which leads us naturally to another political oddity of John Bull.

That is the nursery policy toward young politicians. John Bull takes great pains to always have public men in training. It is a part of his concep-



tion of politics as having to do with the transaction of the nation's business. When a bank wants men to shape its policy or direct its routine it does not ask the constituencies to send up a few successful grocers and popular philanthropists to take charge; it brings in young men in subaltern positions, and trains them to the great task. An Empire is greater than a bank, reasons John Bull; and so he trains his Ministers. He is training Winston Churchill. Mr. Churchill may be the duly chosen representative of a certain section of a free and enlightened electorate; and thus have a blood-bought, British-free-speech, Magna Charta right to speak for his constituents on the floor of Parliament. But John Bull is not worrying about that. He is minded to make a statesman out of Winston, and so he brings him into Parliament, more as a pupil than as a representative; and he only smiles in his rotund way when the Speaker outrages every canon of Parliamentary free speech with a view to teaching the boy to do more thinking and less talking. It is an interesting corollary to this incident that, when the British Government is racking its brains for a method of dealing with obstruction in the Commons, no one in authority has yet even suggested that Britain might follow the United States and allow the Speaker to refuse to "see" members at his discretion. This would be a

real interference with Parliamentary free speech; and John Bull would endure much before resorting to it. But, as he felt kindly towards "rotten boroughs" because they gave him an opportunity to bring promising young men into Parliament, so now he seems to expect that each party will carry a certain number of apprentices for whom he is very willing to find seats.

John Bull has too many interests at stake to regard politics as a game, or Parliament as either a chess board or a debating club. He may be an "old dog" to whom it is hard to teach "new tricks;" but the working of a free Parliament is a trick he has taught the world. It is instructive, therefore, to note how he subordinates everything to the business purpose of Parliament. The inventor of the modern party system, he is the poorest partizan in the world; the champion of free speech, he does not let that interfere with the fatherly training of young politicians; a crowned democracy, he worships neither the Crown nor Demos. A Canadian may be forgiven the thought that he cares too little for Demos; but can a Canadian assure himself that, even with his brow free from the care of empire, he is building any more wisely on this virgin continent? When we have a city of five millions, are we confident that it will contain no Whitechapel?

## MADELINE

THERE'S a tear on the heather, a sob in the wind,

For Madeline, sweet Madeline, is dead.  
They hae laid her awa' a' wi' flowers entwined,

Wi' the pansies she lo'ed, and bright daisies combined,

And fragrant white roses and red.

Like a radiant morning in June she was fair,  
Her een were sae bonnie and blue,

While in rich, wavy masses her dusky brown hair

Fell about her like shadows that steal in the air

When daylight to earth bids adieu.

And there ne'er lived a lassie mair gentle than she,

Nor one wi' sic meek, timid grace;

She was like the wee bluebell that blooms on the lea,

Wi' its head bent sae shyly one scarcely can see  
Its delicate, beautiful face.

There's a tear on the heather, a sob in the wind,

For Madeline, sweet Madeline, is dead;

And the lane, aching heart that remains here behind,

All its love, deep and tender, maun bury enshrined,

Sin' life's brightest hopes are now fled.

*Martha Martin*



# CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

TWO incidents have been added to the current history of Ireland, one being the cheering of the news of Methuen's defeat by some of the Irish contingent in Parliament; the other the cancellation of the King's proposed visit to Cork during the holding of the Exposition there. If the palm for stupidity had to be awarded on one or other of these episodes the judge would have some difficulty in making a decision. As to the cheering on the announcement of Methuen's defeat, one wonders what good can be done the cause of Home Rule by such an exhibition. There need be no wonder that Irishmen dislike what is going on in South Africa, and sympathise undisguisedly with the Boer cause, but, after all, should not their own cause hold the first place in their thoughts? It would take a great deal of argument to convince the average man that the conduct of the Irish Parliamentary representatives in the last few years has advanced the cause of Home Rule by a single step. It would not be hard, indeed, to show that it has been thrown back many, many years.

3

It is only necessary to look at the position for a moment to realize this. A few years ago (it seems almost like a dream) Home Rule had actually got the length of passing triumphantly through the British House of Commons. The greatest personality in the public life of the last century had inscribed Home Rule on his banners, had virtually appealed to the country on that issue alone, placed it in the forefront, refused all equivocation and staked his political life on its submission to the test of the ballot-box. He came back to Parliament and passed

through all the stages of the House a most radical and comprehensive measure of Home Rule. It is true it did not become law. The House of Lords threw the bill out, largely on the plea that while there was a majority for it from the other parts of the British Isles, there was a majority against it from England itself—the predominant partner. This was disappointing to those of us who, while not Irishmen, believed that the pacification of Ireland could only be accomplished by conferring on its people powers of self-government. It must have been doubly disappointing to Irishmen, and if their resentment against the Lords had been loud and deep, it would have been but natural. But after all was said and done, the House which represented the majority of the people of the United Kingdom had approved of the principle of self-government. Hope should have ruled high. The opposition of the Lords is a common incident in the progress of every great reform, but it has invariably been found that steadfastness and persistence have never failed to overcome their obstruction. The soaring fact that rose high above all other considerations was that Ireland had now on her side one of the great historic political parties and a majority of the voters of the realm.

3

Surely here was a situation to be saved by wisdom and patience. Then seemed a time for the making of more friends, for a demonstration as far as possible to those people in England, Scotland and Wales, who were willing to trust Ireland and to do justice to her aspirations, that their confidence was not misplaced. It is not necessary to recount how little this



THE EASTERN SITUATION  
WARNING LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

—The Boston Herald

course has commended itself to the Irish leaders. The election of Col. McBride and the cheers over a British defeat are typical instances of the gentle methods now being employed to conciliate non-Irish sentiment. The result is that the Liberal party which put the Home Rule measure through Parliament is divided into two camps on the Home Rule question, and even

John Morley, that unflinching friend of the Irish cause, has felt impelled to express his chagrin at the cheers that greeted the announcement of the Methuen disaster. It is not hard to see what the Irish idea is. It is to harass England into granting Home Rule or anything else that may be demanded for the sake of peace and quietness, and the fact that that policy has been so successful in the past perhaps justifies a superficial observer in deeming that it is still a winning card.

There are limitations to its success, however. Thoughtful Englishmen, Welshmen and Scotchmen who glance back at English rule in Ireland find in it such a record of inefficiency, vacillation and violence, alternating with weakness on the part of the governing race, that they are tempted to ask if this is the same people that have reared the solid and splendid fabric of British dominion. One scarcely wonders that the blood of an Irishman boils as he reads the sordid tale of commercial and industrial jealousy, repression, hatred and cruelty. Unfortunately, too, he rarely reads more than one side of it. If he is an Irish

Catholic he reads the histories which carefully suppress all that is discreditable to that side of the question, and if he is an Irish Protestant he similarly confines his reading to the catalogues of the misdeeds of the representatives of the other faith. The fact is, that there is no deed of infamy or fiendishness—and Irish history fairly coruscates with such deeds—of which the one side was guilty which could not be matched by one of equal turpitude performed by the other. But, in any event, the responsibility can be brought home to Englishmen, for they undertook the government of the country, and must bear the punishment which falls on those who abjectly fail to perform a task voluntarily assumed. They were bound either to govern Ireland or let the Irish govern themselves. They did neither. The egregious



THE EASTERN SITUATION  
SAVING KOREA FROM THE BEAR

—The Minneapolis Journal



failure of their administration may be gathered from the recurring disorder which ever and anon turned the land into a cesspool, where every villainy that the heart of man can conceive weltered and fermented. If this language may seem too strong the reader may turn for its justification to the record of the abduction and violation of women and girls which had become quite an ordinary incident of Irish life in the early part of the eighteenth century, and which English rule was not strong enough to punish and repress. A Government which is powerless in presence of disorder that would be shocking in Congo-land is self-condemned. It was the remembrance of these shortcomings that imparted moral strength to the Home Rule agitation among the Saxon and Protestant sections of the United Kingdom.

9

Is not every reader of the newspapers aware that there is a reaction in this respect? Is not the opinion growing that whatever the failings of the past may have been, the British Parliament has been steadily redressing grievances, has latterly been willing to do more than justice, and is steadily moving along that line. When even the man with a tender historic conscience feels that all the atonement that is possible has been made, and he finds that no concessions, no disposition to make amends wins any recognition from the Irish people, the grand climacteric in the relations between England and Ireland will have been reached. He will have to make up his mind really to rule Ireland or decide to let it rule itself. Real rule would mean that every man who obeyed the laws would be protected in his domestic peace and civil rights if the whole of the rest of Ireland had to be put in jail to secure it, and perhaps if this were once understood, there would be a long and unbroken peace. At present it is the man who contemns the laws who has the easiest lot in Ireland.

If Englishmen cannot alter this state of affairs they should give up the task they have assumed. The programme that a colonial would suggest would be the inauguration of a policy which would as rapidly as possible vest the ownership of the land in the man who cultivates it, and at the same time bend all the powers of government to the end of assuring the cultivator in the peaceful enjoyment of his property, his rights and his liberties. Under such a policy it would not be long be-



THE AMERICAN HONEYSUCKLE AND THE HOHEN-ZOLLERN BEE

COLUMBIA (singing): "I am the Honeysuckle!"  
PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA: "I am the Bee!"

—*Punch* (London)

fore the contented and order-loving, men with a stake in the country, would outnumber the discontented and disorderly. When that would be attained the Irish problem would be in process of solution.

9

It would be easy to be satirical at the expense of the democrats across our borders who have been entertain-





## TIMES HAVE CHANGED

DEACON JONATHAN: "Waal, th' was a time I could have traded this old "skate" to Jack Canuck for a big advantage hoss, but, say—Jack's gittin' foxy."—*Toronto World*

ing a prince, but as curiosity characterizes mankind everywhere there would not be much point to such satiric touches. If there is any it is furnished by the protestations of our cousins of their superiority to anything which approaches worship of rank or heredity. In the main their protestations are doubtless well founded, but anyone who has observed the attitude of respect, it might be said the awe, which the average American in his inmost mind maintains towards the person who happens for the time being to be President, will conclude that the worship of persons in authority, no matter how they have acquired it, is a quite common failing of humanity. The custom of making pilgrimages to Washington or other places for the purpose of shaking hands with the

President, which is at length recognized to be not only a nuisance, but dangerous, was a surface indication of the prevalence of this failing amongst our neighbours. A President of the United States might make a more worthy spectacle than a Prince. The latter may have within him the stuff out of which greatness is made, but has had no opportunity to show it. The man who achieves the Presidency of the United States may be a singularly uninteresting personage, but he must be something more than a non-entity. I confess that, while not a hero-worshipper, I would walk a good many miles to hear Abraham Lincoln tell a story, or see Gen. Grant smoke a cigar. The misfortune is that our great ones pass away before we quite realize that we are in the presence of colossi. One has the utmost respect for Americans and their institutions, but it must be confessed that election does not seem to be any surer a method of securing greatness on the throne than heredity is.



Rumours are in circulation from time to time of a vast amount of unrest in the dominions of the Czar, and recently these reports indicate that the revolutionary movement was making headway in Siberia. The transformation of Russia will be one of the most remarkable political spectacles that the next generation will see. The Czar, or at least his advisers, are ambitious of turning the country into an industrial career. This can scarcely be done with ignorant workmen. Education must go hand-in-hand with industrialism, and how the Russian system will endure the light that a diffusion of knowledge will entail is a question that the boldest hesitates to answer.

# WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By

M. Maclean Helliwell

Love may be joy unspeakable, and love  
May be a woe too deep for moans and tears ;  
Love may be a chrisom of blessing poured  
above  
The quiet days of uneventful years ;  
And love may sometimes be just patience  
spent  
In trying how to find and keep content.

MARGARET SANGSTER.

AN interesting account has been sent to *Woman's Sphere* of a reception given by the Westmount Sunshine Society of Montreal at which the important question was debated as to which can scatter the most sunshine—the Home Woman or the Club Woman. The Home Woman was championed by Captain E. J. Chambers, of the *Montreal Witness*, and Mr. P. St. Clair Hamilton, of the *Star*, the cause of the club sister being advocated by Messrs. D. S. Moffatt and E. E. Howard. Despite the eloquence of the legal gentlemen decision was given in favour of the Home Woman.

With all due respect for the clear and convincing arguments pro and con set forth by the debaters, it seems to me that it is scarcely possible to discuss this question fairly from either side, in that by the form of its presentation it seems to be taken for granted that no woman can possess interest in both spheres, that she must be a club woman *or* a home woman—that and nothing more, which on the very face of it, is a *reductio ad absurdum*. The wise woman who knows how to arrange her time, systematize her work, and intelligently manipulate her strength and resources, can very efficiently serve both masters ; and in these days when so many women are successfully fulfilling all the obligations laid upon them by the various clubs to which they be-

long, without in the least neglecting their home duties, it seems a trifle ridiculous to attempt to differentiate the two spheres of activity as though between them a great, unbridgeable gulf were fixed.

The unfortunate female who for so long has been the pet butt of caricaturist and satirist, the loud-voiced, badly-dressed, ill-mannered, self-assertive, and altogether undesirable creature yclept "Club-Fiend" is now (if, indeed, she ever really existed outside the dim chamber of some masculine mind) an extinct species, her place having been usurped by a well-bred, soft-voiced, thoroughly capable, yet entirely charming personality who knows just as much about the proper food for babies and the making of preserves and pickles as she does of parliamentary procedure and the need for real reform in every corner of this good old world of ours.

Mr. Moffatt in the debate above referred to, voiced the surely universal belief that woman has outside duties as well as inside, imperative duties towards the weak, the helpless and the unfortunate, which had been sadly neglected until she awoke to a realization of her responsibility, and he gave facts and figures to show what splendid results have been attained through united energy and power, results impossible of achievement by individual effort. Lack of space forbids the giving of details, but he who reads as he runs already knows what women have done and are doing to comfort and help the weak-hearted, to raise up them that fall, and to strengthen such as do stand—work, which it is safe to assume, would still be undone had every woman been content to remain in the



serene and comfortable seclusion of her own inglenook.

Mr. Howard—and without doubt a man may speak with authority in this connection—declared that a man does not want for a wife merely a good cook or a capable housekeeper, but desires that in addition to possessing these accomplishments his life-partner shall be a true comrade and congenial companion, able to sympathize with him in his highest aspirations and capable of appreciating his greatest achievements. No woman, he truthfully announced, could do this whose interests were confined within the four walls of her home.

Of course, it were folly to attempt to deny that there are many absurd clubs now in existence that really have no legitimate *raison d'être* except as safe and harmless time-killers, but even these are not wholly open to sweeping condemnation, for the type of woman who "goes in for" such milk-and-water recreations is doubtless employing her time just as profitably and harmlessly in attending her little meetings as she would be were she anywhere else—in her home or out of it!



#### MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

The much-heralded Canadian visit of Mrs. Patrick Campbell is now only a memory, and one cannot but regret that the memory is not a more pleasant and wholesome one. No one can deny the rare grace and wonderful dramatic power of this gifted woman, but the very magnitude of her talents makes it the more deplorable that her taste and sympathy should move her to choose the peculiar class of plays that comprise her repertoire.

One is frequently hearing of the moral laxity prevailing in all classes of society to-day, now this town, now that city being referred to as an example of the lamentable moral degeneration of the descendants of those sturdy pioneers who first settled this great continent, whose ethical code was simple, clearly and rigidly defined, and not to be trifled with with impunity! A

gentleman who has given much thought to the important social questions of the day, announces as his fixed belief that the looseness of morals that characterizes a certain class of the American people is due entirely to the baleful influence of the theatres which the nation so universally and continuously patronizes.

Whether or not this be so, it is certainly beyond question that a more or less steady course of modern problem plays, varied by copious doses of the same kind of literature, cannot fail to have its ultimate effect upon one's moral attitude. It is, alas, only too true that vice which at first "to be dreaded needs but to be seen" has, indeed, only to become familiar to be not only endured and pitied, but embraced. The girl who at her first problem play is overwhelmed with shame and repulsion, becomes, after attending a few more such performances, quite callous, and from a state of moral callousness to a state of moral perversion is but a short step. The sight of young men and maidens flocking in couples and parties to listen to such plays as "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" or "Magda," is a spectacle to fill one with amazement and sorrow.

"But what makes a pernicious play, a pernicious book?" was asked not long ago in the course of a discussion brought about by the recent appearance here of Mrs. Campbell. "Do not almost all the classics of all languages treat of the same unpleasant subjects?" The answer is surely simple. If the wrong is made to appear the real right; if right is pictured as repulsive, far-fetched, untrue; if the righteous man is held up to ridicule, a stilted prig, whom to behold is to despise, while the fascinating sinner is presented as a creature pure in spirit, lofty in ideals—a creature who sins only because circumstances and an implacable, all-conquering fate drives her relentlessly on into wrong-doing, a creature towards whom the hearts of the audience go out in a great wave of admiration and sympathy—surely there



can be no doubt as to the pernicious influence bound to be exerted by such a play.

Undoubtedly in life there are many men and women who, having fallen under the world's condemnation, would yet appear to be more sinned against than sinning; and man, who never can know all the inner side of anything, should be careful how he pronounces judgment upon his fellows, knowing that with what measure he measureth, justice will inevitably be meted out against him. Nevertheless, the art which teaches in any form that right is wrong and wrong is right, that clothes vice in the attractive mantle of virtue, and disguises virtue in the unlovely rags of vice, is an art to be repudiated and trampled under foot.

It is the same note of "It is fate.

To struggle is useless," that runs through the books of Hall Caine, making one feel as he reads that all the direful catastrophes, which are in reality brought upon the suffering hero by his own misdeeds, are but the slings and arrows of a capricious, outrageous Fate, omnipotent, pitiless, unappeasable. When one closes the book and gets away from the glamour of the

author's style, one realizes that the sorrows of such men as Danny in "The Deemster," for instance, are but the legitimate harvest of the seed that he himself has sown, and that if he had not been weak, irresolute, and lacking in all "self-reverence, self-knowledge and self-control," he would never have had to pass through such deep waters in order to work out his salvation. And

so with the plays which Olga Nether-sole, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Fiske, Mrs. Langtry and others of to-day's most talented players are so fond of presenting. It has been urged in defence of such plays that they are the only vehicles adequately adapted for the display of rare and subtle emotional acting, that pleasanter plays lack opportunities for the revelation of the actresses' greatest talents. This



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

The English Actress who recently visited Canada

seems to be rather a reflection on the talent! Mrs. Campbell's art, like that of Mrs. Fiske, appeals to the understanding as well as to the heart, is an intellectual as well as an emotional treat, and it would be conspicuous in any play.

Mrs. Campbell's personality is not only distinguished, but unusually attractive. She is the happy possessor of that intangible but fascinating attri-



THE LATE MRS. ROSS  
Wife of the Premier of Ontario

bute which we call charm, and is quite free from affectation or any unpleasant mannerisms. Her peculiar grace and musical voice are not to be easily forgotten, and one can only cherish the hope that some day Mrs. Campbell may return to us in a play which will let us see the higher, purer and better side of life, a play which will teach the gospel of hope and courage, of faith and love, a play which will at the same time delight and inspire.

*M. MacL. H.*

THE LATE MRS. G. W. ROSS.  
"A perfect woman nobly planned."

When the news of the sudden death of the wife of the Premier of Ontario was flashed abroad, a wave of sorrow and sympathy swept the country. Love is never wasted; the sympathy given so ungrudgingly to the rich and poor by the woman who fell asleep on the 12th of March, was returned as ungrudgingly to those near and dear to her when the shadow of the great loss touched them.

Mrs. Ross filled her position as wife of a leading public man with honour to herself and him. Her charming personality, her wisdom, her never-failing kindness and tact left nothing to be desired. It was no conventional compliment her husband paid her when, in reply to a flattering reference to her in the address of welcome tendered them on their arrival from England, last year, he spoke of her as a tower of strength—the shadow of a rock in a weary land. Her wifely devotion was beautiful, and, realizing something of what this devotion meant to Mr. Ross, men of both parties forgot to think of him as the successful public character, and regard him only as a man stricken with a great sorrow in the loss of so perfect a helpmeet, so true and tender a companion.

Mrs. Ross was a social centre; there were innumerable calls on her time and strength; she was warmly interested in many charitable enterprises, but withal she was, essentially, a home woman. An old Scotchman, a member of the Legislature, lately deceased, used to say of Mrs. Ross, "She's a nice home body." The quaint words describe her well, for home, and the folks of home, held first place in her thought—nothing was allowed to infringe on the claims of her family—love of husband and children was the motive-power of her life. In her death the people of this Province lose a grand woman, one who, while discharging the onerous duties which fell to her lot as wife of Ontario's Premier with a grace and dignity peculiarly her own, was also a woman to be held in pride, and patterned after by all of her sex who believe that home is woman's highest sphere.

Her circle of friends was large. Broad of mind, and big of heart, she drew people by her graciousness, and held them by her sincerity. We will miss her much, miss the clasp of her hand, miss the brightness of her smile, the cheer of her greeting—miss, most of all, the light of her tender eyes.

*Jean Blewett*

# PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

IT is unfortunate that in Canada, journalists with uncommon views on certain subjects must take constant care lest these views be publicly expressed. The writer once had the courage to speak in favour of home missions as against foreign missions, whereupon this publication was in receipt of several angry letters from clergymen claiming that they were insulted.

It is therefore with considerable misgiving that the subject is again touched upon in this department. The Fourth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions was held in Toronto recently. The object of this organization, which dates back to 1886, is to make "the student communities strongholds and propagating centres of missionary intelligence, enthusiasm and activity." This in itself is good. But the missionary spirit is confined to "foreign" missions and does not embrace "domestic" missions. Surely these students are not well advised, and surely their supporters and sympathizers have not broadly considered the subject which has called forth such successful sympathy.

Let us call to the witness stand President Schurman, of Cornell, of whom the students must say that he understands the subject as well as any other man on this continent. He has spoken and written on the new Imperialism of the United States, and is said to be closely in touch with the views of President Roosevelt. He condemns the annexation of the Philippines as the work of the exploiting capitalist—the man who was fascinated with the riches of the Philippine forests, lands and mines. So far the students will not be prepared to quarrel with Mr. Schur-

man. He then goes on to explain who, in his view, were the assistants in this crime against civilization. These assistants were the reckless missionary spirit and the Yellow Press! This is the dictum of a university president and the head of the first Philippine commission.

The reckless missionary spirit! Here is something for the students and their supporters to think over. The students are in earnest and unselfish, that must be admitted; but let us be equally sure that they are wise before we encourage them to be reckless.



She had spent three winters in Paris and three summers in England and Scotland; she had seen the art of Europe from London to Berlin, from Paris to Rome; she had come back to her Canadian home and we met at an art exhibition.

"Do you feel like going back to Paris?" for I thought this paltry exhibition of native art must surely grate upon her nerves.

"Yes, I would like to go back. Paris is so nice in every way, only one snowy day in three winters."

"And the galleries, and the studios, and the musicales?"

"Of course. But do you know that this little exhibition is surprising. When one goes to Europe one realizes how young Canada is. For a young country, these pictures are splendid, and make me more hopeful," and the dark-brown eyes gleamed with patriotic ambition.

"I suppose most of the good pictures have gone to Montreal for the Academy exhibition next week?"

"So I have heard. But these are noteworthy under the circumstances."



"Did you notice," said I, "that one of our wealthiest citizens has given Toronto one of Paul Peel's pictures on the condition that it be hung in an art room in the City Hall? It is an encouraging sign."

"No, I hadn't heard. Isn't that a splendid idea! What a fine collection Toronto might have in a hundred years. But I must go."



The question will some day be asked and will some day be answered, "What are the influences which have had most effect upon Canadian art?"

#### SOURCES OF OUR ART.

A part of the answer is given in a newspaper article over the name of an untiring toiler in the field of art, M. E. Dignam. Our students have gone to France to study in the Paris ateliers, to sketch in Brittany, to follow the Barbizon painters at Fontainebleau, and have returned to Canada to adapt French art to Canadian requirements. Therefore, up to the present, French art has been most influential in Canada with both the French and the English Canadians. A large public collection of paintings of all schools and all countries—a national gallery—would have lessened the French influence, and made Canadian art subject to more cosmopolitan impulses. But while we have been spending millions for railways and canals, we have had nothing, or almost nothing, for national art galleries. Lately, however, a number of Canadian painters have gone to Holland and brought back Dutch studies and Dutch impressions. And now Toronto has a loan exhibition of Dutch pictures and of Scotch pictures which show Dutch influence.

And so we grow in art knowledge and art love. It is not all of life to found hospitals and libraries. The more enduring national influences are being studied, and helped and extended by those who see past the glittering tinsel and the blood-red gold. The employer of a thousand white slaves may build a charitable institution,

buy a senatorship and a colonial title, but he has little influence on that part of the national life which passes from generation to generation for unnumbered years, leading the chosen peoples on and on to that goal which means moral and intellectual greatness. When the spiritual shall predominate over the physical, and the ideal over the practical, the civilization of the world will be guided by art and learning.



There is such a thing as being too formal. So long as the Imperialists—in which term is included the imperial federationists, the

#### FORMAL IMPERIALISM.

British Empire leaguers, *et al.*—were content to discuss a federation of the Empire, on purely sentimental grounds, they gradually won their way, they carried the Empire with them. But they are becoming too practical, too formal. Preferential tariffs, cheap inter-imperial postage, improved telegraph service, and increased sympathy in trade are worthy ideas. They would have been worthy of all acceptance had they been applied to countries which were politically inimical. They would be equally worthy if applied to the whole world of struggling nations. But when these Imperialists go farther there is more opposition.

The Hon. G. W. Ross recently addressed a letter to Lord Avebury, Honorary Treasurer of the British Empire League, in which he congratulates the League on having increased the British interest in colonial matters. Very good. Mr. Ross, however, laments that the results have not been more practical, and shows a desire to be formal. He is anxious about three points (1) The Federation of the Empire; (2) more intimate trade relations between the colonies and the Empire; and (3) the Defence of the Empire. He desires that the colonies be called to the councils of the Empire to share directly in its Imperial legislation. He desires Great Britain to bind the

colonies to her not by affection only, but by giving colonial goods a preference. He favours a formal defence scheme in which all the colonies would share. These are the desires of a constructive Imperialist of the formal type.

On the other hand, Professor Shortt, in an article in the February CANADIAN MAGAZINE, has objected to such formalism. The essential unity of the Empire is spiritual, he says, and spiritual unity is consistent with an endless variety in all other things. Instead of a formal Imperialism, the Professor would favour only a common type of civilization.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in accepting an invitation to discuss Imperial matters at the Colonial Conference to be held in London after the coronation, seems to agree more nearly with Professor Shortt than with the Hon. Mr. Ross. He is not yet prepared to discuss Imperial Federation and Imperial Defence, two of the three points upon which Mr. Ross insists. He is, however, willing to talk over commercial relations, though it is doubtful if he is willing to go as far as Mr. Ross and the formal Imperialists would go in this matter. Sir Wilfrid's attitude is the attitude of all the French-Canadians, who are intensely conservative concerning their political relations with Great Britain, and his attitude is also heartily endorsed by a large section of the Ontario people. The *Globe* (Toronto) declares there is no urgent necessity for readjusting our relations with the Empire, and that as Canada grows more self-reliant she will grow in strength as a part of that Empire. The *Star* (Toronto) also sounds a warning note against formal reorganization in a hasty manner. The same position is taken by other journals.

Mr. Chamberlain may be willing to go as far in formal changes as Mr. Ross, but the Imperial Conference will not likely bring him any colonial support, unless it be from New Zealand.

The *British Empire Review* for March waxes wroth with Professor Shortt, and describes his article as

“the most sinister and wanton misrepresentation of the Imperial movement that has lately come under our notice.” Because Professor Shortt has misunderstood the spirit of Imperialism, his critic defines it afresh for him :

“the broad and generous spirit of mutual trust and co-operation which is leading the various members of the Empire to seek some means whereby the problem of completely reconciling Imperial unity with the free working of national and local forces and institutions may be successfully solved.”

He then goes on to disapprove of Professor Shortt's “Imperial chaos” —the terms is the critic's, of course— in which conflicting elements may war endlessly until there is complete disruption. There need not be unity, but there must be unification. In other words, the editor of the *British Empire Review* is in favour of the position assumed by the Hon. G. W. Ross as outlined in his letter to Lord Avebury.

The article by Professor Shortt and the letter by Mr. Ross clearly indicate the two sides of this great and important movement. The true student of Imperial affairs will carefully study both.

The Ontario Legislature has completed a short but busy session. The members have gone back to their constituencies to prepare for the general election which

A LAST SESSION. will be held about June.

The Prohibition Bill has been the star feature of the session. It is a Bill based upon the Manitoba Act, with a referendum added. That is, the people are asked to vote on it before the Government decides to enforce it. The vote will take place on December 4th, and the Prohibitionists must poll one-half as many votes as were cast in the general provincial election of 1898.

Professor Goldwin Smith thinks this is not a true referendum, because the

bill does not come into force, nor will it remain in force by virtue of the vote given. It is a reference to the people to find out whether they are really ready to try a prohibition law. A real referendum is something quite different and more in harmony with the Constitution.

The prohibition people are dissatisfied both with the Liberals, who have introduced and carried through this measure, and with Mr. Whitney, the Conservative leader, who has declared himself against either prohibition or the referendum. Therefore it is likely that the prohibitionists will not be a great factor in deciding the June elections. They may influence the vote in certain constituencies where they are strongly in favour of approved candidates, but their action will not likely affect the general result.

The anti-prohibition vote may decide the elections as a whole. If satisfied with the course pursued by the Hon. Mr. Ross and his Government, the chances are that they will be re-elected. If the anti-prohibitionists should turn strongly to Mr. Whitney and the Conservatives, there might be one Liberal Government less in Canada.

The writer would not care to express his views as to which side will win or which side should win. He is satisfied that Ontario will keep pace in progress with the rest of Canada whether Liberals or Conservatives are in power. The more one views politics from the outside, the more one is convinced that in Canada there is little choice between parties, provincial or federal; both have similar faults and similar virtues.

Mr. F. C. Wade, who has recently returned from the Yukon, says that Canadian goods are not to the fore in that district as they

should be. Our butter, IN YUKON. bacon, woollens and other manufactures have not been thrust forward as have American goods. He regrets our slowness in realizing the value of the trade in a district which has produced one hundred millions in five years, in which only 50 miles of creeks out of 7,000 have yet been prospected. The district is accessible without hardships; and our commercial men should look more sharply after its trade.

*John A. Cooper*

## THE FUTURE OF CANADIAN LITERATURE

The March *Review of Reviews* (New York) says that the Americanization of Canada is as inevitable as the Russianization of Manchuria.

This is a sample of the tone of the periodical literature which Canada prefers to British or Canadian literature. The booksellers, or some of them, have recently signed a petition to the Ottawa authorities, asking them not to remove the tariff discrimination against Canadian periodicals. They desire, apparently, that unprinted paper should be taxed 25 per cent., but printed paper should come in free if in the form of a United States periodical.

Principal Grant, in a recent address, states that journalists are weaving the organic filaments of a new and higher social state. Why, then, allow foreign journalists and literary men to weave the organic filaments of this young nation? Why fill our libraries and homes with the enemy's literature?





# BOOK REVIEWS

LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER.\*

IN Canada that upas-tree of modern life—the Divorce Court—is so strictly prohibited from gaining a strong foothold, that in reading Basil King's new novel, "Let Not Man Put Asunder," we have to adjust our minds to the consideration of facts that do not present themselves in the ordinary intercourse of life in our land. We have, so to speak, to breathe a different atmosphere—an unwholesome atmosphere to the morally inclined—when we undertake an analysis of the conditions of marriage existing across the border.

With the unintellectual people, to whom marriages and divorces are mere incidents, arousing no speculation, and practised only for gratification, or whim, or caprice, this book has nothing to do. It deals with clever people, and, presumably, the author has drawn from life; people who consider the questions of life; who are educated, who have taste and refinement, and whose actions we might expect to be guided by common sense. They are people who feel keenly, whose chief aim in life is to enjoy it; and precisely because it is with such reasoning, fashionable, clever society people that the web of his story is spun, its success as a novel could not be the reward of any ordinary writer of tales.

Basil King has given to the world a most wonderful exposition of the danger of trifling with marriage and divorce; without preaching, he teaches a stronger lesson than the greatest of sermons could convey. Out of the mouths of his brilliant men and women

of the day he brings forth epigrams, the seemingly comforting philosophy of which turns to Dead Sea apples as events follow experiments and tortured human hearts—misled by pride of intellect—finally assert their mastery over all delusive infatuations.

Petrina Faneuil is a New England young woman, born to estates, riches, and a pedigree, with an ambition to be prominent in the "worldly" world. She has no religion; what comfort she needs for her mind, when it becomes uneasily inquisitive, she derives from sophistries—made over by herself and friends of her own way of thinking to fit the needs of the occasion. Of the future she reckons not, save that she may enjoy bodily comfort during her stay on earth, and that all her life may be pleasant. She is proud of her position, her abilities, and her independence. She knows that her position as a leader in her set will not be complete until she marries. She decides to espouse Henry Vassall, a New Englander, with many of the old Puritan traits latent in his character. She likes him well enough—better than any other man she knows. She thinks he will be a docile husband. If he will not—well, she can divorce him. Vassall loves Petrina with a clean, strong man's love. His ideas of a wife's duties are far different from Petrina's, but she is not aware how firmly established are the old Puritan principles in her husband's character. After their marriage, Petrina's entertainments and deportment become unbearable to her husband, although she does not sin unpardonably, and finally there is separation followed by divorce. Vassall buries himself in business, and Petrina

\* Harper & Bros., New York.

travels in England, France, and in Italy. In the company of spirits of her own class she finds that life is not such a pleasant affair in her condition as she had fancied it would be. She marries again—a creature named Lechmere—and finds that she has bound herself out of the reach of happiness by utterly estranging her first husband. The tragic ending of this second union, which reunites her to common sense and to Vassal, is a triumphant climax for any novelist.

It is a matter for congratulation to be able to claim the author as a Canadian. He was born in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, and after a primary course at St. Peter's School in that city, he attended the University of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, and graduated with the degree of M.A. He took Holy Orders, and his first duties were those of assistant priest at St. Peter's Cathedral (Anglican), Charlottetown, in which position he remained but a short time, leaving it to accept the Assistant Rectorship of St. Luke's Cathedral, Halifax, N.S. After several years' occupancy of the latter position he resigned, and was for a time connected with the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Boston. While in the latter charge he was offered, and he accepted, the Rectorship of Christ Church, Cambridge, Mass. His marriage soon followed. His withdrawal from the Church shortly afterwards, caused by failing health, was succeeded by a period of travel on this continent and abroad, and the devotion of his time to literature.

He has always had a ready pen, and besides contributing to various periodicals, has written a novel entitled "Griselda," which, compared with his latest book, hardly deserves to be mentioned. Judging from the favour with which "Let Not Man Put Asunder" has been received, we may expect a fair measure of fame for "Basil" King, his name is really William Benjamin King, for he has not yet numbered much more than two score years of life.

#### POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A political economist has been defined as a person who is sure he knows how all mankind can be made perfectly happy, but who never gets a majority of mankind to listen to his words of wisdom. Mr. Wood, mindful of the fate of his predecessors, has determined to catch his hearers young. His modest little work\* is defined as a primer "within the comprehension of pupils in the fourth forms of the public schools." It is written with admirable clearness and simplicity, and if we can imagine the innocent youth of the country addicted at all to the habit of thinking, we can see them poring intently over this book, which carries them back from practical conditions that are familiar in their daily experience to the economic laws under which these conditions work out. Selecting John Doe, a farmer, who comes to the city to buy a pair of boots, as a suitable illustration of the complexity of our modern social life, the author enquires into the origin of the various articles that make up the boots, how are assembled together, and how human beings, by a system of co-operation, often unconscious, are working for one another's benefit in different parts of the world. All this is vastly interesting and is set forth with a power of description often picturesque and ingenious. From the boot transaction we are led naturally on to taxation, to money, to the relations of labour and capital, and the other fundamental facts of the social system. In the manner of stating the whole case there is really nothing at which the most contentious of persons can find ground for cavil. As to whether all the consequences that logically flow from the statements here presented will be endorsed with equal readiness is quite another matter. Now, we know that it is as dangerous to step in between an economist and his theory as it is to intervene between a dog and its bone, but even at risk of life and

\* A Primer of Political Economy. By S. T. Wood. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

limb we are bound, in the sacred cause of truth, to warn our young friends in the fourth form that when an economist looks most innocent he is apt in reality to be most dangerous. If he approaches with a bland smile and a deprecatory gesture it is well to beware of a pitfall. We find, for example, in this inviting and agreeable little treatise more than one time-honoured proposition which—once admitted—involves you in awkward consequences. There is a polite but veiled attack on Governmental interference, without any corresponding admission of the truth that labour has its own protective tariff in the shape of trade unionism. There is conveyed, both in the chapter on taxation and in that entitled "schemes for betterment," a kindly feeling for the system of land taxation which bears the awe-inspiring name of Single Tax. Not that the author mentions it, but as he specially invites the reader, in the preface, to extend the condensed arguments in the book one cannot well help obliging him. One arrives, therefore, by this process at the conclusion that Mr. Wood has found the Elysian fields to be under single tax, and to that haven of happiness where the wearisome cease from troubling and the wicked are at rest, he would fain lead the human race.

A. H. U. C.

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#### STEPHEN PHILLIPS' "ULYSSES."\*

Four years ago the name of Stephen Phillips† was unknown, save to a few; to-day he is unhesitatingly placed first among contemporary British poets by nearly all students of literature. He has done what no other writer has achieved for many a day—written dramas that

\* "Ulysses"—a Drama in a prologue and three acts, by Stephen Phillips. New York: the Macmillan Company; Toronto: Morang & Co.

† For an article on Stephen Phillips, see CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Vol. xv., p. 146.



BASIL KING—AUTHOR OF "LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER"

combine poetic beauty and power with the practical requirements of stage-craft. His latest play shows an advance in power as compared with "Herod," and yet has lost little of the lyrical sweetness of "Paolo and Francesca." While retaining their literary charm, it is a better acting play than either of the others. Stephen Phillips has attempted a bold subject in each of his dramas and has thrice succeeded where many had failed. "Ulysses" is a great play—strong in dramatic qualities, and from the literary standpoint, a noble piece of work. It opens with a prologue in rhymed heroic couplets: the gods are seen in conclave on Olympus, Athene begging that Ulysses be at last permitted to regain his home, while Poseidon craves of Zeus the right to toss him still upon the seas. The prologue is, on the whole, successful, but one wishes that the poet had treated the gods somewhat more seriously.



In the first act of the play we are shown the home of Ulysses given over to the impudent riot of the suitors. They have, by persistence and insolence, well-nigh worn down the loving endurance of Penelope, who cries in her last despair :

"Come, come Ulysses ! Burn back through the world !  
Come, take the broad seas in one mighty leap,  
And rush upon this bosom with a cry,  
Ere 'tis too late, at the last, last instant—  
come !"

Then we find Ulysses under the spell of Calypso, in her—

"odorous, amorous isle of violets,  
That leans all leaves into the glassy deep."

But the moment his will is freed, the old yearning for Penelope and the homeland returns :

" Ah, God, that I might see  
Gaunt Ithaca stand up out of the surge,  
You lashed and streaming rocks, and sobbing  
crag,  
The screaming gull, and the wild-flying  
cloud :—

To see far off the smoke of my own hearth,  
To smell far out the glebe of my own farms,  
To spring alive upon her precipices,  
And hurl the singing spear into the air ;  
To scoop the mountain torrent in my hand,  
And plunge into the midnight of her pines ;

Now am I mad for silence and for tears,  
For the earthly voice that breaks at earthly  
ills,  
The mortal hands that make and smooth the  
bed.

I am an-hungred for that human breast,  
That bosom, a sweet hive of memories—  
There, there to lay my head before I die,  
There, there to be, there only, there at last !"

In the second Act, Ulysses is, by command of Zeus, forced to descend into Hades ere he can win back to Ithaca. This difficult part is well sustained throughout, and the passage between Athenè and Ulysses is one of the finest in the poem. The third Act deals with the return of Ulysses, the overthrow of the suitors, and the first rapturous embrace of those "much-enduring" ones, whose love nor time nor gods themselves could overcome. The play is admirable for the splendid handling of the blank verse, for its

dramatic power, and for the finely restrained yet intense and growing passion of the final scene. The close is almost perfect in its silent expression of emotion. The poet realized that words must fail here, so there are no words.

In closing, I must quote one more passage to illustrate the beauty of a play which everyone should read. Once read, the lover of the best in poetry will return to it again and again with fresh delight. In the first Act, as the minstrel sings to the roystering suitors, his words strike upon the sad heart of Penelope until she is fain to descend from her chamber and stop him :

*Minstrel*: "O set the sails, for Troy, for Troy  
is fallen,  
And Helen cometh home ;  
O set the sails, and all the Phrygian winds  
Breathe us across the foam !  
O set the sails unto the golden West !  
It is o'er, the bitter strife.  
At last the father cometh to the son,  
And the husband to the wife !  
And she shall fall upon his heart  
With never a spoken word—

*Penelope*: "Cease, minstrel, cease, and sing  
some other song ;  
The music floated up into my room,  
And the sweet words of it have hurt my  
heart.  
Others return, the other husbands, but  
Never for me that sail on the sea-line,  
Never a sound of oars beneath the moon,  
Nor sudden step beside me at midnight :  
Never Ulysses !"

E. R. PEACOCK.

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#### THE TOUR OF THE "OPHIR."

The Royal Tour will be one of the leading features of the British history of the first decade of the new century. Already several volumes concerning it have appeared. William Maxwell, one of the correspondents, has given his impressions in an interesting book.\* Unfortunately, the prominent features of it are descriptions and pictures of the coloured citizens of the Empire—the Malays of Ceylon, the "black fel-

\*With the *Ophir* Round the Empire, by William Maxwell, special correspondent of *The Standard*. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

lows" of Australia, the Maoris of New Zealand, the Zulus of Natal, and the Indians of Canada. As a "seller," the book may be first-class; as a picture of the Empire, it is lop-sided.

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#### PROGRESS OF CANADA.

Mr. Castell Hopkins as an historian has not won great praise from the critics. It is quite evident, however, that his latest book, "Progress of Canada"\* is a distinct improvement on his previous work, and worthy of high ranking. It deals almost exclusively with the nineteenth century, and is the embodiment of the newer spirit in history-writing. This spirit is well expressed by the author in a paragraph from his preface:

"In the pages which follow I have laid more stress upon pioneer labours in the field and farm than upon political contests, and have attached more importance to the development of education and religion, and the progress of transportation facilities, than to the political views of Mackenzie and Papi-neau, or Macdonald and Brown."

This is the spirit which must animate our historians, and it is to Mr. Hopkins' credit that he has, more than any other of our historians except Parkman, recognized and adopted it. In addition he has outlined the development since Confederation in a broad and generous manner, which will assist any careful reader to recognize the causes and tendency of our present progress.

It would be a pleasant thing to have a school-history written from the standpoint which has been adopted by Mr. Hopkins in this admirable volume.

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#### NOTES.

"Mrs Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is an entertaining, humorous sketch,

\*Progress of Canada in the Century, by J. Castell Hopkins, F.S.S. Nineteenth Century Series, Vol. IX. Toronto: The Linscott Publishing Co.

with a pathetic side. The author is Alice Caldwell Hegan (Toronto: William Briggs.)

W. W. Rogers has a splendid musical poem, "The Dunes of Cascumpec," in the February number of the *Prince Edward Island Magazine*.

Mr. George N. Morang, of Toronto, has issued a pamphlet on Copyright. As a publisher Mr. Morang speaks with some authority, and the purpose of his monograph is, apparently, to oppose any change in the copyright laws which would make printing in this country a necessity. On this point he is at variance with the Canadian printers, but has the sympathy of the Canadian Society of Authors and other persons who have knowledge of the copyright situation.

The *Canada Lancet* has been devoting considerable attention to Tuberculosis, and has issued two special numbers dealing with the latest knowledge in connection with the disease. This publication is now a national magazine worthy of the profession which it represents. (63 Yonge St., Toronto.)

The Rev. J. O. Miller, of St. Catharines, has issued a neat little volume of "Brief Biographies, supplementing Canadian History." The heroes described include all the well-known names from Columbus to Laura Secord. A splendid book to put in the hands of children who are just beginning to read history. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

John Dicks, 313 Strand, London, is publishing a handsome illustrated work on "The Castles and Abbeys of Great Britain and Ireland." It is issued in monthly parts at sixpence. The text is popular and contains a good collection of stories and legends, as well as a more formal historical description of each of these ancient buildings. Some of the full-page illustrations are well worth framing.



# IDLE MOMENTS



## MURPHY'S ORDERS.

A CRITIC of military discipline was engaged in a very earnest debate with a colonel over the alleged arbitrary methods of those commanding the rank and file.

The colonel had warmly contended that there was every effort to be just, and that departures from equity were exceptional.

"You have given this matter considerable attention, and I venture that you cannot give an instance of abused authority towards a private."

"Can't I?" and the army critic's eyes twinkled. "Did you ever hear of the case of poor Tim Murphy?"

"Never did, sir."

"Tim enlisted in the Rangers, though he had never bestrode a horse

in his life. He was taken out for drill with other recruits under command of a sergeant. As luck would have it, Tim had one of the worst buckers in the regiment.

"Now, min," said the sergeant, addressing them, 'no man is allowed to dismount without orders from a superior ossifer; moind thot.'

"Tim was no sooner in the saddle than he was propelled through a lengthy parabola and came down so hard that he had barely enough breath to subsist upon.

"Murphy," shouted the sergeant, as he discovered the offender spread out on the ground, 'yez dismounted.'

"I did, sor."

"Did yez have orthers?"

"I did, sor."

"From headquarters?"

"No, sor; hind quarters."

"Take him to th' guard house."

## TAKING NO RISKS.

"It happened last winter," said Jones, "but I have never before been able to tell the story without getting excited. Business took me to a little country town where I was forced to pass the night in the only hotel that the place boasted. It was a cold, stormy night, and I thanked my lucky stars that I did not have to be out in it. Some time about midnight I was awakened by someone yelling 'Fire!' at the top of his voice. The hotel was nothing more than a fire-trap—a fact that I had only realized when I had turned in, and the cry of 'Fire!'



NEW YORK'S SAVING MILLIONAIRE

Uncle Russell Sage was bitterly disappointed recently by the man who repairs his trousers. *Life*



sent my heart into my mouth. Hastily jumping out of bed, and without waiting to dress myself, I seized what clothing I could in one hasty clutch, and rushed outdoors and joined the guests who were already there, clustered together in a shivering group.

" 'They're all out, dad !' yelled the landlord's son, who was standing at the door, as another half-dressed guest rushed out.

" 'Confound them,' grumbled the landlord, 'they ought to do better than that. They're three minutes behind the record !'

" 'Where is the fire ?' I asked.

" 'There ain't no fire,' he answered, closing the watch that he had been holding in his hand. 'Taint nothing but a fire drill.'

" 'You old fool !' I shouted. 'Do you mean to say that you have routed us out on a night like this on a false alarm ?'

" 'That's all right,' he answered. 'I had a guest burnt up once in a fire, an' he owed me fifteen shillings, an' I ain't takin' any more chances than I have to. People what put up with me has got to learn to jump when the alarm is given.'

#### THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.

One day the Anglo-Saxons came.

" 'We bring you the blessings of liberty and civilization,' said these.

" 'Your price ?' asked the natives.

" 'Your territory !' said the Anglo-Saxons.



PARSON : "Why, John, what are you doing there ?"

JOHN : "It be too wet to work."

PARSON : "Well, if it's too wet to work, why don't you go home ?"

JOHN : "Well, my old 'ooman, she do jaw so."—*Punch*.

" 'Dirt cheap !' said the natives.

" 'Only a limited amount to a customer at this price, of course !' said the Anglo-Saxons.

" 'Of course !' said the natives, for it ill-beseemed them to haggle.

#### IN THIS ADVANCED DAY.

" 'Some men are brutes !' exclaimed the man who had been reading the newspaper.

" 'That is quite true,' answered Mr. Meekton. 'I know a man who habitually forgets to put the key under the door mat when his wife goes out to lecture. The way he keeps her ringing the bell while he wakes up out of a sound sleep, strikes a light, puts on some clothes, and gets down to the door is positively inhuman.'



DEVILS

Gluttony. Quick Temper. Sly.

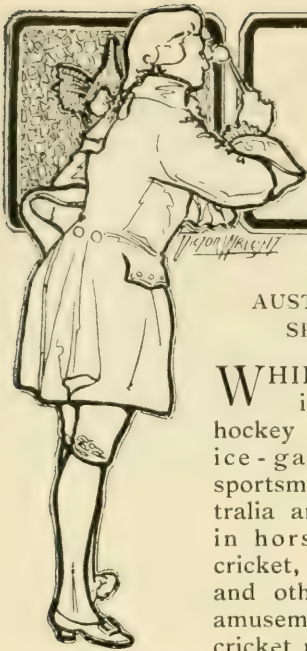
Indolence.

Gossip.

Hypocrisy.

Conceit.

Stubborn.



## ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES



### AUSTRALIAN SPORT.

WHILE Canada is playing hockey and other ice-games, the sportsmen of Australia are revelling in horse-racing, cricket, swimming and other summer amusements. The cricket matches between Australia and

England have been the features of January and February, as many as 20,000 people attending a match. A thousand spectators at a Canadian cricket match would be considered a good crowd. A notable race-day in Canada may bring out seven or eight thousand people, a hockey match may draw 3,500 people at Winnipeg or 2,000 in Toronto or Montreal; 5,000 may attend a baseball match in a Canadian city, but we have nothing in this country to equal the crowds which attend cricket matches in Australia.

Yachting in Australia is just as popular as in Canada. In Australia the harbours of the larger cities are the scenes of the races. Halifax harbour is used similarly in Canada, but the St. Lawrence at Montreal and the Great Lakes are used in Quebec and Ontario. The latest papers from Australia describe the sailing regattas that have recently been held there. Canoeing is a sport which Canada has all to herself.

From March 29th to April 5th, are the days named for the "autumn" race meeting in Victoria, under the auspices of the Australian Jockey

Club. It is at this meeting that both the local trainers and those who have a first-class one amongst their lots in the other States, make every effort to score for the winter, as the prize-money is given with such a liberal hand that one race, with its accompaniment in the way of a good win in bets, means something substantial to place away in the bank on settling day. Nothing less than 200 sovs. is given in added money to any race, while the highest sum is 3,000 sovs. to the Sydney Cup, and the total amount in added money to the twenty-four races is £10,150. When the sweepstakes are added to this, it makes a goodly sum to be divided amongst the owners of a couple of dozen horses. What makes the stakes so liberal is the fact that the Australian Jockey Club does not take to itself a single shilling in the way of sweepstakes or nomination fees, all of which go to swell the prize money. What with the Agricultural Show and yearling sales, the autumn is a very busy time, and attracts from the country districts no end of people. This means more money for the races, and good betting.

Swimming seems to be a very popular sport in Australia, swimming meets being held every week during February and March. The Australian championship meeting was held at Wanganui, New Zealand, on February 25th, 27th, and March 1st. The accompanying illustration from an Australian weekly shows a lady diving. Canadian ladies have not yet shown themselves willing to engage in public athletic contests of this nature.

The Victorian legislators recently paid a visit to Sydney and had some pleasant competitions with the mem-

bers of the New South Wales Legislature. The games indulged in were : billiards, bowls, cricket and rifle-shooting.

Apropos of this difference in seasons between Canada and Australia, a Canadian lady, now living in North Sydney, Australia, has sent *The Canadian Magazine* the following poem :—

FEBRUARY.

It is Summer in the South ;  
Soft and sweet the breezes blow,  
And with sunshine and with love  
the air is throbbing ;  
But my heart is in the Northland,  
In the land of ice and snow,  
Where the pines and firs are sob-  
bing, sobbing, sobbing.

In the radiant, sunny South  
All is rest and lang'rous bliss,  
And the days go by like benedic-  
tions falling ;  
But I long for Winter's breathing,  
For the North-wind's frozen kiss,  
And the pines and firs are calling,  
calling, calling.

LOUISE C. GLASGOW.

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#### AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

The accompanying illustration shows two wild aborigines brought to Adelaide from Central Australia by an explorer. At present an ethnological expedition is going through the interior for the purpose of studying the native. These tribes are very superstitious, and have many ceremonies similar to those once in vogue among the Indians of Canada. Civilization, however, does not seem to have touched the Australian aborigines to the same extent as it has the North American Indian.

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#### THE INVENTOR OF THE THERMOMETER.

Like many another invention before and after it, the origin of the thermometer is rather nebulous, although the instrument has hardly been known for



LADIES' HIGH DIVING CONTEST

At the East Sydney (Australian) Swimming Carnival on December 7th, 1901. Height 50 feet. At this Carnival, the 100 yards was done in 60 4-5 sec., and the 1,000 yards in 13 min. 51 1-5 sec.

more than 300 years. As a general rule this invention is ascribed to Cornelius Drebbel, who lived in Alkmaar, in North Holland. The date of the





ABORIGINES FROM CENTRAL AUSTRALIA—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN ADELAIDE

invention is usually given as 1638. Viviani and Castelli have refuted Drebbel's claim, and ascribed the invention of the thermometer to Galileo, giving the year of the invention as 1597. In a recent monograph published by H. C. Bolton, the results of Viviani and Castelli's investigations are confirmed, with the exception, however, that 1592 is fixed upon as the date of invention. The instrument which Galileo invented seems to have been an air thermometer; at all events, such is the reasonable conclusion to be drawn from a description published by P. Castelli in 1638. A pupil of Galileo, Sagredo, mentions a device for measuring heat as early as 1613, and ascribes its invention to Galileo. Sanctorous, a contemporary of Galileo's, speaks of the thermometer "as a very old instrument." The thermometer received its present form at the suggestion of the Accademia del Cimento of Florence, and Grand Duke Ferdinand II. used such an instrument in 1641, in carrying out experiments in incubation. At that time various cities in Italy had become more or less familiar with the new device for measuring heat. In

1662 Robert Boyle exhibited a thermometer to the Royal Society. Hooke was the first to determine the zero point of the scale so that it could always be ascertained, the standard used being the melting-point of ice. The second fixed point was determined by C. Rinaldini in 1694. The use of mercury as a thermometric fluid was known to the Florentine academicians. The most accurate mercury thermometers were first made in 1714 by Fahrenheit at Danzig. In spite of the manifest inadequacy of the Fahrenheit scale, it is still used to this very day in England and North America.

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#### ROMANCE IN SHORT.

Contemplation ;  
Adoration.  
(Gallant thinks her great).  
Preparation :  
Decoration.  
Off to learn his fate.  
Palpitation,  
Trepidation  
On the lover's side.  
Desperation,  
Osculation.  
Now she is his bride !

HAMILTON Z. CHIPMAN.



GR

DESK

OS

STACKS ✓





